Our Unconventional President

JAN 31 1936

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

DICAL ROOM
AL LIBRARY
. OF MICH.

February—1936

•

CATHOLICS AND THE MODERN STATE

THERE MUST BE A KINK IN HIM

THREE POETS IN A GOLDEN CLIME

THE WAYS OF FRANCE

ROSE OF ALL THE HAWTHORNES

Drama - Fiction - Verse - Books - Chronicle

VOL. CXLII. - NO. 851 PRICE 40 CENTS

Catholic Unity League

Library List

of

7,500

Books and Pamphlets

A loan mail-order library for members of The Catholic Unity League. Books borrowed at cost of postage only.

•

Catalogue—30c the Copy

•

MEMBERSHIP

Active .....$1.00 a Year
Associate .....$1.00 a Year
Life $100.00

•

Address:

The Catholic Unity League

615 West 147th Street
New York City

Sold Everywhere

Famous for Quality

7-20-4

R.G. SULLIVAN'S

CIGAR

Now 10c

Famous for Quality

HERCULES SEATING COMPANY, INC.

6 BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

•

Your Old Church Furniture as down payment

•

Samples sent on request
Easy payment plan

•

Lecturns—solid oak	$17.50
Prie Dieus	7.75
Card Tables	.99
Select Hard Maple Folding Chairs	.90
Steel and Wood Chairs	1.05
School Desks	2.50

VOL. CXLII. FEBRUARY, 1936. NO. 851.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD

A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science

Editorial Comment — 513
Our Unconventional President

Catholics and the Modern State — *Ross J. S. Hoffman* — 524

Paris Assignment (*Story*) — *Mary Irene Woodruff* — 533

Transubstantiation (*Poem*) — *Wilfrid Meynell* — 543

There Must be a Kink in Him — *John Moody* — 544

Sorrows (*Poem*) — *John Jerome Rooney* — 550

Three Poets in a Golden Clime — *Michael Earls, S.J.* — 551

"The Rose of all the Hawthornes" — *Katherine Burton* — 562

The Ways of France — *Leonid I. Strakhovsky, D.Hist.Sc.* — 567

The Mysterious Music (*Poem*) — *Theodore Maynard* — 574

Successors of Marco Polo — *Marion A. Habig* — 576
The First Catholic Missionaries to China

To the Statue of Christ of the Rockies (*Poem*) — *Margery Cannon* — 584

Potpourri — * * * — 585

A Small Bell Ringing (*Story*) — *Douglas Newton* — 588

Black Mammy (*Poem*) — *Edith Tatum* — 592

A French Catholic Among Eminent Victorians — *J. J. Dwyer* — 593
François Rio

The Drama — *Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt* — 598

The Ball and the Cross: — * * * — 605
The Homecoming of Syrian Schismatics

Nova et Vetera 609 Foreign Periodicals 614 Recent Events 618

Our Contributors 623 New Books 625

Published by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York.
Copyright, 1936, in the United States, Great Britain, and Ireland, by the Missionary Society of St. Paul the Apostle (The Paulist Fathers) in the State of New York. All rights reserved.

Publication and Advertising Office—The Catholic World, 401 West 59th Street

Editorial Office—411 West 59th Street

TERMS: Single copy, 40 cents. Subscription rate for 1 year, Domestic, $4.00; Canadian, $4.50; Foreign, $5.00.

Entered as second class matter July 8, 1879, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized October 9, 1918.

Catholic Press Publications

Walsh: **A MANUAL OF DEVOTION FOR SEMINARISTS**—The ideal manual for a young ecclesiastic. Boxed, beautifully printed on bible paper, full leather binding, vest pocket size, ix + 195 pages. **Price $1.10**

Ross: **THE ETERNAL SACRIFICE**—This text deals in a vivid manner with a full explanation of the Sacrifice of the Mass. Particularly appropriate for boys and girls of eighth grade and high school age. Bound in attractive green binding, 22 full-page illustrations, 8 vo, cloth, x + 198 pages. **Price $1.25**

Ryan: **COLLEGE HANDBOOK TO NEWMAN**—Endorsed by authorities as a splendid guide to the study of Newman. Pleasingly bound in two-color binding, cardinal red and oxford blue. 8 vo, cloth, v + 121 pages. **Price $1.25**

Fitzgerald-Mahoney: **PROSE AND POETRY FOR PRECIS WRITING**—For the teacher and student of English composition. An excellent anthology of good English. 8 vo, cloth, xiv + 184 pages. **Price $1.25**

Cooper: **THE CATHOLIC IDEAL OF LIFE.** 8 vo. cloth. Revised Edition, xv + 315 pages. **Price $1.40**

Cooper: **THE MOTIVES AND MEANS OF CATHOLIC LIFE**—Dogma, Prayer, Sacraments. 8 vo, cloth, 267 pages. **Price $1.25**

Cooper: **CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH**—Treats of the Church, The Sacred Scriptures, The Life and Personality of Christ. 8 vo, cloth xv + 509 pages. **Price $1.80**

Cooper: **LIFE PROBLEMS**—Concerning religion, faith, life work, marriage, citizenship and recreation. 8 vo, cloth, xiv + 207 pages. **Price $1.25**

Every Catholic home should have a set of the Outlines by Doctor Cooper. Social problems are confronting our parents and teachers on every side and the above books fill a real need.

Foran: **THE PSYCHOLOGY AND TEACHING OF SPELLING**—Parents, teachers and students will find the text an up-to-the-minute presentation. It is thorough and practical. 8 vo, cloth, xi + 234 pages. **Price $2.40**

CATHOLIC EDUCATIONAL REVIEW—A magazine for parents, teachers, professional men and women. Treats problems of interest to all engaged in educational work from the kindergarten through to the university. 10 issues the year. **Price $3.00**

THE CATHOLIC EDUCATION PRESS

1326 Quincy Street N. E. **Washington, D. C.**

THE
CATHOLIC WORLD

FEBRUARY, 1936

EDITORIAL COMMENT

OUR UNCONVENTIONAL PRESIDENT

THIS year's address of the President to Congress makes an amazing document. He summoned the Senate and House to a joint meeting at night when radio reception is best in order that the nation might listen in to his broadcast. That in itself was enough to scandalize the conservatives. But when once the message had been spoken, its content and tone were criticized even more adversely than the circumstances of its delivery.

The President Startles the Nation

To begin with: although by law and tradition the President's subject was "the state of the Union," careless of custom and of propriety he launched forth with an invidious comparison between ourselves and "the rest of the world." We—that is to say, twenty-one nations on the two American continents — are "good neighbors" (the President's favorite eulogistic phrase). Two hundred and fifty million Americans from the Arctic to the Antarctic are living in peace and harmony. Amongst us "there is neither war nor rumor of war, nor desire for war." As for the rest of the world—"Ah!" said he, "There's the rub!"

Amongst less fortunate and less enlightened peoples there is "growing ill-will, marked trends toward aggression, increasing armaments, shortening tempers." We cannot even believe that those peoples are out of sympathy with their wicked rulers; "they follow blindly and fervently the lead of those who seek autocratic power." Certain nations (unnamed but unmistakably indicated), "seeking expansion, or an outlet for trade" reject "peaceful negotiations" and "the finer instincts of world justice," and resort to "the law of the sword" and to "the fantastic conception" that they are chosen to teach and to dominate the rest of mankind.

Evidently this sort of speech had in it a stiffer "punch" than the usual statistical account of exports and imports, the condition of industry and other such matters traditional in an address upon the "state of the Union." It gave the hearers

in the capitol and at "the radio hearthside" a decided thrill. There were cheers from Rooseveltian Democrats, and, on the other hand, groans from those who thought the speech in very bad taste.

Good taste or bad taste, the President felt no hesitation. He assured his millions of hearers that he had chosen his words with deliberation, that he didn't expect his comments to be welcome in any nation that chose to "fit this shoe to its foot." By way of added force and picturesqueness, he spoke of "the kaleidoscopic jockeyings for position characteristic of European and Asiatic relations today."

Over against that unpleasant picture of "the rest of the world," he explained that "we" (speaking now not of the populations from the Arctic to the Antarctic, but only from Canada to the Gulf) "We of the United States have consistently showed a most praiseworthy interest in disarmament" and "have sought by every legitimate means to exert our moral influence against repression, against intolerance and against autocracy and in favor of freedom of expression, equality before the law, religious tolerance and popular rule. We have, so far as we are concerned, put an end to dollar diplomacy, to money grabbing, to speculation for the benefit of the powerful and rich at the expense of the small and the poor."

Ourselves *vs.* the Rest of the World

Those who listened at radio receivers report what seemed to be ironic laughter punctuating the speech here and there, and even an occasional guffaw when the President praised us for putting an end to dollar diplomacy, money grabbing and speculation.

THE first half of the address was entirely congratulatory to all citizens of the United States. But in the second half the illustrious radio orator swung into an attack upon certain of his own countrymen quite as vigorous as that upon the unfortunate and unregenerate Europeans and Asiatics. "We have witnessed," he said, "the domination of government by financial and industrial groups numerically small but politically dominant in the twelve years that succeeded the World War." Even now after three years of the New Deal, there remains a group also "numerically small" which "exercises a large influence and has much to say in the world of business."

The Enemy at Home

To these sinister elements which persist even in our favored nation, Mr. Roosevelt paid his respects with a copious litany of epithets: "private and selfish interests," "entrenched greed," "unscrupulous money changers" and the like. "They steal the livery of great national constitutional ideals to serve discredited special interests"; they "engage in vast propaganda to spread fear and discord among the people" and "they would 'gang up' against the people's liberties." "Their weapon is the weapon of fear, not a natural fear but a synthetic, manufactured poisonous fear that is being spread subtly, expensively and cleverly."

Apparently then, although as Americans we are more peaceful, more reasonable, more just, less bigoted, less prejudiced, better informed, more enlightened, more sincerely devoted to virtue than the Europeans and Asiatics, we still labor under some imperfections.

But the President ended upon an optimistic note. After issuing a ringing challenge to his opponents to undo what he had done if they dared, he predicted a balanced budget; expressed his belief that "no new taxes are advisable or necessary"; spoke of "our substantial material progress" and of "the effectiveness of the restoration of popular rule"; expressed trust in "the future of essential democracy"; recommended "that we advance and that we do not retreat" and ended on a note of high idealism with a quotation from "a wise philosopher" at whose feet he had sat "many, many years ago."

ALL in all it was an untraditional speech, perhaps more so than any other ever delivered "on the state of the Union." Whether it was wise of Mr. Roosevelt, empowered as he is to maintain our neutrality, to make inflammatory observations about European peoples, may be a question. Whether it was necessary for one who claims to have the support and sympathy of virtually all the people, to make contemptuous remarks about a small proportion of the people, may also be doubted. But still more questionable is the assumption that none of his critics can possibly be sincere. Every American who moves around among his fellow citizens could report to the President the existence of a fair number of advocates of social justice and economic reform who are beset with fears (not synthetic but natural fears) that some of the administration's devices are dangerous. There are genuine patriots, not a few, who have a reasonable apprehension about the fate of the Constitution and of the fundamental principles of democracy because of the startling measures employed to bring back prosperity. These are honest if timid folk. It were better to recognize their honesty than to castigate their timidity. I know because, as it happens, I am one of them.

Are There no Honest Doubters?

BUT my displeasure and disappointment in the address came principally from what the President did *not* say. What he left out was even more significant than what he put in, even though what he put in was sensational.

For example, take the matter of foreign relations. Granting, to escape argument, that an address on the state of the Union should be fifty per cent occupied with Europe and Asia; granted, again to escape argument, that the President's excoriation of "the twin spirit of autocracy and aggression" dominating so much of the rest of the world was justified by the facts; passing over the question as to whether that excoriation finds its proper place in a formal presidential utterance; what really concerns the American citizen is the vital question, "What does Mr. Roosevelt plan to do in the circumstances?" It seems to us (I think I speak for many) that if we Americans are more favored, as our President asserts, than those in Europe who follow their leaders blindly, we ought to be told what our leaders plan to do in a crisis. In 1914-1917 we became bewildered, floundered about and finally blundered into the War partly because our government didn't let us have sufficient information. We were told to be neutral in fact and even in thought,—a very difficult counsel.

But the trouble was that we didn't know what was meant by neutrality. Since the War we have discovered that our leaders themselves didn't know. Mr. Wilson thought different things at different times, and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan disagreed. Thereupon Mr. Morgan and other international bankers took advantage of the disagreement and went ahead with stupendous financial transactions that, whether or not they were legal, were certainly not neutral.

Can We Be Neutral? How?

To avoid similar bewilderment and blundering in the crisis which our President seems to foresee, couldn't we be favored with a statement as to what precisely is to be our national policy in the event of another war among European nations? If Mr. Roosevelt thinks it inexpedient to discuss that problem in public he should not have broached it. But once he brought it up he should have dealt with it definitely. If he considers the foreign policy of our government too recondite and delicate a matter to be committed to our judgment or even to our knowledge, why did he arouse our curiosity in the matter, and why did he compare us to our advantage with those benighted Europeans and Asiatics who don't know where their leaders are taking them? Why did he say specifically, "It might be true that the masses of the people in those nations would change the policies of their governments if they could be allowed full freedom, full access to the processes of democratic government as we understand them. But they do not have that access; lacking it, they follow blindly and fervently the lead of those who seek autocratic power." Now are we Americans to "have access"? And if not, must we not also "follow blindly"?

If the President was pressed for time because of the exigencies of the radio, he might well have omitted some of the counts in his indictment of Europe, along with many of the epithets of indignation, contempt, pity, for the Europeans, and given advice on more pressing matters to his fellow citizens rather than a scolding to the rest of the world.

Suppose!

LET us suppose, for example, that England goes to war with Italy. As neutrals we shall presumably do, or attempt to do, a normal business in foodstuffs with both belligerents. Now suppose that England, still mistress of the seas, stops our ships on their way to Naples or Genoa, carrying food to a people who by that time may be in danger of starvation. Shall we say to the English, "Very well. Have it your way. We shall turn back. Sorry." If thereupon some millions of Italian-Americans, together with other millions who, though they don't approve of Mussolini, would regret to see noncombatant women and children starve, cry out to the President, "What about the freedom of the seas!" what shall we do then? Write a note to England? and another note and another, after the fashion of the late lamented Woodrow Wilson? And end by getting into the next war as we did into the last war?

In other words, Mr. President, what does neutrality mean? What does it involve? Can we be neutral? How? How shall we comport ourselves in a crisis?

WHILE we are on the subject, we may go further and find more perplexity. Mr. Roosevelt mentioned Asia. Very well, let's do some more supposing, realistic supposing. Suppose Japan swoops down upon the Philippines. In view of the advance she is making southwards, the supposition is not insane. Now that we have emancipated the islands and started them on a career of their own, are we still bound to protect them and guarantee their territorial integrity? One of Mr. Garner's companions, in the course of recent festivities in Manila told the Filipinos that we still feel a moral obligation to take care of them. Do we? And shall we send armies to drive Japan out of the islands if she once enters them? Have all American citizens, radio listeners to our eloquent President, been informed of that fact?

HOWEVER, let that pass for the moment. But we cannot permit the more pressing question to be obscured. Congress is just about to bestow fuller power upon the President to enable him to safeguard our neutrality. What will Mr. Roosevelt do with that power? Couldn't he have found room for a paragraph or at least a sentence on that matter in the speech on the state of the Union and of Europe? True, he does say, "We decline to encourage the prosecution of war by permitting belligerents to obtain arms, ammunition and implements of war from the United States." Good! though we could have welcomed a stronger phrase than "decline to encourage." But he continues: "We seek to discourage the use by belligerent nations of any and all American products calculated to facilitate the prosecution of a war in quantities over and above our normal exports in time of peace." Good! again, but "seek to discourage" is a wishy-washy phrase. And as for "any and all products," is *money* a "product"?

Is Money Contraband?

In the recent examination of the international bankers by the Nye Senate Committee a letter from William Jennings Bryan to President Wilson was quoted in which the Secretary of State wrote, "Money is the worst of all contrabands because it commands everything else." The bankers thought it was not and should not be contraband. The Senators of the Committee thought it was and should be. What does the President think? May we not be permitted to know? Before Congress extends the President's powers, will it find out whether the President includes money among "any and all American products calculated to facilitate the prosecution of a war"?

Again I venture to think that I speak the mind of a good many Americans when I say we would have been intensely interested if Mr. Roosevelt had talked more—and more to the point—about neutrality, even if he had been obliged to curtail his 1,500 word description of the maladies of Europe.

TO take up for a moment another matter, not so important as our attitude to Europe, but none the less of considerable interest to some American citizens, I hope I do not too greatly tax the patience of readers if I quote again the President's sentence concerning "the masses of the people in those nations who would change the policies of their governments if they could be allowed full freedom, full access to

the processes of democratic government."

Obviously he had in mind Germany and Italy and perhaps Russia. But is there no people nearer home who have not access to the processes of democratic government? What of the Mexicans? Will Mr. Roosevelt fly in the face of facts and say that in Mexico thought is free, and suffrage free, and religion free? He is by way of being an optimist, but he is also a realist, too much of a realist to believe that there is democratic liberty amongst the people on the other side of the Rio Grande. Well, then, what about his confident asseveration that here on these American continents, all the way from the Arctic to the Antarctic, we are all "good neighbors." There is abundance of incontrovertible evidence of injustice, cruelty, blood-shedding and religious persecution of Catholics in Mexico. Is Mexico, none the less a "good neighbor"?

Why Nothing About Mexico?

I do not maintain that the President was obliged to make reference to conditions in Mexico while speaking on the state of our Union (though I may perhaps remark parenthetically that the state of our Union will sooner or later be affected by conditions in Mexico) but I do think that since Mr. Roosevelt took it upon himself to scold the governments of Germany and Italy as intolerant and autocratic he might have spared a little indignation for the rulers of Mexico, and since he sympathized with the German and Italian peoples, he might have expressed some pity for the Mexicans.

When Mr. Wilson years ago spoke eloquently of the self-determination of small peoples, applying the principle to Belgium, Poland, Latvia, Esthonia, Czechoslovakia, some one asked him "What about Ireland?" but he evaded the issue. Will Mr. Roosevelt be guilty of a similar inconsistency? If Italy and Germany, why not Mexico? Is there to be no answer? Will he fall back upon the convenient phrase, "No Intervention"? Nobody, as far as I know, has asked for or desires intervention. Not intervention, but why not a little expostulation? If expostulation is too much, what about a polite statement that the people of the United States do not like to see a neighbor nation dipping its hands in the blood of those who die for conscience' sake? Mr. Roosevelt declared, "At no time in the four and a half centuries of modern civilization in the Americas has there existed—in any year, in any decade in any generation in all that time—a greater spirit of . . . devotion to the ideals of self-government than exists to-day in the twenty-one American republics." Did he, when he made that superlatively confident and sweeping statement have his fingers crossed or his tongue in his cheek? No matter how optimistic he may chose to be about America as contrasted with Europe, Asia and Africa, there really is no call to shut his eyes, stop his ears and steel his mind against the obvious facts about Mexico.

A few days after the President's speech, the Associated Press released a news dispatch from Rio de Janeiro alleging that the principal headquarters of Russian Communism had been transferred from Montevideo in Uruguay to Mexico City and from that new center the Communist Internationale is to carry on subversive work in Central

America, Colombia, Venezuela, the Guianas and the northern fringe of Brazil. Good neighbor Mexico!

JUST one more unfortunate omission from the presidential message. He really blundered badly when he made no attempt to placate or to reassure those well disposed citizens who are sympathetic with his efforts to establish social justice but worried about the enormous expenditures involved, and still more worried about the apparent unconstitutionality of some of the measures devised for securing social justice.

In this class of persons I have placed myself. I loathed the indifference of the preceding régime to the sufferings of the poor; its manifest predilection for the rich and powerful, and its treasonable surrender to forces that would have taken to themselves the complete control of the country if the depression had not halted them. I accept as not too vigorous Mr. Roosevelt's declaration that the previous administration "failed through their own stubbornness and their own incompetence" and that they *"abdicated."* They denied the fact of the depression; they deluded the people with predictions of a quick return of prosperity; they delayed action until confusion became worse confounded, and the depression grew wider and deeper; and in the end they did indeed abdicate; that is to say, they held up their hands and cried, "What can we do?" Mr. Roosevelt took up his huge task unafraid. He believed that something could be done and that he was the man to do it. We all were encouraged and heartened; virtually the entire electorate voted for him. We do not regret it. We still believe that he is emotionally at least, on the side of the angels, on the side of social reform. As for the Bourbons who were thrown out, we hope they will never get in again. We should think that Mr. Hoover, for example, would have the sense and the grace to remain in isolation, to hide his diminished head and never again open his mouth to advise the American people. There is, or there ought to be such a thing as salutary shame even for politicians. No! we are not Mr. Roosevelt's enemies. We are friends and well wishers of the cause he championed in 1932. We know that he meant well. We see that he *did things*, at a time when action, vigorous action was imperative. But the time came when even we got frightened. He seemed to be plunging the nation too deep into debt, to be flinging billions of dollars recklessly here and there; and we commenced to suspect that constitutional limitations upon the authority of the Executive meant nothing to him. We wanted evidence that we were mistaken. We desired repudiation of the common allegation that he has veered too far to the left and that with reëlection and more power he would rush even further into radicalism. In a word, we looked to the annual message for comfort and reassurance. It didn't come. There was tirade, first against Europe and then against those whom he regards as his enemies in America. Not one word was spoken to the alarmed—not unreasonably alarmed—advocates of social and economic reform, who no matter how much they desire such reform, hope that it can be effected within the framework of the Con-

We, the Neglected

stitution and of democracy. It is nothing less than calamitous that our President saw fit to ignore us, and in effect to jeer at us. Unless he corrects this mistake it may cost him dear, and what is worse, it may cost our nation its existence as a democracy.

THE President's example in the use of invective was almost immediately followed by journalists and other commentators upon the decision of the Supreme Court nullifying the Agricultural Adjustment Act. Indeed, not since the days of Roger Taney and the Dred Scott decision has the august Supreme Court of the United States, commonly called "the most dignified tribunal on earth," come in for such a drubbing. The New York *Evening Post*, still carrying proudly on its pennant the legend "Founded 1801 by Alexander Hamilton" (though it has had a half dozen changes in policy in recent years) has a long editorial under the caption, "Six Justices on an Oxcart." The vote, it will be remembered, was 6 to 3. The idea is that these six benighted jurists insist upon applying oxcart law in an aëroplane age. The same paper's special correspondent in Washington was permitted to say, "With the AAA thrown on the Supreme Court's legislative scrap-heap, the President gravely pondered the necessity and possibility of putting his New Deal agencies out of reach of the nine old men." Note the assumption that if the President makes up his mind to do so, he can in effect abolish the highest court in the land, or at least nullify its decisions. *He* is pondering. The New Deal agencies are *his*. *He* weighs the Supreme Court in the balance, and woe to the court if *he* finds it wanting. *He* can do all things. One may ask, is this Germany or Italy? Have we a President or a Dictator? And the tragic probability is that the correspondent is correct. Franklin D. Roosevelt can do what he will with the present Congress. Congress at his bidding could hamstring the Supreme Court. And the newspapers are telling the people just how easy the process would be. The *Post* says boldly:

"Six Justices on an Oxcart"

"Some members of the Administration and Congress want to short-circuit constitutional amendments and singe the Supreme Court by legislative action. This, too, might be done in several ways by increasing the membership of the court and 'packing' it, by refusing to abide by Supreme Court decisions or by denying lower courts the right to pass on the constitutionality of laws and thereby make appeals to the Supreme Court impossible in most types of cases."

IN another newspaper Heywood Broun writes with fantastic exaggeration: "The fight of men against death continues, and at the moment the dead hand leads by a field goal. The high court says by the weight of 6 to 3 that there can be no planned control of agriculture.... The Stalwart Six have ruled that according to the Constitution the battle between man and the not very good earth is a private fight into which the Federal Government may not enter....

"Man started on the tortuous path of becoming a reasoning animal when the first great lizard crawled up from the slime with a supreme court of nine little lizards

clinging to his tail and trying to hold him back. Those things which are right and necessary will prevail in the days when Roberts and Hughes, Pierce Butler and McReynolds and Sutherland and Van Devanter have been gathered to their fathers."

He concludes, "'Thumbs up for death, thumbs down for life' seems to be the motto of the high bench."

THE New York *Post* returns to the assault with a front page editorial, "Black Robes Do Not Make Gods of Men," declaring that "the nine elderly gentlemen are just as much the prey to their emotions as the rest of us, just as much entangled in the web of inherited political bias, circumstances of birth and early training as are other human beings, that they 'get mad' at one another just like the members of your lodge's banquet committee." Perhaps so, but they don't seem to screech and go hysterical like some newspaper editors.

Even as You and I

It must be admitted, however, that these criticisms, fanciful and flamboyant as they are, cannot compare in vigor with what Horace Greeley and other "great editors" of a bygone day said of the Supreme Court when it riled the abolitionists by refusing the Negro Dred Scott the right to sue for liberty after he had lived for some time in free territory. In an excellent Life of *Roger B. Taney*, by Carl Brent Swisher, just published by the Macmillan Company, there are some extraordinarily interesting samples of fierce language flung at the Supreme Court. The New York *Tribune* (doubtless Greeley himself) spoke of "the five slaveholders and the two or three doughfaces on the Supreme Bench." Mr Swisher observes patiently, "It was not true that five of the judges were holders of slaves at this time," and perhaps the others were no more doughfaced than Horace Greeley, but that didn't matter; the expletives had as much effect false as true. Unmindful of its own lie, the *Tribune* declared that Taney's opinion was "based on historical falsehoods," and was—to cap the climax—"jesuitical." Taney, as our readers will recall, was a Catholic, so the unjesuitical Mr. Greeley managed to insult the Chief Justice, the Catholic Church and the Jesuit Society all in one breath. That is the sort of ability that perhaps rates him as a great editor. In our day, bad as we are, he would be recognized as quite often a blatherskite, seldom a gentleman when he had pen in hand, and he might even be called in present circumstances a bolshevist or a communist. In fact journalism was pretty vile in the middle 1800's. The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent, James S. Pike, kept feeding rumors to his paper, most of them being, as he himself admitted, mere conjectures, but an occasional one so nearly accurate that even the Chief Justice suspected a "leak."

"Good Old Days" of Journalism

Others besides the violent and unscrupulous Greeley heaped insult upon the Supreme Court. Mr. Swisher reports that the famous William H. Seward spoke of the Dred Scott decision as "trumped up and managed by slavery interests from beginning to end," and the Senator from New York declared significantly that "the judges and the President alike forgot that judicial assumption was more

odious and intolerable than any other among the manifold practices of tyranny." We are not likely to hear such abuse from an equally important source in the present crisis. Broun after all is an irresponsible word-merchant paid by the column, and the successor to Alexander Hamilton on the New York *Post*, by name Harry T. Saylor, can hardly be called another Horace Greeley.

However, it cannot be denied that the *Post* is carrying on its tradition. It said on March 16, 1861, not a month before the outbreak of the Civil War: "A good part of Judge Taney's opinion is extra-judicial—the individual opinion of an old lawyer, who is either too conceited or endowed with too little power of discrimination to perceive what part of his views of a particular subject are pertinent to the case before him, and what are not. The real decision in the case is that the court has no jurisdiction, and therefore the application for a mandamus must be dismissed. All the rest, all the parade of reasonings and conclusions on other points, has no more of the nature of a judicial decision than if it had been a letter addressed by Judge Taney to the publisher of a newspaper."

The Supreme Court Not Sacrosanct

Abraham Lincoln himself made some sharp remarks, sugar-coated indeed with his usual humor, about what seemed to be collusion if not conspiracy amongst four of the justices in the Dred Scott case.

So we must not become over-excited about criticism of the "august" and "sacrosanct" Supreme Court. But what is vastly more important is the suspicion, or shall we say the probability that President Roosevelt in his eagerness for the New Deal has deliberately "taken chances with the Constitution," gone ahead with measures that might easily have been recognized as illegal, hoping to accomplish his purpose before the Supreme Court should be appealed to and render a decision. The annulment of the N.R.A., some months ago, was unanimous. All the old gentlemen in black robes who are not gods were of the same opinion, regardless of their "political bias, circumstances of birth and early training." That being so, it can hardly be supposed that the Attorney General and his staff of experts didn't know that Mr. Roosevelt's plan for reconstruction wouldn't stand up under legal investigation. Indeed *The New York Times* reminds us that "when the passage of the Guffey bill for the control of the bituminous coal industry was thought to be uncertain, Mr. Roosevelt urged members of Congress to waive their doubts about the constitutionality of the measure and await a decision of the Supreme Court." Also the New York *Sun* recalls a letter written to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in which he said: "I hope your committee will not permit doubts as to constitutionality, however reasonable, to block the suggested legislation." That course of conduct may perhaps be justified when a real doubt exists, but can there have been a real doubt in the mind of the Attorney General and the President about the N.R.A. in view of the fact that all nine justices, liberal

Does the President Despise the Constitution?

and conservative, agreed to throw it out? If so, we must have a curiously incompetent Attorney General. And must we even entertain the suspicion that we have a none-too-scrupulous President? If he knew, even with a fair degree of certainty, that the N.R.A. was unconstitutional, did he give good example to his *bête noire* the "money changers in the temple" and the "selfish interests" by going ahead with it?

BE the answer what it may, one fact seems to emerge from the chaos—we are back where we began after three years of experimentation with measures of social reform. That is bad. In a way our last state is worse than our first. And I hope I shall not be aligned with those demagogues who strive to inflict an unnatural synthetic fear into the minds of the people if I say that all this jockeying with the Constitution, all this blundering, all this trial and error method, one step forward and two steps backward, all this building up of elaborate intricate expensive devices for social reform—only to batter them down again is in effect more disastrous to democracy than all the mad theorizing of the Communists.

CATHOLICS AND THE MODERN STATE

By Ross J. S. Hoffman

IN the years following hard upon the close of the Great War, when Bolshevism was still a new thing and the socialist republic in Germany gave some promise of enduring,—when, too, our own nation was in reaction from the vigorous rule of Wilson,—there was a great deal of talk and writing about the "passing of politics." I recall a book bearing that exact title, and it was but part of a quite considerable literature that explained how and why the western world was moving out of a political age into a technological and sociological age. The political man, according to this view, was becoming obsolete; no longer did he make, nor was he any longer competent to make the decisions that really mattered in the New Society. The Great War, which had been his blunder, had written his doom, and not again would he have the main direction of affairs. The succession was passing to industrialists, to men of finance, engineers, technicians, economists, and so forth, practical and expert men who would know how to keep the peace and build prosperity.

This belief was and still is part of Marxian ideology, but it has also been vaguely in the minds of many who know nothing of Marxism, especially here in America. It lay back of the naïve hope that an "engineer" would do better than a politician in the Presidency, and it was discernible plainly in all that common talk of government being essentially a business, of the political task being on all fours with that of corporation management. For discredited equally with the political man were all rational principles of politics, all doctrines touching the subject of sovereignty or the *raison d'être* of political power, or having to do with the nature and limits of State authority. Pragmatism reigned supreme in the study of politics and was transforming this again into mere cameralism, a mere treatment of governmental method.

But how great to-day is the change from all this! The man of politics has climbed again into the saddle, and the State, far from withering away, has risen to greater power than it has ever had in the past. A new Leviathan appears in our midst, and all the freedom for which men have fought during the last century and a half seems threatened by a *political* thing, omnipotent, absolute and totalitarian. The old-fashioned liberal is aghast at the denial of his creed, the Christian shudders at the return of fierce persecution, and wherever men of tradition gather the ominous thing is discussed; since nothing alien to our culture is more menacing than this.

In this fact lies the reason why a revival of genuine political thinking has now begun, even in America, to dispel in some measure that fog of witless pragmatism which has lain upon our minds. For without any doubt we stand in the presence of a real peril. The fact is generally admitted, and if some are less apprehensive than others, few thoughtful persons would venture to call it a

mere bogey or say there is no reason for alarm. For every one who knows the trend of modern history and the drift of the contemporary age recognizes that active State intervention in human affairs has undergone enormous increase in the last few generations, that this increase has been much accelerated in our own day, and that indications for the future point to a great deal more of it. Our whole society and culture are indeed, as Mr. Dawson has recently remarked, rapidly becoming *"politicized."*

Nowhere, of course, was this fact discerned earlier or more shrewdly than in the Church, which has ever cautioned men against removing strict limitations from the temporal power. The Church has had to act warily and with great prudence, to take new bearings of her position, considering with special care and caution how her necessary independence can be maintained in the new age; for although to her the problem, in its essential nature, is not new, never before has it shown the magnitude and complexity which mark it in the dechristianized contemporary world. Never therefore has the need been so great for ecclesiastical statesmen, astute and able to conduct a polity that can safeguard the essential liberties of the Church without disturbing the peace of civil society. Hence the extension of the system of concordats and the remarkable patience which the Vatican has exercised in all disputes over interpretation of these. Pius XI. concluded such pacts with thirteen States during the first ten years of his reign, and so large a number indicates the tortuous way which the Church must take in preserving her freedom of action against the new social discipline which the State is everywhere seeking to impose.

Now all this, fortunately, has made Catholics much aware of the rough seas in which the Church is sailing and aroused in us a renewed and most encouraging determination to defend her against being swallowed by the new Leviathan. But it is by no means equally evident that we have as yet shown much disposition to grapple with the high political question of our day. Quick to protest unlawful encroachment of secular power, yes, that we have been (although with little effect); but I doubt if it would be going too far to say that we have been rather inclined to hide the light of our own political thought under a bushel. So at least it appears to me, else I should not write this article.

What I mean, briefly, is this: We have been a little inclined to forget that we are not only Catholics determined to be loyal to the Church, but also full citizens of the modern State; that we do not merely go into civil society to defend there the freedom of the Church, but are born there also, even as in the Church; on which account we have a concern for the civil order (as an autonomous order) quite apart from and in addition to our defense of the Church within it. We are native, that is, to two societies, religious and civil, and are under a no less obligatory command to render unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's than to render unto God what is God's; although there have been times (of which the present, I think, is one) when many of us have remembered the second of these commandments rather more explicitly than the first. That is to say, when Cæsar asks for too much we may be tempted to

deny him even his rightful due; in which case it can hardly be said that we express perfectly the mind of the Church.

Recall for illustration the events of an age not greatly unlike the present: the persecutions of Roman imperial times. So severe was the distress that some Christians turned from the State as from a cursed and satanic thing. The Apocalypse refers to the Roman power in language of abhorrence, which is rather like the language that has been poured out in our day against the Communist and Fascist States. It was the great harlot, the beast drunken with the blood of the saints and destined to a terrible chastisement for its crimes. Yet that did not express the whole Christian mind, for in St. Paul,—that admirable man of sanity,—there was discernible a real devotion to the empire. He would glory only in the Lord Christ, yes, but he could also refer rather proudly to his Roman citizenship, and it would seem that he valued highly the Roman State order as a means, under God, of Christian propaganda; so that to him the existing civil-political authority, although grievously misused, was an expression of the divine will. Leo XIII. was but repeating the doctrine of Paul when, in *Immortale Dei* of 1885, he wrote of God's having "appointed the charge of the human race between two powers, the ecclesiastical and the civil, the one being set over divine, the other over human things. Each in its kind is supreme, each has fixed limits within which it is contained, limits which are defined by the nature and special object of the province of each." That is the mind of the Church in the modern age, and it was the same in the Church of antiquity when this doctrine was repeated faithfully by writers of every generation from Nero to Constantine. Concern for upholding the Roman State order was a mark of the Christian mind; the apologists pointed repeatedly to it in disproof of the charge that the Church was hostile to the empire. And after Constantine the Church became the most powerful support of the imperial political system.

Now it was wholly consistent with the Catholic character that this should have been so, for the Catholic character is conservative in the right sense of that word. It was Catholic society that conserved the best and most valuable things of classical civilization; it is Catholic society that conserves the values of the medieval order. We have been, there is no doubt, the true conservators of tradition in the western world; through us that world has memory, has retained knowledge of its roots. Time and again it has drifted away from traditions that we guard, has therefore lost itself, has therefore turned its face again to us for guidance. It is doing this to-day in search of rational principles of politics, and the very least reason why we must not fail it is that we ourselves are part of it.

But what are we to do? What is the work that calls for execution? It is a work of restoration, of bringing forth anew the common political tradition of our civilization; and I think it may be said that a special responsibility for this work lies upon the Catholics of our own country because the American Republic to-day seems nearer to being an embodiment of this tradition than any other political community. I say that because the sub-

stance of this tradition is the monarchical republic, reposing on community sovereignty, respecting natural law and rights, and wielding an authority derivative from a social contract. That tradition was born in antiquity and developed in the Catholic Middle Ages, but in modern times largely forgotten. The American Revolution brought its partial restoration; so also did the French; but neither restored the whole of it, and during the past century what of it had been recovered has been fading out again under the blighting influence of political unreason and pragmatism. Not yet to be sure has it gone in our country, but undoubtedly so much has been done to obscure it that if we do not grasp it firmly afresh we shall very probably lose it.

Now the fact of central importance (nothing could be plainer, yet many cannot see it) in the whole history of politics over the past five hundred years has been the drift of the modern State from this sane and reasonable political tradition. The drift set in with the break-up of the medieval social order, when the monarchies of Christendom moved from a contractual to an absolutist basis, transformed the common thing (*res publica*) into the royal thing, and began their vast modern usurpation of power. The movement was gradual, never of course wholly complete, and may be dated approximately from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century, or from the age of St. Louis to that of Louis XIV. The turmoil over Protestantism greatly aided it by weakening the position of the Church in civil society and removing the papal bit from the mouths of tyrants; for the change was promoted not least by Catholic princes reaching out for control of the clerical order in their search for new means of defense for order, authority and tradition.

But the point for special note here, and which Catholics who are perplexed by the political question to-day should remember, is that these late medieval and early modern centuries saw a vigorous stirring of the Catholic mind on the subject of politics, and that the ablest and best representatives of that mind fought a splendid rearguard action in behalf of the common political tradition of Christendom. Thus Mariana, a monarchist, upheld popular sovereignty and the doctrine that royal power is a grant from the people, even to the extent of legitimizing tyrannicide (an exaggeration which disfigures his thought); and Cardinal Bellarmine attacked Calvinistic and aristocratic republicanism in behalf of that type of monarchy which is limited by law, popular consent, organs of representation, and does not encroach upon the spiritual domain. Even more fully was the common tradition set forth and defended in the political works of the great Suarez: contractual monarchy derivative from community sovereignty, the subject's obligation to obey his lawful prince and his right to resist any princely or legislative contravention of divine or natural law. This is the very stuff of the common tradition, from which the new autocracy and the new antimonarchical republicanism were both essential deviations. And this is what the Catholic mind advocated in the age that saw a king murdered in one country and a king worshiped in another.

Now that advocacy, that rearguard defensive fight, failed against the force of the modern State with

all its jealous and usurping claims, and for the Church, as for humanity in general, this was disastrous in the extreme. In some instances the modern State repudiated the Papacy and created Churches under full secular control; in others it only restricted the independence of the clergy and the prerogative of the Pope. Thus the Tudors persecuted Catholicism in behalf of a nationalized Church, while the Hapsburgs and Bourbons defended it, all the time striving to bend it to their own political ends. It would be hard to exaggerate the misfortunes of the Catholic body in that age which saw the common tradition go down. So heavy was the attack of anti-Catholic forces that the Church was virtually thrust upon absolutist Catholic princes for protection. And that was, I think, the crowning misfortune of all, since now in the minds of many men (badly instructed but not always of evil will) there spread the idea of the Church as the mainstay of tyrants. Throne and altar came to appear as two aspects of one liberty-destroying thing, and when the revolutionary attack broke upon the old autocratic order the Church was the target for the heaviest fire. From having suffocated in the State's embrace she was made victim of its crimes, and that painful experience taught Catholics anew that it is a wrong policy for the Church ever to get entangled closely with any State or to allow herself to appear one with any social-political order. And even were this not always true, Catholics would have been not the less right in judging it expedient for the Church to break old alliances, go upon her own, and declare to the world once more her full autonomy.

That is essentially what she did in the nineteenth century; went into retreat as it were, that she might return to the world with fresh spiritual energies; as she has most certainly done in this our day.

It is, of course, only in a quite special and figurative sense that we may say she went into retreat. She did not actually abandon the world to its own headlong rush toward ruin, but she had much difficulty remaining in it and whenever she spoke its ears were deaf. For the nineteenth-century States in which perforce she strove to live and carry on her saving mission grew steadily more alien to her ways. They became increasingly indifferent or even hostile to all religion, and avowedly atheistic groups obtained possession of government even in Catholic countries. More and more, therefore, the Church was driven back, insulted and bullied by politicians hating not only the Church herself but all distinctively Catholic culture and morals. The Church was under persecution in her most ancient dwelling-places during most of the century; even her capital was taken and her chieftain made prisoner by the secularist movement. Dominant political parties nearly everywhere acted on the arrogant assumption that civil power might do what it willed with the clerical order, and it was therefore a quite natural reaction that the old Catholic distrust of the State should rise again to the surface, that many Catholics should think again of the State as the beast, drunken with the blood of saints. They were driven back from the world to take sanctuary before the altar and even that was often desecrated. Their work in the world was limited pretty much to the quiet tasks of individ-

ual charity and whatever social improvement measures the unfriendly State suffered them to carry on. Hence the Catholic disposition was to abandon the political field to the enemy, and to give the State little thought save what was necessary to avoid its hard grasp. There was little writing by Catholics on political science. We became in a sense aliens in the political order, a kind of strange sect living on in the midst of a new world political religion; and to this, I fear, a great many of us, while remaining theological Catholics, apostatized. Search the political literature of the last century, since let us say De Maistre's time, or take any book treating of modern political thought, and see how many fully Catholic-minded men are therein discussed. Who does so I believe will be quickly persuaded that we have been little concerned about the political question. And even to-day, in the splendid Catholic intellectual apostolate to the bewildered western world,—expressed in a new historical, philosophical, sociological and poetic literature,—one finds scant treatment of politics. The social problem is extensively, nay wearily, discussed, but not the political problem, not the problem of the State. There are exceptions to this generalization, of course; it is less true of Continental Europe than of English-speaking lands, and even in these we have such acute political thinkers as Belloc and Dawson; but taking us in the large, and especially in America, we are still treating the political problem as though it were either nonexistent or alien to our concern.

But to return to my main line of thought, I think it will not be denied that the State which, during the past century, was most unfriendly to the Church and suspicious of her members was the Liberal State: the expression in the political order of Liberalism, a movement shot through with destructive doctrines. The worst of these and that one fundamental to all others was the simple atheistic doctrine that man is answerable only to himself: that his desire is sovereign and it rather than the laws of God and nature determine the difference between right and wrong. Now from its nature this Liberalism could not maintain political power on any firm basis, for it could not tolerate any real authority. Because it either denied the authority of God and nature or ignored this as politically and socially of no importance, it uprooted the sanctions of all human authority. Whence is the authority of the State if it be not from the community? Or how can authority be in the community if the Author of mankind has not placed it there? Or what is man if God has not made him free and in His image and beholden to His law and judgment? Liberalism was content either to answer these questions with skepticism or ignore them as having no political meaning. Hence it could anchor its State upon no sanctions, could appeal to nothing beyond expediency and material success; wherefore when these began to fail the end of the Liberal State was in sight. To-day we are quarreling over the succession.

I mean of course no blanket condemnation of Liberalism. That movement in essence was heresy and heresy is always partly true. Liberalism obviously was not wholly destructive but in part constructive and restorative, many of its most powerful and persistent elements

being traditional principles of justice and freedom torn from their proper place in the right order of moral values. Like Protestantism, its progenitor, Liberalism affirmed a good part of the tradition from which it deviated, and this was plainly not the reason why over the last century the Church repeatedly condemned it. Nor was it the reason why the Church showed itself ill at ease with the politics of the movement even when the Liberal State was not engaged in open attack on religion. No, the true reason for the Catholic objection to the Liberal State was that given by Leo XIII. in his encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States, a document which has a claim on our attention to-day not unequal to that of the great encyclicals on the social question. In it Pope Leo condemned what he termed the "new jurisprudence" as being "at variance on many points not only with the Christian but even the natural law." Among its principles, he said,

"the main one lays down that all are equal in the control of their life; that each one is so far his own master as to be in no sense under the rule of another individual; that each one is free to think on any subject just as he may choose, and to do whatever he may like; that no man has any right to rule over other men. In a society grounded upon such maxims, all government is nothing more nor less than the will of the people, and the people being under the power of itself alone, is alone its own master. . . . Thus, as is evident, a State becomes nothing but a multitude, which is its own master and ruler. And since the populace is declared to contain within itself the spring-head of all rights and of all power, it follows that the State does not consider itself bound by any kind of duty towards God. . . . The sovereignty of the people . . . and this without any reference to God, is held to reside in the multitude; which is doubtless a doctrine exceedingly well calculated to flatter and inflame many passions, but which lacks all reasonable proof, and all power of insuring public safety and order."

These words, written in 1885, had special reference to those political societies of Europe which were falling into confusion from revolutionary destruction of authority, and the encyclical passed with scant notice among Catholics living in Liberal or semi-Liberal States wherein the social order retained a reasonable measure of peace. To these Catholics there appeared no pressing need to oppose the "new jurisprudence" for so long as the social order did not crash; for so long, that is, as the residue of religion and traditional morality restrained men from doing violence to themselves and to the Church. Such a view and policy, however, no longer fit conditions anywhere in the west, for the long-expected and grave crisis has come, and not only in the social-economic but also in the political order. The Liberal State has failed conspicuously and scandalously as an instrument either for order or for justice, defense of which is the first duty of all political authority. Hence that Liberal State is passing out from the living western world, is taking on indeed more and more the appearance of a museum-piece of nineteenth century politics.

Something else therefore must

come to replace it, and on what that may be depends the fate of human freedom in the temporal sphere. Wherever the mechanism of the old Liberalism still stands a horde of social pragmatists, left-wing "liberals," experimentalists and what-not, are busy at the work of metamorphosizing the Liberal State into a huge bureaucratic, quasi-Soviet order of government and society, in which liberty, instead of "broadening out," slowly narrows down. Marxists watch this busy operation and are vastly amused by it, for they know better than to expect social salvation through such means. Being at once more intelligent in analysis and strategy and more misguided in their philosophy than the general run of social liberals and "new dealers" who cling to the methods of liberal-democracy, they would proceed more directly, junking the mechanism of Liberalism and taking the short cut to economic security that lies through destruction of all truly human freedom; that is, speed us to the destiny toward which we are now drifting. On the other hand, sad to say, there are some among us who, having great possessions, would frankly like to use existing political power as a club to beat down the enemies of the rich; already we hear voices whispering ominously that the time is near at hand for giving the proletariat a severe beating. Between these forces sharpening their knives for battle a sanguinary and destructive clash portends, and were there no other contestants for succession to political authority men might with reason despair.

But fortunately this is not so. There are yet others who will have to be reckoned with, and they are the adherents to the common political tradition of our civilization, the only conservatives worthy of the name, the only genuine friends of freedom, the only rational believers in authority.

In this last group Catholics, traditionalist by reason and instinct, are as a body to be found, and they give to this group a very heavy strength. But many of them have been slow to acknowledge the reality of the fact of prime importance in the contemporary social and political situation. That fact is this: Because of the complexity and corruption come about in our society, the traditionalists, no less than their opponents, necessarily will have to make far greater use of political power than was ever considered needful or legitimate in the past. For as Mr. Dawson has recently remarked, it is "difficult to avoid the conclusion that the movement towards state control in every department of life is a universal one and is not to be confused with the political tenets of a party, whether Communist or Fascist . . . it rests fundamentally in a perfectly healthy and reasonable desire to put the State and the government of the State above party, and to ensure that the power which has so immense an influence for good or evil in the life of every citizen, shall not be at the mercy of a political clique or the servant of class interests." So great indeed is the area of necessary State action to-day that whatever group gains possession of the State also takes charge of most agencies for influencing the general cultural life of the community. And that, let it be repeated, is the hard fact which many Catholics have been either slow to recognize or hesitant to acknowledge, with resultant hesitancy to admit the su-

preme importance of having political authority reconstructed by men determined on closing the breach with the common tradition.

A struggle for power is coming, is in fact already begun, and there is a real danger that we who are Catholics may let that struggle go by default. Because of our fear of political power there is even the danger that we may drift into tacit alliance with the dying order of political Liberalism; which would be an alliance as unnatural and ultimately disastrous as the alliance which many Catholics once made with the old autocracies. For no greater mistake can be made by a generation of Catholics than to let their religion become confused in men's minds with any social-political order; since if that order fails the Faith will appear involved in the failure. Surely it would be a strange turn of fortune if we of all people who opposed the Liberal heresy from the beginning should be caught in its ruin. Yet that danger is not unreal.

There is thus nothing in what I have written here to imply approval of Catholic political parties. Reason and experience combine to prove that making religion party to any temporal cause is a very sure way to bring fresh odium on that holy thing. No, I have written here of Catholics not as a confessional body but as citizens in the political community, having therein, along with their good fellow citizens, a vital concern for a just and rational arrangement of temporal affairs. We are citizens in possession of an ancient treasury of experience and tradition, in which there is much valuable wisdom applicable to the political order of life. Surely there is a duty to bring it forth; not of course as peculiarly Catholic wisdom, since it is not really that at all but only the traditional reason and sanity of our civilization; to which we of the Church enjoy special access only because we have kept within that conserver of all good things.

Nothing could be more foolhardy, more dangerous, even more false,—especially in a country lacking a full Catholic tradition,—to mark a body of political thought or program of political action as distinctively Catholic. But surely it would be also dangerous and foolhardy for us to remain mere spectators of the fight for the common tradition. For it is no longer possible to doubt that a struggle for power is coming, in which the whole Christian and humanist concept of man's nature and proper freedom is at stake; and that issue cannot but determine whether the future is to hold for us citizenship in a political order of spiritual liberty or descent anew to the catacombs.

PARIS ASSIGNMENT

By Mary Irene Woodruff

THE huge, drafty waiting-room of St. Angela's Hospital was crowded with anxious friends and relatives grouped about the doctors who had come down from the wards to report the progress of their patients. In all this confusion and babble of voices, Anne and young Dr. Bruce McGregor passed quite unnoticed where they sat together on one of the long, hard wooden benches.

Anne was twisting the wedding ring on her finger, admiring the glitter and splintered fire of the diamonds set in the slender platinum circlet. A pretty, costly bauble that Bruce could ill afford, but Anne had insisted upon it. It was the ring she had dreamed of having, so there it was on her finger, though Bruce would have preferred a plain gold band like the one his mother had worn until her death, when it was buried with her.

Looking down at it now he said diffidently, "I wish you would wear your wedding ring all the time, Anne. It doesn't seem that we're really married with all this secrecy about it, and you wearing the ring only when you come to see me. Why can't we tell everyone we're married? This way it seems so . . . so . . . cheap! I don't like it!"

Anne's dark eyes narrowed in that curious expression that made her small face like some sinister Chinese devil-mask. Her young mouth tightened, hard and ruthless, beneath the cleverly simulated satiny softness painted upon it with a lipstick. Her right hand closed jealously over the gleaming ring.

"Wearing a wedding ring is not the best way to keep a marriage secret. You know quite well why we're concealing it for the present. I have my work to think of, and you have yours. You know the rules about married internes here at St. Angela's. You can't risk being expelled when you're so near the end of your term. Be sensible, Bruce."

"Sensible!" he cut in explosively. "You call it sensible to hide our marriage as if we were ashamed of it?"

"When you're free we'll tell everyone, if you like, but as things stand now, it's best that both of us appear free. We've gone all over that before, and you agreed to wait until we were in a position where it could do no harm to our careers."

"Careers!" he said bitterly. "Anne, don't you ever think of anything but that career of yours? Becoming a famous and successful newspaperwoman means more to you than anything else, doesn't it? Do you ever think of anything else?"

She gave him a faint, chill smile and her small, round, obstinate chin was very firm. "Very seldom, Bruce. You can't if you want to get anywhere, you know. But, I'm thinking of your future, too. You know that."

His eyes were busy with the shifting, restive, ever-changing crowd milling about in the great, cold room. "I suppose you are," he admitted absently. "But I don't want

you to think of careers or the future of either of us to the exclusion of everything else."

Giving her ring a final twirl she turned a little so that she faced him, sitting sideways on the bench. "You can be a brilliant doctor, a great surgeon if you want to. If you'll work, live, think, dream, and plan for that end alone, letting nothing on earth interfere with your ambition. But it takes will-power, terrific concentration, relentless work and study, with no other thought or interest beyond forging ahead toward your goal."

He had been tracing meaningless little whorls on the bench as she talked. He had the superficial, surface nervousness, the fidgetiness and tendency to pick at clothes; to flick handkerchiefs; to balance restlessly back and forth from heel to toe, that characterizes many surgeons. It is a kind of physical safety-valve. Fundamentally, he was steady as a rock, without a jumpy nerve in his body. Now he made an impatient gesture with one hand.

"Success, fame, careers — that isn't the whole of life, Anne. Maybe it's not even the biggest, the best, the most important part. There's something more to life than just being top-dog in some profession, no matter how splendid that profession may be."

She glanced at him obliquely, a strange, half-contemptuous look that should have warned him had he seen it. "To me nothing is more important!" she said evenly.

"But that's a one-sided, a warped point of view," he went on warmly. "There's friendship, loyalty, courage, duty. There's—love!" He said that rather shyly, almost as if he were afraid she might laugh at him.

She made a derisive sound low in her throat. "We won't quarrel about that. Did I tell you I saw Claire last night? She's planning to marry Fred. She must be crazy; why, when times are good, he's only an electrician's assistant. Now he can't get a thing to do. But she's determined to marry him."

"Maybe she loves him," Bruce suggested rather humbly, aware that it sounded inadequate.

"Love!" said Anne satirically. "Claire's a fool even to think of marrying him. She's quite attractive; she could do much better if she'd wait a bit. What'll they live on—air? They'll starve to death in a week. But she's so sick of living with relatives, shuttling back and forth from one to another."

"Poor kid," from Bruce sympathetically. "It must be tough on her. Where is she now?"

"She's living with some second or third cousins or something like that, and it's no picnic. She isn't treated very well since she can't get a job. You know how relatives are, when you've no home and no money."

His brows drew together in a frown of concern. He was the sort of man stray, half-starved mongrels follow, at whom street waifs direct appeals for pennies. Anne went on with her story.

"I believe they lock her out when they go out for an afternoon or evening. She comes to stay with me until they're due back. They don't like her to touch their piano, either; she plays mine hours on end. I'm really sorry for her. No wonder she wants to get away from there. But such a way out—marrying Fred."

"He isn't doing anything at all now?"

"No; and he hasn't been for two years. But he's too proud to try for work shoveling snow after these

blizzards we've been having. Claire says he wouldn't consider it!"

Bruce nodded thoughtfully. "I can understand that. I know just how he feels."

Anne smiled acidly. "I suppose you do; you're a man. Well, I don't! Beggars can't afford to be so choosy. I don't believe Fred's any too anxious to get married. I've half a notion that's why he isn't breaking his neck to find a job. It's Claire; she wants a place of her own."

Bruce got to his feet reluctantly as the lights were suddenly dimmed in the waiting-room, indicating the visiting hour at an end. "You're a catty little wretch, aren't you?" he laughed. "And as heartless and cold-blooded as a stone image."

He bent as if to kiss her but she drew back a little, and he straightened quickly, flushing slightly.

"Bruce, don't; not here. Some one will see us. Of course, I'm catty; all women are, but not cold-blooded. Merely practical and level-headed. Selfish, too, if you like, and completely lacking in altruism. I don't give two small hoots for Humanity and my fellow man. But you're high-minded and conscientious enough for both of us. Well, I must be running along, now." She held out her hand to him.

"Anne," he said somewhat wistfully, gripping her hand in his, "You aren't really like that, are you? I mean, you don't honestly believe all the harsh things you say, do you? Isn't it just a kind of veneer, a shield to keep you from being hurt? I hope it's just that."

A little abruptly she drew her hand away. "I'm sorry, Bruce, but I *do* feel that way. I *do* believe what I say, and that's the real me you see. I've always been like that. I can't change overnight even if I wanted to. Good-by, Bruce, I'll see you tomorrow, I suppose?"

She walked rapidly away, leaving him standing by the wooden bench a serious-faced, earnest young man. With his light blond hair swept back in severe lines he had, in profile, the look of some sedate, little old-fashioned Scotch Presbyterian lad intent upon great thoughts much too large for his level young head.

Bruce McGregor had in him the makings of a sensitive and brilliant surgeon. Despite his youth he gave the impression of a man with a very definite purpose in life. His was energy controlled and directed; efficiency and competence schooled to cut through w a s t e motion and meaningless gesture.

A certain sense of dependability, of surety, of cool skill underlay his surface friendliness and consideration. Rather tragically he was an idealist who had gladly allowed himself to be hobbled by the imperious will of a woman who was fanatically ambitious, sublimely self-centered, a complete egoist.

A woman who knowing his possibilities, had married him because she wanted the man who would stand supreme in his profession, but who was unwilling to have her name linked with his until he had achieved prominence. A woman who wanted the first mortgage on potential greatness.

Something of this showed in his face as he stood beside the empty bench gazing after his wife. Suppressed emotion dilated the pupils until his eyes, usually clear as green glass, darkened to a stormy black.

When she was out of sight he gave a little half-shrug, jammed his finely-made hands into the pockets of his short white jacket, and swung around on his heel.

"To-morrow!" he muttered viciously to himself on his way to the ward, taking the shallow backstairs two at a time. "One hour a day; seven hours a week—if I'm lucky. If she's got nothing better to do I can see my wife seven whole hours a week. Isn't *that* something! Well, it won't be much longer now. Two weeks and my term is up, and I'm free. Then we'll see about this!"

But even the dubious satisfaction of an hour a day was denied him. More than three weeks passed before he saw Anne again. A handful of hastily written, almost illegible notes told him that she was furiously busy trying to land a very important assignment as Paris correspondent on her paper. She had no time for anything else—certainly not for him.

It was her one big opportunity and even the news that he was to stay on at St. Angela's as one of the hospital staff must wait until *her* future was settled. There was to be no let-up and there must be no interference until she knew whether she had succeeded or failed in getting that assignment.

Phone calls to her paper never found her there; letters remained unanswered; and he was warned against attempting to see her because she was too busy to be bothered. She would see him as soon as possible, the notes advised, and he must be patient and sensible.

"Sensible!" he groaned to himself reading these brief dispatches. But there was a good deal of the Scotch Covenanter in Bruce. Duty had always loomed large in his scheme of things, and it seemed to him that just now his duty was clearly not to hamper his wife. He must do nothing to hinder her, put no obstacles in her way, and make no selfish personal demands upon her.

With a dogged optimism he clung to the forlorn hope that she would soon come to her senses. He even prayed for something to happen to make her see that fame and success were not the only worth while things in life. That love may be a full career in itself.

The answer to his prayer was swift enough in arriving, but the manner of its coming was heartbreaking. It was a scant two weeks after he had joined the hospital staff that he received an unusually short note from Anne announcing her victory.

"Dear Bruce," the note ran, "I've got it! The Paris assignment. It means I'm made; my future is assured, and nothing can stop me now! Sorry I couldn't see you myself, but I'm leaving on the *Ile de France*, sailing next Tuesday, and I've dozens of things to do. I'll see you before I sail, of course. There are some things I want to discuss with you. And Bruce, let's keep our marriage secret just a little longer—till I return? Please try to understand, and be patient just a little longer?

"Love,

"Anne."

This had been handed to him following a difficult, two-hour operation, during which the feeble flicker of life in his patient had nearly slipped from his grasp. Shaken by this experience, the first time he had actually faced death across the operating table; his emotions in a hopeless tangle, he stood bewildered, alone in the empty operating theater, with that brutally casual note clenched in his hand.

For the first time in his logical, straight-thinking young life his head was in a whirl of disjointed, incoherent thoughts and impulses. He couldn't think clearly; couldn't think at all, only feel. Feel as if the bottom had dropped out of his world. He was sick with disappointment and anger. And horribly hurt.

With a sudden movement he ripped off his sterile gown, letting it fall unheeded to the floor, and flung himself violently out of the room. One idea stood out in the swirl of chaos in his mind. To get out of the place, to walk, to think. Time to pull himself together . . . to think things out . . . to walk. . . .

"And what happened after that, I don't remember," he was telling Anne three days later. "Except that there was an emergency operation that night after I got back. Almost like the one I'd done in the morning, and they wanted me to do it because I'd saved the man. Because I'd saved him!" He gave an unpleasant smile and hurried on. "Well, I didn't save the woman. I killed her!"

"Bruce, don't! It wasn't your fault; it was an accident. You couldn't help it. It might have happened to anyone. All doctors have experiences like that."

For the first time he laughed—a short, ugly, jagged edge of sound. His voice was low, soft, bitterly ironic. "Oh no; it wouldn't have happened to anyone. You don't understand. They all think it was an accident, that her heart gave out under the strain. Well, it did, but I could have saved her perhaps—as I did that fellow in the morning. He almost died, too, but I was sober then!"

He went on with a horrible air of sly confidence. "It couldn't have happened to anyone else. It had to be me. You see, it wasn't Fate. It happened because I wasn't fit to operate that night. I was drunk!"

Anne broke in incredulously. "But you don't drink, Bruce. I've never known you to touch it. Tell me the whole story."

"I thought a drink would steady me. I'd been walking for hours; I thought it would help me pull myself together before I went back to the hospital. Not being used to the stuff I got too much, that's all. I'd forgotten that I was first of all a doctor. That my life wasn't my own to do with as I pleased; that I couldn't allow my personal affairs and worries to interfere with my duty. *You* wouldn't have let anything come between you and your work, would you, Anne? But I'm different. I was thinking of you—of us—and I forgot my duty. That's why the woman died. I killed her! I killed her!"

"She was such a pretty little thing, too," he continued, still in that confidential vein. "Big blue eyes and curly yellow hair. And so young, Anne, so young to die. To die because a fool forgot that he was a doctor first, and a man afterwards!"

Suddenly he was off at another tack, babbling crazily, his clear green eyes strained, bloodshot, and black with pain. "You must be glad now that we kept the marriage secret. Think how it would look for a famous Paris correspondent to acknowledge she had married a good-for-nothing doctor, penniless, disgraced. A doctor who gets drunk and kills his patients!"

From the endless flood of words he poured forth Anne seized upon the one fact that promised salva-

tion. "You say they consider it just an accident at the hospital? They don't blame you because this woman died while you were operating?" Her voice was tinged with eagerness, her eyes craftily narrowed.

He stopped short to stare at her questioningly. "If you mean do they know I'd been drinking that night, no; they don't. Because it took such a little to confuse me it wasn't very obvious to anyone else. But I know what was the matter with me. That's the important thing; *I* know, and I'd never be able to operate again. I'd always see that woman—dead!"

He seemed to be reliving that terrible experience. "She was so still, so white under my hands. I imagined I could feel the awful coldness of death through my rubber gloves. I'm through as a surgeon. Through, I tell you!"

With a swift, purposeful movement Anne drew herself up, straight as a dart. Her small, slender body seemed to expand, to grow taller, until she appeared to tower above Bruce, dominating the entire room. That round, obstinate chin of hers was tilted at a belligerent angle.

"Don't be a fool, Bruce. You're far from being through. You're just beginning. Don't let a thing like this ruin your career, wreck your whole life. It was just an accident. Her heart couldn't stand the strain. That wasn't your fault. You mustn't let it make any difference. You're going on, to be a great surgeon. You must!"

"But, Anne, I tell you it wasn't—"

"*It was just an accident.* Unfortunate, but an unavoidable accident. It *might* have happened to anyone; it *did* happen to *you*, that's all. You're going on with your work and forget it. You can, and you must. You can't let your life smash up on this one incident."

"Incident!" There was a moment of heavy silence. When he spoke again it was to reveal his bewilderment, the confusion and uncertainty bred in him by the shock of that dead woman beneath his slim, sensitive fingers.

"Anne," he said wistfully, "what's happened to us? We're miles apart and working at cross purposes. Everything's so mixed up—I can't see clearly or think straight. I don't know what's the matter with me—with us."

Under cover of the words he was pleading with her, groping desperately in the fog toward his ideal of her, afraid and unwilling to accept the reality of her as he was learning, painfully and in bitter disillusion, to understand it.

The rigid principles, stern disciplined loyalty, and unquestioning devotion to duty in which his life was deep-rooted seemed to mean nothing to this cold, ambition-mad woman who stood watching him, silent and impassive.

For an instant she seemed to hesitate, then she spoke quietly, without emphasis. "I think we've made a mistake, Bruce. We should never have married; we're too utterly unlike. We'll never really understand each other."

She paused, giving him time to take in the full significance of the words. Then she went on. "I suppose I do love you, after my own fashion, but it's not what you want. And you deserve the best, Bruce. You're too fine a man to be fobbed off with anything less. And I'd always put my work before you. It means more to me than you do—more than any man ever could."

It was like a slap in the face.

Hurt anger and hot resentment struggled together for expression, but when he did speak it was in a tone of bitter resignation.

"I see. That's all you can think of—that career of yours. All you've ever thought of, only I was too blind to see that. I loved you so much I believed I could take its place. I was fool enough to hope I could mean more to you than your career. Well, I know better now!"

"I'm sorry you take it this way. Isn't it better to find out now that we made a mistake than to go on bickering like this? We'll never see eye to eye on any subject. We're poles apart in every respect."

He smiled wryly. "Don't try so hard to sugar-coat the bitter pill, Anne. What you really mean is that you're ashamed of me. I made such a botch of things. You don't want anyone to know you made the mistake of marrying me. Isn't that it?"

She flushed imperceptibly. "Not at all. Don't be silly, Bruce." He continued, watching her closely.

"It was all right when you thought I'd amount to something. Then you kept promising we'd acknowledge our marriage when I finished training. And I believed you. But it's d i f f e r e n t now. Now that I'm through; now that I'll never be the *great* Dr. McGregor! How could I ever have been fool enough to think you'd stand by me. Me—a murderer!"

Anne's voice, cold as blue steel, cut through his wild tirade. "Stop it, Bruce, you're mad! If I wanted to, I couldn't admit we're married, now. My paper gave me that Paris assignment supposing me to be free. They don't want their foreign correspondents married. I might lose my job if they found out. I've worked, studied, slaved for this opportunity. It's what I've been waiting for, building toward all my life. I can't let it pass me by now. It's the best chance I'll ever have to prove what I can do. I can't lose it! I *won't* lose it!"

Suddenly she stopped short, and they stood facing each other, both a little aghast at the discovery of the primitive savagery that underlay their civilized veneer. Anne pushed back her hair with a hand that shook a little.

"We're both upset, Bruce. We've got to calm down and discuss this thing rationally, or we'll make a terrible mess of everything."

Bruce dropped his gaze to the floor, rocking back and forth from toe to heel in a manner that was characteristic of him. "There's very little to discuss it seems to me. It all boils down to this: will you acknowledge our marriage, stay here and help me fight my way to the top, or will you go to Paris?

"I'd have to tell the Director at the hospital how that woman died—and why. He might dismiss me from the staff, or he might take the view that her heart was so weak that nothing could have saved her. I don't know; that's a chance I'd have to take. You see what it means. You can either admit a marriage to a man who may never practice again, or you can leave to-morrow for Paris as you intended. It's up to you!"

There it was. At last they had come to the crux of the matter; were face to face with the issue stripped of any ambiguous wordage. It lay between them clear-cut, impossible to evade. Did she love him enough to sacrifice her assured career to further his doubtful one? Enough so that it wouldn't be a sacrifice, but a gladly given free-will offering?

At this moment her face was entirely frank and open, so unguarded that he could almost see her thoughts. For this once she was as transparent as glass. He swung around abruptly, half afraid of what he might see there, and stood tense, staring blindly out of the window.

Although he had a presentiment of what it would be he continued to wait patiently for her final decision, still hoping against all reasonable hope that it would be the answer he wanted to hear.

He still loved her—would always love her no matter what she said or did. He was forced to admit that, jeering at himself for a weak and spineless fool. But you can't turn love off at will like a leaky water tap. He had found that out a long time ago.

Quiet, motionless, he waited, acutely aware of the woman behind him, the woman who held his heart in her small, greedy hands. Why was she so silent? What was she doing? Why didn't she say something—anything? He felt a muscle begin to jerk in his cheek and he dug his hands deep into his pockets.

Then she called to him. Her voice was very clear, very firm, very cold. He knew before he turned what she would say to him, but he wheeled, and went toward her swiftly.

Her face was again hard, granite-hard, implacable. It had the strange, dispassionate aloofness, the complete, inhuman indifference to the feelings and needs of others that one sees in the faces of Chinese idols. He knew himself defeated.

"I have decided," she said with a distinct, icy precision. I'm sailing on the *Ile de France* to-morrow at midnight. I'm sorry that things worked out like this; really sorry, believe me. You deserve happiness. I hope you may find it."

After a moment's pause, as he made no comment, she went on. "As for me, I'd never be happy without my work. Even if I gave up this chance to go to Paris and stayed here with you, I'd always hate you for that. Don't you see, I'd always blame you for that lost opportunity. It would always be there between us, and there'd never be any happiness for either of us that way."

"Well, then, that's settled," he said, trying to keep his voice steady, to sound casual; not to let her see how much she had hurt him, how completely she had cut the very ground from beneath his feet.

"I've done my best to hold you, but I don't count. You've got what you really want now, what you've always wanted more than anything else in the world. Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs. McGregor! Shall we say good-by, here, now?" He offered his hand, and without a word she slid hers into his grasp.

They were very close to each other, hands clasped. With a swift, unexpected movement he dropped her hand and swept her into his arms. Gone was the dignified pride that had kept him from openly pleading. Now that he was losing her he had very little pride left.

"Anne," he cried, "I can't let you go like this. Can't we try again, just once. We'll make a go of it this time—we must. We'll keep the marriage secret until you come back if that's what you want. Until I can make a name for myself in medicine, if they'll let me stay at St. Angela's, or some other way. I'll work like a dog; I'll do whatever you like, only don't go like this! I can't lose you, Anne, I can't lose you!"

She stood immobile as a statue in his hold, surprised and a little displeased by this unlooked-for outburst. As he went on she stiffened, unconsciously resisting his pleas. She gazed at him intently, speculatively. Perhaps here was a way out, a way for her to eat her cake and have it, too.

Just possibly he might yet become the great surgeon she knew he could be. He had dogged determination and beneath his youthfulness there was a latent quality of steel. The streak of fanatical devotion to duty, the unswerving loyalty to an ideal, the stubborn righteousness that marks the breed of the Scotch Covenanters.

It might be policy to retain her strangle hold upon him. She asked tentatively, "You will go back to St. Angela's? You won't tell the truth about that woman's death? You'll leave things as they are—accidental death from an over-strained heart? Is that what you mean, Bruce?"

There was a long, significant silence between them. He had released her and stood with his eyes fixed upon the floor at his feet. Then in a decisive gesture he flung back his head, so that for the first time she noticed the long, hard line of his jaw, and the resolute strength of his clean-cut young mouth.

"No," he said quietly. "That is not what I mean! That is the one thing you have no right to ask of me. God knows I failed miserably enough before. There will be no failure this time."

"But that's so unnecessary, Bruce. Leave things as they are. Be reasonable, let well enough alone. Don't spoil everything."

"Anything else you ask I will do, but this—no! When I leave here I'm going straight to the Director of St. Angela's, Dr. Carroll, and tell him the truth—all of it—about the night of that emergency operation. What he will do, I don't know, but my conscience will be clear. And I can start fresh, with a clean slate."

"Your conscience!" There was an undertone of scorn in her voice.

"Yes," he cut in brusquely. "My conscience!" There was something almost ominous in the inflection he gave to the word. "Whatever happens I shall have kept my self-respect."

"But don't you see, if you tell him, he may think it his duty to dismiss you from the staff. Have you thought of that? All your work wasted; your whole life to build over again. Have you thought of that?"

He nodded gravely. "I've done nothing but think of it since that night. Do you think it will be easy? But I can't help what Dr. Carroll sees fit to do, I've got to tell him. I should have done it long ago. It's my plain duty to tell him!" His face set in the stubborn lines that warned her arguments were useless.

"Duty!" She spat the word at him viciously. "Duty! What stupidities you men commit in the name of Duty."

Ignoring that he said quietly, "Now that we know where we stand what are you going to do?" There was no moving him from his determination to make a clean breast of things to Dr. Carroll. She could see that only too plainly.

"Do? I am going to Paris, of course. And you are going to make a fool of yourself for the sake of some fine theory. I don't understand you, Bruce, really I don't. Well, that seems to take care of everything, doesn't it?"

He agreed calmly. "It appears to cover everything quite adequately. There's very little left to say, is there?"

"Except good-by—and good luck. The best of luck always. You're a fool, Bruce, but a fine one, a splendid one! I can't help admiring you. A fool for honor's sake! Isn't there a poem or a quotation about that somewhere?"

"Very likely," he said absently. He seemed to be thinking of other things, feeling his way toward some important decision. "There generally is a *cliché* for every occasion, isn't there?"

He gave a sardonic little chuckle deep in his throat. "So, you can't help but admire me? But your admiration isn't quite strong enough to keep you here with me, is it? Admiration, but not love. Well, I can't expect everything I suppose. Admitting to any feeling, even one as pallid as admiration, is very unusual and magnanimous—for you. Thank you, Anne!" He made her a little mock bow.

Her smile and voice edged with ice she said contemptuously, "Stop putting on an act, Bruce. It's entirely unconvincing and a little boring. Each of us has chosen according to his desire and temperament. Let's leave it at that, shall we? I shan't be seeing you again, I suppose?"

"Not until you get back from Paris." He hesitated for an instant, then, "Anne," he said with the air of one who has made up his mind, "Unless you want to be free—a divorce, I mean—let's leave matters as they stand. When I have made a place for myself in the medical world—if I can remain in it—I'll ask you again to acknowledge our marriage. We can meet on equal terms then, each successful in his own field. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

As she made no immediate answer he continued. "I won't come to you again, begging. When I can stand on my own merits, when I've won that success and fame that mean so much to you, I'll ask you to take your place as my wife, openly, in the face of the world. Until then I won't bother you in any way. What do you say, Anne? Is it a bargain?"

"I say you're mad to make a one-sided bargain like that. But," with a tiny gurgle of amusement, "you should know me well enough by now to be sure that I wouldn't be running true to form if I refused such an advantageous offer."

He waited expectantly as she paused to look at him. "And I do not refuse—far from it! But seriously, Bruce, do you realize how generous your terms are? Are you quite sure you know what you're doing? I don't understand you at all."

He smiled rather ruefully. "No, I don't suppose you do, really. You were right about us being poles apart. We never will see eye to eye in many things because we're looking toward different objectives, and we're looking from totally different angles. But you see, I happen to love you very much. You want fame, success, glory in your career. All I want—all I'll ever want—is just you! That's the only reason I can give you, Anne, but it's the best reason in the world!"

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

By Wilfrid Meynell

MAN'S body was ordained to tell
The tale of this sweet miracle.
For bread and wine and all his food
Are turned to human flesh and blood.
And men, at all their common feasts,
Are transubstantiating priests.

Christ, as in Cana's miracle,
Generous, His creatures would excel;
So gave to chosen men the power
With His own Flesh and Blood to dower
The Altar Bread, the Altar Wine:—
O daring plagiary Divine!

Then walk awarely 'mid the corn
That will as human flesh be worn:—
'Tis holy ground that thou dost tread.
Aye, be indeed a worshiper,
Discerning in thy daily bread
The Eucharist's biographer!

THERE MUST BE A KINK IN HIM

By John Moody

TWO Wall Street business men, one middle-aged, tall and slender; the other short and stocky and somewhat older, left the Sixth Avenue Elevated at Fiftieth Street one week day afternoon and walked towards Fifth Avenue engaged in animated conversation. As they crossed Fifth Avenue the short man, stopping at the curb, interrupted his companion and said:

"Let us have luncheon together at the Club to-morrow. We can settle the matter then."

"But," exclaimed the other, "why not settle it right now, to-night. Walk along with me to my house—"

"No, to-morrow will be time enough; I'll see you then. So long!" And with this the short man left his companion, hurried up the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral and disappeared through the entrance. The other man then started easterly on Fiftieth Street, walked slowly for half a block, then turned and went back to the corner and slipped into the Cathedral himself.

These men were business friends; they had known each other for years. But as is so often the case in big cities like New York, they were all but strangers outside of business circles; they had never met socially in any way even though they had lived for years in the same neighborhood. The tall man, keen-eyed, shrewd, hard and apparently inclined to be cynical, an aggressive and successful money maker, we will call Henry Jones; the other, shrewd looking also, but kindlier and obviously more "human," we will call Thomas Robinson.

Robinson was a Catholic, but up to this moment Henry Jones had not even suspected this fact. As for Jones himself, should you ask him if he had any religious beliefs, his answer would be something like this: "Sure, I'm a Christian; I was brought up a Christian. But of course I don't believe in these creeds and things. One religion is as good as another. Do I belong to a Church? Certainly; Doctor Sentiment's. Have you ever heard Sentiment? He's a wonder—liberal—tolerant—modern—e l o q u e n t—he grips you."

Jones had been taken aback by Robinson's sudden leave-taking. Why should he hurry into the Cathedral in that way? Was he expecting to meet some one? Surely an odd place for an appointment. Then the thought flashed through his mind that Robinson might be a Catholic. But no, that was too ridiculous; Tom Robinson was a man of sense. Still, it might be so. Anyhow, curiosity got the better of him; he decided to retrace his steps and follow Robinson in.

Henry Jones had never been inside the Cathedral, although he had passed it hundreds of times. He was surprised to see, on this quiet week day afternoon, numerous people in pews, most of them apparently praying. Others were standing before Stations of the Cross; these, he of course assumed, were mere sightseers. He walked slowly

up the main aisle and finally noticed a side altar where the lights were stronger, and a red light was burning. Several people were kneeling at the rail before this altar, and as he drew nearer he recognized Robinson as one of these.

He stopped, spellbound. "Well, I'll be—" he muttered, under his breath, and beat a hasty retreat.

As Jones strolled homeward up Park Avenue, these were his thoughts: "What an amazing thing —Tom Robinson a superstitious Catholic! Who would have dreamed that of so sane and intelligent a man. Humph! There must be a kink in him somewhere. Perhaps it's his bringing up, but I'd have thought he would have outgrown that nonsense long ago. Yes, it's a kink. We all have our kinks, I suppose, and that's Tom Robinson's. Humph! Humph! To see him there on his knees, praying all alone —and on a week day at that. What can he have on his mind? Guilty of some dirty deal, perhaps. I wonder what it can be?"

When they met at luncheon the following day Jones studied Robinson with new interest, wondering if, after all, he was as sane and shrewd as he had always seemed. He hoped Robinson would refer to the incident; perhaps apologize for leaving him so abruptly; this might give him a natural opening to question him about his religious beliefs. But Robinson said nothing; he plunged right into their mutual business problem and stuck to it.

While Henry Jones had some Catholic acquaintances, he had always taken it for granted that if they were educated men they must be only nominal Catholics who had long ago dropped all "superstitions." For instance, Kelly, his attorney, was a Catholic. But Kelly was Irish and it seemed natural that he should be a Catholic. No doubt Kelly's Catholicism was "broad" and didn't mean much. But obviously, Robinson must be one of the superstitious kind; the incident in the Cathedral proved that. It puzzled him, this kink of Robinson's; he would like to have it explained. But Robinson was reticent about his personal affairs and Jones never ventured to open the subject.

A few months rolled by and then Jones learned something from another quarter. Doctor Sentiment, Jones's pastor, was a man of unusual charm, and his eloquence in the pulpit was truly unforgettable. He was always inspiring but never offending. Henry Jones was a strong supporter and admirer, as we have already indicated, of this pulpit paragon.

Doctor Sentiment and his wife were socially inclined and frequently gave little dinners to select groups in the parish. It was at one of these little dinners that Jones was enlightened regarding Robinson's Catholic kink. The pastor was waxing eloquent over certain phases of modern thought and especially emphasizing why it was making such inroads (as he had been informed) among Catholics. Just at this point the ladies were leaving the table to the men smokers and brandy sippers, and Jones, as he flicked a match to light one of the pastor's fine Havana cigars, injected a question.

"Doc, that's all very fine about Catholics beginning to see the light, but can you tell me why so intelligent a person as Thomas Robinson, the banker, is still such a superstitious Catholic?"

"Oh, Tom Robinson; I know him

well, perhaps better than you do. He was a convert to Catholicism. Years ago—before your time, Henry—he was a member of my parish; he changed about ten years back, I think. I did my best to hold him, but he has a peculiar kink in his make-up. He is very logical and therefore frightfully intolerant and opinionated—but otherwise a fine chap."

"Humph! Is he sincere? Surely, he can't really believe the stuff?"

"Oh, yes, he does believe it. When he made his change we had a lot of talks. He has an acute mind and knew all the strongest Catholic arguments. Of course there *are* strong Catholic arguments, Henry—provided you start with certain terrific assumptions."

"What assumptions?"

"Well, you must assume the existence of a personal God, the old orthodox God, and that He revealed Himself to mankind through Jesus Christ. You must assume that Christ was God Incarnate—the Second Person of the Trinity. That of course involves believing in the doctrine of the Trinity—you must be a Trinitarian. And then—"

"How could a hard-headed banker like Tom Robinson fall for those old fables?"

"Oh, he wouldn't admit that they are fables; he insisted that their truth can be demonstrated by reason and evidence; that you need not fall back on 'blind faith.' He talked for hours, too, about Faith—the Catholic view—a supernatural gift of God and so on—you know."

"No, I don't know; but I bet you knocked his nonsense all right, Doc?"

"Well, we finally agreed to disagree and remained friends. Of course according to our view—my view—what we call God is simply the great mysterious Force back of all life—the First Cause—that all-pervading something which, we believe, makes for righteousness. As for Christ, we may well class Him as a true prophet—the greatest of prophets. We call Him divine yes, in the sense that we may all become divine if we attain—as Christ attained—the Spirit of God within our hearts. For God is Spirit and we may say that faith is the spiritual bond of union between God's Spirit and the human spirit made in His image. You see how simple it all is, Henry."

"Humph! You put it pat, Doc," commented Jones as he chewed his cigar and reached for a little more of the pastor's fine brandy. "But tell me, Doc, suppose you do accept those assumptions—that there is a personal God and that Christ was God—how does that justify all these other superstitions. For instance, miracles, infallible Church, infallible Pope and so on?"

"Why, don't you see," explained the pastor, as he also reached for a little more of the glass that cheers, "if Christ really was God, then He could perform miracles easily enough; and if He founded a Church—a visible Church on the Rock of Peter, as Catholics claim, and promised to be with that Church to the end of time—then of course the essential teachings of that Church must be true. That's the Catholic argument in a nutshell."

"Humph, I see. Quite an argument. But Doc, it's ridiculous—an infallible Church teaching that there is a hell, for instance. How did Robinson answer that?"

"Why of course he insisted that if there is a God of Justice then there must necessarily be retribution for

sinners as well as reward for saints. He was logical there, at least."

"Logical—?"

"Certainly; here's the argument: If all men, regardless of their sins, are to be equally happy in the hereafter, then all the unrepentant—all murderers, adulterers, thieves, criminals—are surely destined for eternal bliss just the same as you and I are. Now if all that be true, why try to be a saint? Why not just have a high old time while you are here?"

"Humph! Then you do believe in hell, Doc? I always supposed—"

"No, no, don't misunderstand me; I am merely giving you the Catholic position. As for myself, neither heaven nor hell are convincing to me. Hope of a life hereafter, in an individual sense, is no doubt an inspiration to many, but isn't it just a wish-fancy? After all, is there anything to prove that we mortals, as individuals, survive beyond the grave? I think not."

"Right you are, Doc," exclaimed Jones in a tone of relief. "When you come right down to it, I'll admit I've always felt that 'when you're living, you're living, but when you're dead, you're dead.'"

"N-o,—no,—Henry, not quite that. I prefer to hope for something beyond this life—'some great far-off divine event toward which the whole creation moves'—some cosmic—*something*. It is hard to envisage, I know, but it does seem to me we should expect something. Anyhow, there are many theories of survival besides the old orthodox Christian idea; and who knows if there may not be something in them? There's the theory of reincarnation, for instance."

"Yes, I've heard of that. Tell me about it."

"Well, your soul never dies; in fact, it never began; it always was. It comes back to earth again and again in new bodies; you live life after life in this world, even though you have no memory of former incarnations. For instance Henry, you may be the reincarnation of Julius Cæsar—who knows?"

"Humph! That sounds more fantastic than hell. Can they prove it, Doc? And what becomes of you after you have stopped being born over again? Or don't you stop?"

"Surely, some day you stop, but only when you have finally reached perfection. The Buddhist and Hindu finish you up in Nirvana."

"Havana?" Henry bit his cigar.

"No, no,—*Nir*vana. You become a drop in the great ocean of peace. The idea has its fascinations. But of course there is nothing to prove the truth of the theory; it may be only another fancy. Who can say?"

"Sounds like tripe to me. How many times do you have to live on earth; how many trips do you make from birth to death before you finish?"

"Until you have progressed to perfection. The wheel of life may take you around ten thousand times before—"

"—Before you fly off? That *would* be hell, wouldn't it, Doc?" Henry Jones thought a moment, took a final sip of the pastor's brandy and remarked with a sigh, "Fairy tales, I say." Then he dropped the butt of his cigar in the ash tray and moved to join the ladies —to the evident relief of his pastor.

Among Jones's acquaintances was a man whom we will call Ichabod Williams, a serious and sallow person who was a deep student of modern psychology. Jones occasionally met him at his Club, and there

one evening in casual conversation Robinson's name was mentioned.

"By the way," said Jones, "did you ever know that Tom Robinson is a Catholic—a superstitious Catholic? I didn't know it myself until a few months ago."

"Oh yes," replied Williams, "an interesting case. It only goes to confirm the truths about the abnormal which have been brought to light by modern psychology and psychoanalysis."

"How so?"

"Why, Tom Robinson was for years a deeply frustrated man. Perhaps you didn't know him before he became a Catholic? He seemed normal enough, but that was all on the surface. Inwardly he was a most unhappy man, for he was the victim of an unusual subconscious complex. For instance, he never held, until he took up Catholicism, any serious convictions in religion nor in any of the deep things of life. Moreover, he never took any interest whatever in modern science or in modern movements, so far as one could see. He was just a busy banker. True, he was a member of old Doctor Sentiment's liberal Church; but that was not due to religious convictions, for he had none; he was merely a social being and loved to be with pleasant and congenial people—and in the social circle of that Church he found them.

"Now, as modern psychology would say, Robinson's life, in spite of these outward appearances, was cursed by a complex; he lived and suffered behind a mask, and in reality his life was a tragedy. What was the nature of this tragedy? Ah, there you are; there was the mystery. Even Robinson himself was wholly ignorant of the fact that deepseated in his unconscious was a religious complex which cried out for release. If not released it was quite possible that some day Robinson might make away with himself. Many a puzzling suicide of an apparently normal person has occurred in just this way.

"Eventually however—and fortunately for him—Tom was saved from the danger of suicide. His conversion to Catholicism was his escape, for it meant the release of the religious complex which was buried in his unconscious. His true personality finally became free to express itself—and he becomes a Catholic. That's the explanation of the whole matter."

Jones was by this time in deep water—all this was far over his head. "Some kink that, wasn't it?" he remarked, doubtfully. "How was that again?"

"Plain as daylight," resumed Williams. "He went to a psychoanalyst, took treatment, the unconscious in his nature was explored, his religious complex brought to the surface—and all his troubles were over."

"Humph! Did he tell you all that himself?"

"Oh, no, he didn't tell me, but I easily diagnosed it when I learned that his mind had been unsettled for years. He gave other reasons, of course; but the only *rational* explanation is this psychological one; the release of his hidden religious complex. Freud no doubt would identify it with his famous Œdipus Complex. But whatever you wish to call it, it was something which all his life had been buried in his unconscious and was at last released. When finally released, this suppressed urge had full swing in the conscious, making him at once receptive to the deeply devotional

nature of Catholicism. And so at last he was able to go the way of his normal nature."

"Humph! Superstitions and all. You know he is a very superstitious Catholic. I saw him one day praying all by himself in the Cathedral —on a week day, not a Sunday. What do you make of that?"

"There you are—the 'deeply devotional nature of Catholicism.' It only goes to prove how genuine his complex was," commented Williams, as he arose and said goodnight.

"I wonder," reflected Jones after Williams had gone; "I wonder if that nut knows what he is talking about. Sounds like tripe to me. Robinson isn't normal *now*. There is surely a kink in him somewhere."

Strolling up Wall Street one day with lawyer Kelly, who was just then handling a case for him, Henry Jones spied Robinson on the other side of the street. Both men hailed him.

"Do you know Robinson well?" asked Jones.

"Very well," replied the other. "I don't get any business from him, but I see him regularly at church. He belongs to my parish; I see him there almost every morning."

"Every morning? You mean every Sunday morning, don't you, Kelly?" (How on earth could Kelly see him *every* morning?)

"No—no—all mornings. He's a daily communicant; he usually goes to the eight o'clock Mass."

"Is that so? Well, well! Humph! What does—why does he do that?" asked the mystified Jones.

"Because he's a good Catholic; he takes his religion seriously. A true type I think. Much better Catholic than I am."

This from liberal, broad-minded Kelly! Jones was surprised. For if Kelly saw Robinson at Mass every morning, it must be that Kelly himself went to daily Mass. He thought a moment and then ventured:

"Let me ask you a question, Kelly. Isn't Tom Robinson inclined to be superstitious? Isn't there a kink in him somewhere? For instance, one week day afternoon I happened to go into the Cathedral and saw him kneeling and praying at the altar rail, all alone. Can you explain that?"

"Sure; he was making a visit. I often do it myself."

This was no explanation to Jones. He reflected a few moments and then went on:

"That means nothing to me; but tell me, Kelly, do educated, broad-minded Catholics do things like that?"

"What do you mean — broad-minded?" asked Kelly.

"Why I mean—you know what I mean—being enlightened—modern —up-to-date—released from creeds and things—cutting out superstitions—not acting like children—not—"

"That isn't being broad-minded; that's being muddle-minded. What do you mean by being released from creeds and things?"

"Well, any sane, educated person knows—"

"Knows what?"

"Well—that orthodox Christianity—what our grandfathers believed —is taboo. Since Darwin's time who can believe the Bible? Doesn't that wipe out old creeds and things?"

"Ho, ho," exclaimed Kelly, "you're an agnostic. I thought you were a big gun in Doctor Sentiment's Church."

"No, I'm not an agnostic, I'm a

Christian; the same sort of Christian, I hope, as Doctor Sentiment himself."

"What kind of a Christian is that?" asked Kelly.

"Why, his view—our view—is that what we call God is simply the great mysterious Force back of all life—the First Cause—the spiritual power which, we believe, makes for righteousness. Oh, I know I'm vague, but Doc Sentiment expresses it very clearly, and he's brainy, deep, a thinker. He's broad-minded, intellectual, and naturally I thought an intellectual Catholic like you—"

"All apple sauce," broke in Kelly. "You call me an intellectual Catholic and Tom Robinson a superstitious one; but Robinson is far more intellectual than I am. In ten minutes he could junk all of Sentiment's sentimentalisms, and show you that it is not intellectualism but simplicity which makes a true Christian. We Catholics are really so simple, Henry, that we don't spend our lives trying to find alibis for Jesus Christ, but simply accept Him as our Lord and Master and try to abide by His teachings. That's the answer to Robinson's kink—he is simple enough to know the Truth when he sees it. No doubt he would tell you all about it any time. Why not ask him?"

Did Henry Jones follow up the subject with Robinson, as Kelly suggested? No indeed; he was not so simple as that! He went to Doctor Sentiment for a further dose of "intellectualism." And to this day, whenever he sees Robinson, the thought springs up,—"There must be a kink in him somewhere!"

SORROWS

By John Jerome Rooney

SORROWS there are that overcloud the soul
And drive the rain in gusty anguish down:
Sorrows there are that burst in thunder roll
And, sudden, all the flowery landscape drown:
Sorrows that seem as feathers in the wind,
Yet grow to portents of the raven's wing,
And leave the heart dumb-stricken, tortured, blind,
Brooding in darkness with a deathless sting.

These seem to blot the stars from out the sky,
Out grieving griefs, assume all sorrows' debts—
Dread shapes no eye can live and look upon:
Yet broods a Sorrow, breathing not a sigh—
This is the Sorrow which the heart forgets,—
"Eternal loss" fading to dull oblivion!

THREE POETS IN A GOLDEN CLIME

By Michael Earls, S.J.

In our blessed martyrologies, deathdays are frequently called birthdays, — those dates in time when a martyr from the kingdom of God on earth is eternally born into heaven. And if a temporal birthday coincides with a feast of the Church or with a saint's name in the calendar, it seems a blessed opportunity; for it is an external grace for one's own name and life, starting from the baptismal font, and proceeding bravely along the itinerary of the mind and heart to God. Likewise in the solacing proprieties of Catholic culture, we deem appropriate, and even sacred, the festal day that attends the death of a beloved friend.

Consider the feasts which were the deathdays of three, who were intimate friends in life and in literature, admired by countless students of life and literature—Dora Sigerson (Shorter), on the Epiphany, 1918; Louise Imogen Guiney, on All Souls' Day, 1920; and Katharine Tynan (Hinkson) on Holy Thursday, 1924. Though the days of their passing were but recent in this century, the charming chapter of their entrancing and loving friendship was in the last century; it is a record of fascinating sweetness and light, and of artistic achievements that are destined to endure in the worthiest annals of our literature.

Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Harry Hinkson) was the last of that exquisite trio of friendship to pass the portals of death. It was on Holy Thursday, that reverent day which shares with Good Friday the Cenacle and the Calvary of the Lamb of God: and it was in April, a day and month renewed whenever the poetry of Katharine Tynan is selected for anthologies. On an April day thirty years before her death, she meditated on the very theme of her own deathday, and in its consolation she composed her ballad of the "Sheep and Lambs," so characteristic of her tender thoughtfulnesses, and of her technique in the Anglo-Irish mode.

"All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed me by on the road.

. . . .

"The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak, human cry;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

"Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet,
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

"But for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

"All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God."

Though not frequently elected for anthologies, a poem by Louise Imogen Guiney is of the very essence of poetry; and it will survive on its own æsthetic and ethical merits; but for our present purpose, its wistful tenderness, and its enheartening solace chant above the day of her death,—the feast of All Souls', 1920. Editors of anthologies rarely venture into the rarified atmosphere of Catholic asceticism and mysticism. Death is a hushed theme for most of the singers in the modern world, even as Purgatory was excluded from vocabularies in the aftermaths of the so-called Reformation. The best that a calm stoicism can do upon the theme is in Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; and of our own day, the saddest, as if sung in a *cul-de-sac*, are in Edna St. Vincent Millay's last volume: sonnets so verbally strong, yet so bleak and blank, as her "Epitaph for the Race of Man." Yet it is noteworthy that in Burton Stevenson's recent anthology *Of Quotations* a two-score of pages are fringes around the theme of death. Pleasantries, sometimes with a touch of gruesomeness, may be read as epitaphs on Colonial tombstones; but they are not in the merry manner of the saints, the *risus sanctorum*, so splendid on the brink of the grave, or "high upon a scaffold tree," with saintly patriots. "Born once: died twice" is said to have been the epitaph over the grave of the Dark Irishman, Duns Scotus. For there is a death before the last breath,—death to the principles of the world. "Unless a man die, he shall not live," urgently spake the Master; and St. Paul, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

Returning from this digression, let us read the poem *"Beati Mortui,"* that lyrical meditation around All Souls' Day, the anniversary of the passing of Louise Guiney. Though makers of our anthological texts deem it beyond their geometric metrics, it had its page over thirty years ago in *The Atlantic Monthly:* and it was included in her choicest volume, *Happy Ending.*

"Blessed the Dead in Spirit, our brave dead
Not passed, but perfected:
Who tower up to mystical full bloom
From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;
Who out of wrong
Run forth with laughter and a broken thong;
Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant of peace anticipant;
Who cerements lately wore of sin, but now,
Unbound from foot to brow,
Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful
As sun-born colours of a forest pool
Where Autumn sees
The splash of walnuts from her thinning trees.

. . . .

"If thus to have trod and left the wormy way
Makes men so wondrous gay,
So stripped and free and potently alive,
Who would not his infirmity survive,
And bathe in victory, and come to be
As blithe as ye,
Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greeting give;
Turn not away, too fugitive:
But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,

And sit with us at meat,
And of your courtesy, on us unwise
Fix oft those purer eyes,
Till in ourselves who love them dwell
The same sure light ineffable:
Till they who walk with us in after years
Forgetting time and tears
(As we with you), shall sing all day instead:
'How blessed are the Dead!' "

Though the theme of All Souls' Day and the traditions of Hallowe'en are abundant in the poetry of Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), yet we must glance at other reasons for the happy relevancy and congruity in the day of her death,—the Feast of the Epiphany. And if we may not find among her exquisite poems an appropriate discourse upon the Magi and their three gifts, still it is consoling to note that Dora Sigerson possessed in an eminent degree the triple talents of poetry, painting and sculpture, and that she Wise-Manly employed these gifts (as Thomas Michael Kettle said of his own heroic idealisms) "for the dream born in the shepherd's cave, and for the secret scripture of the poor." Her poetry, always an artistic service, *pro aris et focis*, is forever a form of quest for *Tir-na-n'Og*, the Land Forever Young, which the old Gaelic poets longed for in their visions,—that Haven which is the quest of all Wise Men, Heaven beyond the horizons of time. Secular critics may deem her poems freighted with melancholy; but they scan only a surface of two dimensions, not the depths of a soul that was solid in the Faith of the Motherland. If she has "the divine discontent" over the colorless realisms of the world and the sordid banalities of the life of commoners, she does not repine with considerations that arose from the mind of Hamlet and "a bare bodkin" at hand; rather she sings in effect "Conscience doth make heroes of us all." For that Faith and Motherland were dearer than Hy-Brasail to Dora Sigerson:

"I have been to Hy-Brasail,
And the Land of Youth have seen,
Much laughter have I heard there,
And birds amongst the green.

. . . .

"Since I have left Hy-Brasail,
Age has encompassed me,
She plucks me by the shoulder
And will not let me be."

Moreover, "with heart's hunger and soul's thirst" (with which Lionel Johnson intones the quest of all Wise Men), or "Sick with the impact of eternity" (in the phrase of Louise Guiney), the longing for the veritable *Tir-na-n'Og*, the Kingdom of God and His justice, is a Star shining in the best of Dora Sigerson's lyrics, and enheartening the affectionate threnodies for her apostolic Erin:

"A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day,
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

. . . .

"And all your children's children,
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out of Erin,
And the sun is in the West."

She anticipated the poetry of Sinn Fein two decades before the patriotic poets of the 1916. One of

her very last letters concerns the third of those talents which she possessed, her sculpture, and her architectural designing of a memorial to the gallant heroes of an Easter Week. Sending me this letter with other treasures from Dora's posthumous offerings, her sister, Hester Sigerson Piatt, added, "The letter, as is obvious, was written in haste and carelessly." The message to "dear Mary" was to be communicated to Mrs. Pearse, the mother of two of the national martyrs, Patrick and Willie:

"I got these photos done of the statue and the shrine to be put up. You must take care of them for me, or bring them to Mrs. Pearse to show them.

"The Shrine is a slight imitation of the Post-Office and also represents the effect of those shrines you see everywhere in countries abroad, *even in Germany*. It also suggests the Mother and dead Christ (as a Pietà). You can tell her all this. If it was considered, I would suggest a mound like Parnell's, with this on top, and the graves of the men all around, also under the monument,—the vault for the dead *who will be brought back*. On the back of the monument, the names of those who were killed fighting; on the scroll in front, the Signatories [men who signed the Proclamation of the Republic of 1916]. Will you explain? The temple to be granite and the figures marble. This is only a dream, but still I see they are getting up a tomb to poor Redmond, and why not to our men.

"With love,

"Dora Sigerson."

More fascinating than the high accomplishments of these three friends in poetry or painting or architecture are the architectonic edifices of their glorious fellowship. Horace says of a good line in literature, *decies repetita placebit;* but ten times ten the lines of sincere and worthy friendship are repeated in pleasure; they are the very music of invigorating consolation. Life on such a height is more interesting than literature in its depths. Yet literature, without pose or pedantry, is abundant in the epistles of their love and interest for one another, and in regard of all others in their wider circles of friendship.

A few instances of their epistolary services will be a delight to the larger circle which includes "the general reader." Having been privileged to collect the letters and books of Louise Imogen Guiney for the marvelous treasures of the Guiney Memorial Room at Holy Cross, I shall select only a few excerpts from that wealth of material, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," a few paragraphs to serve as gleams of their devoted *camaraderie*. Though their friendliness in literature began almost in girlhood, their face-to-face and heart-to-heart associations were firmly established in 1890. Louise Guiney with her mother went abroad to Ireland and England a year before; and when she found an opportunity to return in 1895, Katharine Tynan sent a cordial note to the London *Sketch:*

"Miss Guiney is the finest type of New England woman. They taught us, these sisters of ours across the water, long ago, how to become absolutely free women, while retaining the most exquisite femininity. These American women take the world without a fear or a misgiv-

ing. More chaste than veiled Orientals, they meet the world of men with innocent and fearless eyes, and find in their fearlessness their armor. They are up and down the highways of the world with any sunburnt gypsy. That freedom of the road is in Miss Guiney's work, and blent delightfully with it is the student air of knowledge and contemplation. She carries her learning delicately: she wears her knowledge lightly as a flower."

Always at the service of writers everywhere, Louise Guiney was a sort of "clearing house" for much of the poetry of Dora Sigerson and Katharine Tynan among American publishers. In her precious letters to Dora, we read such "items" as:

"Your 'Banagher Rue' got taken at once by THE CATHOLIC WORLD, the first magazine to which I sent it; and you will infer that I went on a hunt for some correct Gaelic spelling with which to embellish your refrain, and fished it at last from the deep sea, in the person of a funny ancient bartender in Boston who is of culture compact. . . . This came to me today,—in our money for the 'Fairy Changeling.' I sent *The Chap-Book* containing it, and hope you have it. More power to your delightful Muse! Won't you send me some more things. It makes me feel like a peacock. . . . *The Chap-Book* must have swallowed 'Dermot O'Byrne,' as I have heard nothing from them yet: 'In My Neighbor's Garden' is lodged you see in *The Independent;* and when dear old Mr. Alden broke my heart by having no room for 'Majorie,' I hurried her off to *The Century,* where she still awaits her fate. So be of good cheer."

Dora Sigerson would sacrifice hours from her *scriptorium* to be copyist for any research work of Louise. In presenting here at full length one of the innumerable letters between them (letters that Dora's husband, the late Clement Shorter sent to me), it may be well to note that Louise was then hard at work upon her studious edition of Mangan's *Life and Works,* and had requested a certain bit of erudition from Dora, through Thomas Lyster, the courteous and scholarly director of the National Library: ("Some day would you mind copying for me the verses, after saluting Mr. Lyster, and telling him I love him true. Alas, I can find no copy in Boston, the Boston of all Books.") And the grateful reply from Louise is worthy of being presented *in extenso,* noting that "himself" in the text refers to Dora's father, a distinguished surgeon and a Gaelic scholar of the first rank. The final paragraph salutes the approaching marriage of Dora and Clement Shorter on the Fourth of July, 1896.

"You very nicest of all possible Doras, and girl o' my heart:

"I kiss your boots. Nothing less will express my amazed and abashed sense of gratitude when I found you had put yourself and 'a cousin' (bless her) into pound, and painfully copied out every word of the inaccessible Maurice Leyne on Mangan. (Dear, dear! If ever you want a lost book of Lion or the great seal of James II., or the Philosopher's stone, pray command me: I am your man.) I was delighted, as I need not say, with your script, and more, with the long-suffering friendliness of the scribe; but I never would have dreamed of

setting before you such a drudgery! No, not in the name of all the neglected poets who flourished since Jehoshaphat his reign. Thanks 'stick in throat.' Leyne's is a very beautiful article, saying much in little, and saying new things temperately. His 'way,' apart from the rather superfluous prelude, reminds me of Mr. O'Leary's. Certainly, nothing half so good (so 'right,' as Ruskin would have us say), has been written about Mangan. One phrase puzzles me; for he speaks of 'Cahal Mor' (meaning, of course, 'The Vision of Connaught' in the thirteenth century), as a translation. O daughter of Eirionnach! Consider that I know nothing of the language of polite society before the Flood; and by the bowels of your final charity, ask *himself* if that be so. I think not, I think not, in any sense at all; yet who am I to have a think on that ground? As for 'The Green and Serene,' I gape like a young robin, and as yet go anhungered. If I might but cast an eye thereupon, you might e'en tell him he shall sometime pin me by the knees and ankles with a golden skewer, and cast me into a Dutch Canal! for I shall have had my day. And now no more Manganese for ever from me, lest you wish I had never been born to edit it, or to implore aid of angels like D. S. The book will be out in the autumn.

"Ah, D. S.! I shall never hear from you again, this side of girlhood: and may the Lord have mercy on your Soul. If Mrs. Shorter invites me to love her, I won't answer for my behavior: I shall probably be under her feet as of old, and with her in spirit, all our lives long.—

"*Heaven bless your grace with health and happy days.* I am glad you chose our good Independence Day. I shall hold it as a solemn joy-festival, not for the Republic this time, but for you.

"Mother's love, and mine, to all your house: love that will keep.

"Yours always and altogether,

"L. I. G.

"3rd June, 1896."

In the preceding year, Louise Guiney in a characteristic letter announced to her Irish lover the glorious prospect of another visit to the Isles: and for the sake of the constantly growing students of Guineyiana (research students who frequent the Memorial Room) it may be well to say of the Auburndale incident, herein alluded to, that though the narrow sectarians in that episode were numerous, a twice great number of large-minded Americans from all over our country offset the boycott by sending in countless and generous orders for postage stamps to the P. O. in that village. And I wish to add that the "Goldilocks" is Hester Sigerson (Mrs. Piatt) a younger sister, and also a talented writer:

"My dear little old Dora:

"News! news! I am going to England again this summer on a brief leave of absence from the august P. O. authorities; but I fear, I fear, I shall not see you unless you will come and play with me in Hyde Park. I shall have with me my friend Alice Brown. Alice writes like a born artist, and is a dear from crown to toe; and I wish from my heart I might let her see Dublin and my Dublin friends. But it cannot be, I know. I have a baddish throat and head most of the winter, and attribute it to Figgers and

the Public Eye, two items which I love not in any wise. Hence my journey. The fuss about my office, I regret to say, absurd as it seems, was no myth, and gave me great worry. Auburndale is a town populated with retired missionaries, and bigots of small intellectual calibre. We have lived happily here for eight years, in a beautiful leafy neighborhood, but we have kept all our affiliations with Boston unbroken, and were scarcely known by sight except by one family of old friends and neighbors, when I was proposed for postmaster by an old friend of my father's, 'one having authority,' who knew something of the way our small finances were disappearing, a year or so ago. Well, I had some rather rough sailing, thanks purely to my being a Catholic; *i. e.*, one likely at any moment to give over the government mail and the safe-keys to the Pope! And the salary ran down in consequence, and I was so like a fish swimming the wind, with the stress and novelty and difficulty of a business life and the utter impossibility of getting the mood or the time for the one thing I had been doing all my life, that it was queer exceedingly. I am somewhat broken in now, and somewhat broken up, too, and ready to forget for a couple of months that I was ever out of Arcady, or am ever likely to leave it again. Please don't say anything of the matter; it is incidental and must pass. But I wanted to answer your question. My mother is very well, and I wish she were going with me. Her affectionate remembrance always to all your family.

"Tell my Doctor that I see his honoured name in Lionel Johnson's new book of poetry—for it is poetry, and nothing less, isn't it? What does *Goldilocks* do at her journalism? Tell her I am jealous that she doesn't send me Apollo's wares to vend. Commend me, after your mother and father, and the aforesaid philosopher, and your brother (if he remembers me) and the good dog Bran, to all the Lyster gens, and not least to Fr. Russell. May I have a line from you bye and bye? Did you get a gold pen, and did Mistress Hester get its twin, posted to you one Christmas? Now that I am wiser, I know that gold in the mails is contrary to our silly old tariff law, and must suspect Davy Jones hath eaten it.

"Ever and altogether yours,

"Louise I. Guiney.

"April 24th, 1895."

Patrons and patronesses were numerous to that distinguished trio: Gael and Gall, Catholic and Sassenach were in the long procession and the wide entourage with attentive kindnesses, blessing those that gave as well as these that received. Without fear of invidious comparisons, it is safe to say that Father Matthew Russell, S.J., editor of the famous *Irish Monthly*, was in the very front rank in that coterie of patronage. He was not only the mentor of hundreds of incipient authors during the fifty years of service in his editorial *sanctum*, but he was a most affable go-between in the technique of enlarging circles of friends. *Pontifex pœtarum* was the title, oft repeated, which Louise Guiney conferred on his reverent maneuvers. Glancing back at his sociable letters, it is a pleasure to note again the scores of benign methods he employed to introduce an amateur's product to kindly names who were

already high on Parnassus. "You are an old friend of mine from Father Russell's *Irish Monthly*," wrote Katharine Tynan to me a few decades later when I was planning a *thesaurus* of Anglo-Irish lyrics. Even in her later years, Katharine gratefully retained the record of an early eventfulness in her literary career. In a note of 1912 she wrote:

"My first important literary event was the beginning of my friendship with Father Matthew Russell, S.J., the brother of the man who afterwards became Lord Chief Justice of England, a friendship happily unbroken for some two-and-thirty years, till this day when Father Russell, at the age of seventy-eight, is lying dangerously ill—with just the thinnest of divisions, as transparent as a sheet of white paper, between him and Heaven."

The Sigerson household was likewise a central abode of hospitality, and of unaffected *camaraderie* in their artistic interests and of their patriotism and their poetry. Dr. Sigerson seems to me now to have been an exemplification of a statement of Alice Stopford Green: "In mediæval times, the house of every Irish chieftain was an academy of courtesy and conversation." In these interesting groups who shared the friendly courtesies of Father Russell and the Sigersons, Katharine Tynan was a most active spirit, a romanticist in life as well as in her literary productions: and, in a later year, she made "open confession" of having played a John-Aldenish rôle as a matchmaker:

"During that year also my friendship with Dr. and Mrs. Atkinson, with Father Russell and Rosa Mulholland, sweetened and enriched my life. I also saw a great deal of the two Sigerson girls. In the summer of that year I went on a visit to the Piatts at Queenstown, and was the means of introducing Hester, the younger girl, to Donn Piatt, whom she afterwards married, as I was the means of introducing Dora some years later to Clement Shorter, whom she married."

Katharine Tynan had her own romantic prospects, even though, as in the foregoing note, she gives a hint of being a matronly go-between, a marital cicerone among her younger friends. They, however, had eyes fully open, and minds free for their own vocational adventures. In a letter from Hester to Louise Guiney (1893), there is a playful observation apropos. "We miss Katie Tynan very much, but it is good to know that she considers herself the happiest woman on earth. Yet happiness that depends so much on one human being, and that a man, has an element of pathos in it, I think." Hester was lovingly aware that Louise was thoroughly absorbed in scholarly pursuits, whether she was in Ireland or England or at home in America; and she cherished the vocational playtimes and playthings of the beloved Louise, even the mummies and skeletons in museums, and the anatomical specimens in the Doctor's laboratories. And with almost breathless gratitude, she wrote, when Louise Guiney dedicated her classic volume, *A Roadside Harp*, "To Hester and Dora Sigerson":

"I don't know how I should thank you for your book, still less for the dedication. I know well that you have hundreds of impor-

tant and celebrated friends who would have felt greatly honoured by having one of your books inscribed to them. No one else could have thought of doing such a sweet and gracious thing. Believe, that I, the least important of the two, feel it deeply indeed. It would seem cheeky of me to praise ever so sincerely your poems to you. I will only say that they impress me quite differently from any woman's poems: they have such a pure, classic atmosphere. The Songs remind me of the Elizabethan lyrists. Do you remember Douglas Hyde and his recitation of your poem? . . .

"Have you had any fun with skeletons or mummies since? I remember your passion for them. Did any thoughtful friend send you one of either, for Christmas? I think I'll make over my skull to you; not now, but after I die. You liked them dead a few thousand years, I think, so it would not do. Mr. O'Leary was speaking of you only the other night; I think you are the only person I have ever heard him giving unqualified praise to! You know his way. But I don't think there is one person that ever met you that did not do the same."

For three decades, 1890 to 1920, these three noble lovers plied the looms of living friendship and of literature that will live. It was indeed a golden clime. They were intimate with the famous contemporaries in English literature, and their praise was in all the gates of criticism. They were devoted companions of other trinities, Rosa Mulholland of Ireland, Alice Meynell of England, and Alice Brown of America; and they were honored by such literary artists as Stevenson, Swinburne and Saintsbury.

But time and tide, that wait for no man, tend to sunder the intimate ties of human friendships; limitations in health impede the interchanges of tokens that were constant in the agile days of heart and mind. Then came the monstrous time of the World War, with its sequences of griefs and sorrows, and even an intense isolation among the living, and the Rachels that would not be comforted. Alas, the three poets and patriots abode in England during those dark years. That fact proved to be an especial impediment to their work and their former intimacies. For, as all acknowledge now, a military censorship was clamped upon the press, and news from other countries, especially from Ireland, was deleted or colored, and in consequence judgments were crippled. *Après la guerre!* The golden clime had turned grayish.

Dora Sigerson kept confident of the heroic Irish spirit at home. She wrote some of her most powerful poetry during those isolated years, and later they were gathered and exquisitely published by her devoted husband, Clement Shorter; and after her death, he brought her body back for interment in her holy Ireland. That noble thoughtfulness seems to mitigate the intense lamentation of Dora, thirty years before, when she departed from her holy land:

"I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last."

Louise Guiney, despite her ill health, attended unremittingly to her scholarly pursuits.

Among the ardent projects that engaged her zealous mind and pen was the voluminous collecting and collating of the poems done by those heroes who refused to accept the tenets of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, and of the penal times. *Recusant Poets*, the volumes are to be entitled when a publisher will be honored in honoring their publication. And of this work, and countless others from this apostle of apologetics, Alice Brown said aptly, "She was the champion of lost causes, the restorer of names dropped out of rubricated calendars, through sheer inattention of an unlearned world, or rusted by time in chantries no longer visited."

Her sympathetic interest in her friends, all over the world, continued splendid during those trying years, even in the aftermath of the War. We have in our Memorial Room a wealth of her letters of earnest sympathy, solacing gleams of consolation to bereaved families. Apropos, this note (January, 1919) when Katharine's husband, Dr. Harry Hinkson died:

"Katharine dear:

"I have only just heard, and I cannot bear to believe. What will you do, what will you do, poor dove? You have your strong faith in God's Providence, and your children's love: lean hard on these, for I know of nothing else that can help, not even ever so little. Yes, one thing more, perhaps: gratitude for the devotion of such a heart as Harry's, and hallowed pride in such true wifeliness as yours has been towards him, from first to last.

"I know the sun is gone from your sky. I know you cannot write letters. But I wonder if Pam [her daughter] would send me just a half-page to say your health and courage are not broken. I shall think of you and of her and of her bereft brothers every moment, until I can get word. . . . With all my hope and prayers. . . .

"Your L. I. G."

With that hurried note Louise sent as a token of further consolation a picture of the Mother of Sorrows. That blessed token attended the bewildering hours afterwards. Writing to me (February, 1921), two years after the demise, Mrs. Hinkson said, anent the collecting of the letters of Louise:

"I should love to help you with dear L. I. G.'s letters, of which I have a considerable number. But, alas, when God took my beloved husband for some wise and loving reason of His Own, He took my home, too. I have not been able to get a home since, but have been wandering from place to place with my loved and loving daughter; all my books and papers and other precious belongings are stored. If you will pray me into a house, I shall be able to lay my hand on those letters. We shall spend four months in London, and are off to Italy on Monday morning. In June I hope to return to Ireland, and perhaps, if God wills, to find an abode as permanent as anything can be at my age; anyhow to have all my dear things about me for whatever of life is left to me.

"Our dear Louise was very fond of you. I keep always in my despatch case, facing me as I open it, a picture of the Mother of Sorrows which she sent me when my sorrow fell upon me, with words of such pity and love as came from her great heart and her knowledge of

the happiness I and my husband had had together. I hope he and she have met. They were good friends. You know he went with the new baptism on him, thank God.

"All kind regards, dear Father Earls,

"Always your
"Katharine Tynan Hinkson."

Along the route of travels, and through the delightful books that she continued to make, prose and verse, poetry and recollections, her heart leaned tenderly on Mother Ireland and Mother Church. And when death came to her, all her friends would have wished that her interment might have been in blessed Erin, in the beloved acres of her childhood in Clondalkin of County Dublin, or near the playgrounds of her girlhood school, the Sienna Convent in Drogheda. Yet she had foretold in song (1911) that, even if death laid her elsewhere, memories of Maytime in Ireland would stir amid the ashes of her English grave:

"When I forget thee,
Land of desire,
My hands shall be folded
And my feet not tire.

. . . . .

"Poppies and ground-ivy,
Shall I sleep so sound,
That I shall not dream of thee
In the English ground?"

In the spirit of *pietàs* we likewise wish that the interment of Louise Imogen Guiney could have been alongside the grave of her beloved father in the Holy Cross cemetery, at Malden, Massachusetts, or near the hallowed ground of the historic Holy Cross Abbey, near her father's birthplace in Tipperary. But though her grave is in England, in Wolvercote cemetery, near Oxford, a Celtic Cross marks the resting place of her remains. She herself, in 1903, had the stone set there over the grave of her beloved Aunt Elizabeth Doyle; and her descriptive words about this memorial cross console the memories that survive the event. In a letter to a friend, and adding a marginal translation for the Latin words, she had written:

"I have just had put up a memorial Cross over my dearest Aunty's grave. . . . I think it exceedingly lovely. I have *PAX*, but no other word on the Cross. Below it, on a tablelike smooth surface, in front of the unpolished rock, is the inscription, which I put in Latin for the sake of brevity and the significance not possible in English: *In Corde Jesu* (In the Heart of Jesus); *Delassata* (Very weary, or outworn). . . ."

But it is rather to the soul-country of Katharine Tynan and Dora Sigerson and Louise Guiney that our fondest thoughts and memories follow, to the perennial Golden Clime of three poets and friends. *Laudetur Jesus Christus.* And we apply in this conclusion to each of these three a portion of an epitaph which Louise wrote on an early occasion:

"With that spirit shy and fair
Quietly and unaware
Climbing past the starry van,
Went, for triple talisman,
They to whom the heavens must ope:
Candour, Chastity, and Hope."

"THE ROSE OF ALL THE HAWTHORNES"

By Katherine Burton

THE inheritance which a father bequeathes to his daughter is not always merely money or houses or stocks. It is sometimes a mental inheritance—or a social—or a spiritual one.

To his youngest daughter, whom he affectionately called the Rose of all the Hawthornes, Nathaniel Hawthorne left various legacies. He left her the memory of a brave gentleman, a sensitive soul; he left her the memory of happy days spent in Italy with him—in Rome, where the seeds of faith were sown in her that later ripened to fruition. But, best of all, he left her his love of humankind, even of the most wretched—perhaps *especially* of the most wretched—and a sense of duty towards them, a feeling of indebtedness that must be paid mentally or physically, with the pen or the voice or perhaps with the devotion of a lifetime.

Rose was a very small child when her father was appointed American consul at Liverpool. She was not very much older when the family spent some years in Rome. She has left us a book of memories of her father, written in most enchanting fashion, and now unfortunately out of print, as are her verses. In England he was made much of, invited to great houses, hunted, as she puts it, "to gorgeous dinners against his better instincts," for the Hawthornes never cared much for gorgeousness—unless it were that of a sunset or a great deed. In one of her letters to her father in America, Mrs. Hawthorne writes of the "hideous condition of the very poor—this most crying and worst of evils."

Along with the grandeur of the stately homes to which Hawthorne was continually being invited he saw also the terrible squalor and poverty of England's poor. One morning of a dark English February in 1856 Hawthorne and several of his friends went to visit the West Derby workhouse. He was shown through the different rooms, and the bare poverty, the coldness of charity, and what he calls the "atmosphere of the house of paupers" filled him with dismay. To one of the women with him he remarked, "It is a curious thing—this atmosphere, for no matter how fastidiously we breathe it in we are forced to inhale it into our inmost being. If even the Queen were here I know not how she would escape the necessity."

Later in his notebooks he recorded the incident. "What an intimate brotherhood is this in which we dwell, do what we may to put an artificial remoteness between the high creature and the low. It is but an example of how by every moment in our lives the flow and reflux of a common humanity pervades us all. How superficial are the niceties of such as pretend to keep aloof. Let the whole world be cleansed or not a man or woman of us can be clean."

They went into the children's ward, as unpleasant and unwholesome as was that of the grown-ups. In a corner where several grimy

children were playing together one detached itself from the group and came over to the visitors—a child of six, its face disfigured with something which the Governor of the workhouse who was their guide, said was scurvy. The child came straight to Hawthorne, not even noticing the others, smiled up at him, took hold of his coat, followed him around as they went about the ward, and then, standing directly in front of him, lifted its arms and without any words at all plainly showed that it wanted the visitor to pick him up.

Hawthorne was a person with a great love of the niceties and cleanlinesses of life and the soiled little atom below him clutching at his knees made him hesitate for a moment. But only for a moment. There was such confidence in the small face that it would surely be picked up that he found it impossible not to do so. "It was," he writes, "as if God had promised the child this favor in my behalf and I must needs fulfill the contract."

So he held the little thing for a while and even after he had put it down again it followed him about, held two of his fingers in its scrawny blotched hand, playing with them, "as if it were a child of my own."

They went into another part of the wards, but after they came down again there was the child with its "dim red eyes, and a sickly smile on its defaced mouth—I should have never forgiven myself had I repelled its advances."

Later in the day he was taken to another house—this time a lovely English home, with great grounds and carefully tended gardens. And in the evening he wrote in his diary: "I wonder how many people live and die in the workhouse having no other home because other people have a great deal more home than enough."

And also that evening, still with the remembrance of the workhouse child he wrote some of the most beautiful paragraphs of his beautiful writings. He wrote in the third person, as he often did about himself.

"No doubt the child's mission was to remind him that he was responsible in his degree, for all the sufferings and misdemeanors of the world in which he lived, and was not entitled to look upon a particle of its dark calamity as if it were none of his concern: the offspring of a brother's iniquity being his own blood-relation, and the guilt, likewise, a burden on him, unless he expiated it by better deeds. It might almost make a man doubt the existence of his own soul, to observe how nature has flung the little wretches into the street and left them there, so evidently regarding them as nothing worth, and how all mankind acquiesces in the great mother's estimate of her offspring. For if they have no immortality, what superior claims can I assert for mine? And how difficult to believe that anything so precious as a germ of immortal growth can have been buried under this dirt heap, plunged in this cesspool of misery and vice. Ah, what a mystery. Slowly, slowly, as after groping at the bottom of a deep, noisome, stagnant pool, my hope struggles upward to the surface, bearing the half drowned body of a child along with it and heaving it aloft for its life and my life and all our lives. Unless these slime-clogged nostrils can be made capable of inhaling celestial air, I know not how the

purest and most intellectual of us can reasonably expect to taste a breath of it. The whole question of eternity is staked here. If a single one of these helpless little ones is lost, the world is lost. . . .

"And therefor I lay the case, as far as I am able, before mankind, on whom God has imposed the necessity to suffer in body and soul until this dark and dreadful wrong is righted."

When the family left England they went to Rome which city Rose's father learned to love dearly, and her mother also, where the New England Protestantism in them grew dim sometimes and the brightness of Catholic realities began to shine for them. They all loved Rome. "The desolation of its ruins," wrote Hawthorne, "does not prevent her from being more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born." Mrs. Hawthorne too was moved: "I have been to St. Peter's. There alone in Rome is perpetual summer. It would seem warmed by the ardent soul of Peter, or the breath of prayer from innumerable saints." Then, too, her dear friend, Mrs. Ward, had recently been received into the Church. But the New Englanders, though both had Catholic spirits, remained, so far as their outward faith went, purely Protestant.

Young Rose was not so moved by Rome as were her elders. In retrospect, years later, she wrote of the great impression made on her by the sight of the Holy Father on his balcony, but the strangeness of the Latin prayers chanted in the streets made her feel it was all a child's game, and no one explained them to her. During Lent she watched the cakes being fried in oil and sold in the streets and "having tasted the cakes, I found them to be indistinct in taste for all their pretty tint and the dexterous twist of the cook's wrist as he picked them up. If they had been appetizing I should have been sharply interested in the idea of becoming a Catholic, but their entire absence of relish convinced me that the Italians lacked mental grasp and salvation at a single swoop."

Writing later of her father and mother she said: "They didn't believe that Italy really was under an 'incubus'; they felt the spiritual weight of Catholicism and of the Cross and half guessed its spiritual meaning." Of her father she added, "He wrote with temperateness and in pitying love of human nature, in the instinctive hope of helping it to know and redeem itself. His quality was philosophy, his style forgiveness. Such men may remain poor, may never in life have the full praise of their fellows, but they could easily give testimony to the delights of praise from God—that which comes easily to our lips after little spiritual victories—like spring water on a hot day. Like a great artist, he was brother to the gentleman and the churl. He did not love stupidity, he forgave it."

Nathaniel Hawthorne died, and his Rosebud grew to womanhood. She married and bore a child. The child died in babyhood, and shortly after its death she and her husband, George Parsons Lathrop, associate editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, were received into the Catholic Church. For her it was a fitting culmination of her earlier life and the deep effect of her father's life views, so Catholic in their actuality.

She was about forty when her husband died. At about the same time a close friend of hers died of cancer and the painful disease and death impressed Mrs. Lathrop very deeply. Shortly after that she heard of a very poor woman who had died of the same dread disease and who had been able to find no hospital to give her sanctuary till she died, except the city home on Blackwells Island, the poorhouse itself, where the cancerous poor were shunted to die. To her, who had seen how much her friend, even though surrounded by every comfort and care, had suffered, it seemed a terrible thing to endure such pain and receive no comfort or care merely because one was poor.

Soon afterward she took a course in cancer nursing. And when that was completed, she rented, with money contributed by friends, a small two-room apartment in lower New York and announced it would be a home for incurable cancer patients. Only two rules were to govern the new venture: patients must have no funds at all and there must be no hope of a cure. The first patient was an old woman who was soon to act as nurse instead of patient, for Mrs. Lathrop fell ill and the old woman nursed her in her turn, rattling her beads dismally in the watches of the night, as Mrs. Lathrop tells us in her little magazine, *Christ's Poor*, which she published from time to time in order to get funds for her home.

From here and there the money came—not much, but enough to keep going. More patients came and in the crowded little rooms Rose Hawthorne kept pain at bay and brought into the sad lives intrusted to her as much respite from agony as she could and a certain hope that though this life was ebbing there was another, with pain no longer even a memory, near at hand. She had those two qualities that make great saints: love of God and a deep sense of joy.

She lived to see the two poor little tenement rooms grow into a big house on Cherry Street, used even to-day as one of her cancer homes. She lived to see a great group of houses built to shelter her poor. She lived to see her work and her group of workers become a part of the great Dominican Order, under the patronage of St. Rose of Lima. In all its rooms, through all its grounds, in the faces of all its patients, the spirit of Rose Hawthorne—known in religion as Mother Alphonsa—lives though she herself died some years ago. There is particularly there a sense of gayety and joy that is not usually seen in an institution of this tragic kind. Death is so close—in the next bed perhaps. And it is a dreadful thing when one comes into one of the buildings to realize that this is no ordinary hospital where many will walk forth again to health. Here all the patients will die, for her first rule still holds—the patients must be penniless and incurable.

Stories about her abound of course. There is the story of the little Jewish patient—for this disease attacks the very young as well as the grown—to whom she brought one Fourth of July morning a little silk American flag. He seemed reluctant to take it and when she pressed him for a reason, he asked her timidly, "Can I have one when I'm a Jew?" For days this little remark saddened Mother Alphonsa, who knew no sect or faith or race when her help was asked, but saw them all as the children of God.

There is the story of the man who came to the hospital door one night, very ill but not with cancer. She gave him the name of a hospital which would admit him, but as he went down the walk she called him back. It was against the rules but she would keep him for the night. At daybreak next morning she went to see how he was, feeling a certain uneasiness about him. He rose from his bed when she came in, took a step toward her and fell dead at her feet, his blood covering her white robe.

Many tales could be told of her charm, her pity and her love, but the main purpose of this article is to make the one special point that the life of Rose Hawthorne and that of her father before her show very beautifully how the mills of God grind. Hawthorne had so definitely the idea of responsibility for one's fellow man that is the very essence of true Christianity—and to Rose, his most sensitive child, the one most like him, he gave this precious inheritance—the realization of personal responsibility, so far as one person can have it, for the pain of the world. He never said he could cure it, since, again instinctively Catholic, he knew the reason and the value and the truth of Christ's offering of Himself. But he knew the necessity of continuing that love, even in a small human way.

He was a gentle, sensitive man who hated all ugliness and pain and disfigurement, but he took the little diseased workhouse child into his arms because it trusted him and needed his love. "If a single one of these helpless little ones is lost, the world is lost," he wrote, a remark which has its counterpart in the words of Dostoievski: "For every man hanged we should each one of us be hanged."

And the daughter who too hated the unclean, the hideous, the dainty girl who shrank from pain and ugliness, the woman who loved beauty and charm, took it all into her arms as he had taken the workhouse child. There is this one difference: she held the unclean and the hideous and did not let them go again—at least not until God took them from the safety of her arms to the safety of His own. Her father had done the philosophizing about it all. He had laid the groundwork for her later life, by his love for his own family and his sympathy and understanding of the pain of the world. His great contribution was to help in words; his books were a plea for pity and understanding for the human soul. Her contribution was to transmute her inheritance into deeds, to offer her human sorrow and love and the broken bodies that came to her for help—to offer them all to God, to unite small human pity to the Everlasting Mercy.

And the important word here is *everlasting*. As Hawthorne put it, "God Himself cannot compensate us for being born for any period short of eternity. All the misery endured here constitute a claim for another life and still more all the happiness; because all true happiness involves something more than the earth owns and needs something more than a mortal capacity for the enjoyment of it."

THE WAYS OF FRANCE

By Leonid I. Strakhovsky, D.Hist.Sc.

PERPLEXED and bewildered stand the French people to-day before the enormity of the problems that face them. For a year or so they have been baffled by such questions as German rearmament, the eastern European pact, the Danubian pact, the danger of a Nazi putsch in Austria or the choice of alliances. Then, last September, the Italo-Abyssinian conflict broke into front-page news and became a new source of trouble. The choice of alliances was relegated to the second place, and all-important loomed the problem whether Great Britain and the League of Nations, the only hope of the French to provide them with security, should be trusted and obeyed at the expense of the newly found friendship with Italy.

In the midst of this turmoil the question of a Franco-German *rapprochement* is revived and weighed as an alternative to the Franco-Soviet alliance which was signed last May and will soon come up for ratification. In the face of all these problems it is but natural that most Frenchmen should be frantic trying to figure out which way to go. Try as they can but figure out they must, because in France more than in any other country, perhaps, public opinion weighs heavily on the decisions of the government. Yet all this is not only more than the mind of the average man in the street can bear, it is also too much for him to understand.

Not so long ago André Maurois, noted French novelist, wrote in *Le Figaro:* "In our democracies the man in the street judges without appeal. . . . But is the man in the street informed? Can he be? The man of 1935 knows a lot less about the affairs of the world than the man of 1235. The man of the Middle Ages had to know the affairs of his guild, of his city, and he knew them well enough. The modern man wants to have an opinion about Russia, about the New Deal, about the Japanese policy, of which he knows nothing." Yet the legislators in the Palais Bourbon, who hold the fate of the French government, are always alert to the voice of the man in the street, who, in turn, holds their fate by the magic of his vote.

Most Frenchmen do have an opinion on their country's foreign policy. But either they judge it exclusively from the angle of France's interior policy and party affiliation or they make short shrift of history and simplify all problems to such an extent that they can solve any issue in no time.

Thus preoccupations of a purely political order are particularly dominant when it comes to the stand most Frenchmen adopt toward Soviet Russia. It would not be exaggeration to say that this stand determines their attitude in the question of Franco-German relations, because those who oppose the Franco-Soviet alliances are exactly those who favor a Franco-German *rapprochement.* As Vladimir d'Ormesson, a former French diplomat and noted political observer, recently wrote in *Le Figaro:*

"Those who are now urging cordial relations with Germany are the same people who were dead set against the idea not so many years ago, at a time when the Reich was not yet armed to the teeth. They are the Conservatives, the Nationalists and even the ultra-Nationalists, for the *rapprochement* with our German neighbors has now become a position of the rightist parties.

"Of course, all those who line up with the leftist parties have adopted the opposite attitude," the French writer continued. "Having pleaded for a better understanding with France's former enemy in the past, they now regard the possibility of a Franco-German entente with little if any enthusiasm. The reason for this change is that friendly relations between France and Soviet Russia have developed in the meantime and the Soviet régime seems nearer to the French leftist parties' ideologies than that of Nazi Germany."

The same attitude holds true, of course, so far as the Italo-Ethiopian war is concerned. The rightist parties fume at the idea of coercing Mussolini into submission, while the groups of the left, proclaiming their democratic stand, urge greater support of the League of Nations. Many people seem to think also that a little British good will would rapidly bring about a solution. But the issue is obviously not so simple as that, and its amplitude escapes the understanding of the average Frenchman. One of its sides is particularly vexing. It is the problem concerning sanctions.

The leftist groups were and still are particularly touchy on this point. They demand a strict application of sanctions on the ground that economic sanctions universally applied to any aggressor nation, would actually carry into effect the principle of equality for all in international life, as sponsored by the democratic League of Nations. Yet, this is not true as Lucien Romier, well-known French economist and writer, demonstrated in a recent article in *Le Temps:* "Economic sanctions can only be felt in a quick and decisive manner by those countries which are poor and deprived of natural resources. Thus the very principle of equality upon which the Geneva institution is based is shaken to the roots."

Showing that the United States, the British Empire and Soviet Russia (in a not too distant future) can be self-supporting in case of war, Romier continued: "So the three largest powers in the world would successfully evade the effect of economic sanctions. This leads one to wonder whether the present inequality is not likely to cause those countries that can not be economically independent to associate closely with those that can. Thus, in spite of Geneva, and maybe because of the Geneva institution, the necessity to compensate economic deficiencies may bring us back to the old system of alliances."

On the other hand the rightist parties and those affiliated with them fall into similar error when they advocate a Franco-German *rapprochement* at the expense of Soviet Russia. They argue that Germany is overpopulated and must expand eastward, but they seem to forget that such an expansion might not go without a hitch, as the territories east of Germany, whether Poland or the Ukraine, are just as densely populated as Germany is. A few figures compiled by René

Lauret, a keen observer of the Franco-German problem in its east European angle, present an excellent illustration.

"It so happens," he wrote, "that the most populated Russian provinces are those which are nearest to the Reich. White Russia has a population of 108 inhabitants to the square mile; the Ukraine has 175 (almost the same density as in France), and Poland, which separates White Russia and the Ukraine from Germany, has 200 inhabitants to the square mile. In the provinces of northeastern Germany the population is not of a higher density (often it is lower than in Poland, White Russia or the Ukraine). The figures are: 158 in Eastern Prussia, 108 in the Grenzmark, 158 in Pomerania, and 125 in Mecklenburg. Of course, the density of German population as a whole is of 350 to the square mile, but this figure alone must not be taken into consideration when it comes to projects such as those concerning the 'colonization toward the East.' Since the overt claim is to enable German farmers to get more land, one should know first how many farmers are already established in Germany and in Poland as well as in the bordering Russian provinces.

"German statistics show a proportion of rural population of less than 30 per cent in Germany, of 76 per cent in Poland, and of 85 per cent in the Ukraine and European Russia. This shows that Germany has a rural population of 105 to the square mile, while Poland has 150, White Russia—95, and the Ukraine —158. Figures for the rural population in northeastern Germany stand at 65 for Eastern Prussia, 48 for Grenzmark, 58 for Pomerania, and 48 for Mecklenburg. Thus, although it may be unexpected, the fact remains that Poland and Western Russia already have more farmers established on one square mile of territory than has Germany as a whole and its northeastern provinces in particular."

All this is not in the least helpful to the French man in the street who is called upon to declare himself on France's foreign policy. Little wonder then that he remains perplexed and bewildered. Little wonder also that his government finds itself more often than not in the unenviable position of a tight rope walker. This is particularly true of the present government of Laval, formed of left-center groups and now being assailed both from the right and the left. The struggle which is being carried on in the French Chamber of Deputies has deeper roots than one can suspect on the surface. Because it is not merely the struggle of a parliamentarian government to maintain itself in power, but an epic fight of the forces of order against those of anarchy and destruction. Two powerful opponents rise on each side of Laval: the Common Front of leftist parties under the leadership of Daladier, a member of the Radical-Socialist party who signed a political truce with the communists and thus inaugurated the Moscow orientation, and the Croix de Feu (Crosses of Fire) a patriotic World War veterans' organization headed by astute and fiery Colonel François de la Rocque. Here the question arises: will the French man in the street be able to see the real issue of the struggle, or will he, in his ignorance and bewilderment, continue to cling to petty party af-

filiations and thereby help the forces of anarchy?

Since King Louis-Philippe went into exile eighty-six years ago to spend the rest of his days in hospitable though foggy England, France has had a republic, then a Bonapartist empire, and then a republic again. During all these years, first, the unfortunate Count of Chambord, alias Henry V., followed by the Count of Paris, then the Duke of Orleans, and to-day the Duke de Guise have patiently waited for a call from the French nation, but all in vain. France seems to have forgotten that she ever had a royal house and a royal family. The third French republic, ever since the adoption of its constitution, in 1875, has been shifting to the left. Gradually the monarchist majority of the early days of the third republic, unable to agree to a common program, gave way to a majority of moderate republicans which maintained itself in power since the elections of 1876. Soon, however, the password and the watchword became: Left, left! And the chances of a monarchist restoration grew dimmer and dimmer.

Then came a day when the monarchists prepared themselves once more to unfold the white flag of lilies. In 1886, General Boulanger was made minister of war by the radicals on the assumption that he was the only one republican general in the entire army. In less than three years he became the most talked of person of the republic and the idol of the French people. When, in 1888, he was put on the retirement list, his friends and political associates put forward his candidacy for election to the Chamber of Deputies wherever there was a vacancy. Within five months, Boulanger was elected six times. The dapper, dashing general, advocating a war of revenge against Germany, appearing in public and at military reviews on an effective black charger, was the master of France's destiny. Yet, at the critical moment his courage failed him, and instead of seizing power and heralding the return of monarchy, as he was expected to do, he fled across the border to Belgium to end his life ignominiously in suicide.

When in February of last year Paris had become the scene of serious disorders, when blood was shed and in the historic Palais Bourbon the deputies were trembling for fear of their lives, some observers hastily predicted the untimely end of the third French republic and the return of the nation to a monarchical form of government. However, wiser people pointed out that any movement, in order to succeed, particularly in our times, must have a leader who could appeal to the popular taste or to the people's imagination. And so it was. There was no Mussolini, no Hitler, not even a Boulanger on a black charger, and the third republic weathered another storm. Yet even liberal observers agree that in its present form the French republican government is thoroughly inadequate to meet the exigencies of our times, because it does not command the respect of authority, because its instability prevents the pursuance of a well-shaped clear-cut foreign policy, and because in a time of emergency it has at present no power to act. It was precisely to remedy these inefficiencies that Doumergue, then heading the emergency government of national concentration, had proposed a revision of the constitution. But such a revision would have lim-

lited the powers of the Chamber of Deputies and of the Senate, in fact would have forced these bodies to be more statesmanly and less factional and fractional, less self-seeking in the matter of votes and more interested in the welfare of the State and nation as a whole. This the Radical-Socialists (who, by the way, are neither radical nor socialist) could not suffer, as it would have shorn them of the power which they hold in the legislative assemblies of France, which they use freely and enjoy using.

Over a year has passed since the fall of the government of Doumergue. The short-lived truce government of Pierre-Etienne Flandin collapsed on the same issue. Since then Laval has steered clear of the question of constitutional revision. Yet it is obvious to anyone observing the affairs of France, that only the gravity of foreign events in which France has an important share prevents the issue from rising again. But sooner or later it will come to the fore. To-day the Croix de Feu stand strongly for this peaceful revision of the constitution, whereas the Common Front, bent on preserving the advantages which it enjoys under the present political system but desirous to keep the real issue in the dark, storms and fumes at the organization of Colonel de la Rocque, which has a membership close to the half-million mark, accusing it of fascist dictatorial tendencies. Between the two Laval's position is unenviable and insecure, more so even than that of any other government under the French political system.

This system is complicated, and to an American almost incomprehensible. It is based upon placing the executive power not in the hands of one person, not in those of the president of the republic, as in the United States, but in those of a cabinet of ministers, as in England. Yet the French cabinet of ministers is lacking many of the prerogatives of a British cabinet, and therein lies its weakness. Interpellations are the immediate occasion of most ministerial overturns in France, but there are certain more remote and even more fundamental causes underlying the weakness of cabinet government of the French. First of all, the cabinet system is not a native French product, the natural fruit of French political experience. It is, rather, a foreign product imported from England, and something comparatively new to Frenchmen. This may be one of the reasons why they have not made the system work with English effectiveness.

Even a more fundamental cause of weakness of the French cabinet government is the so-called party system. Cabinet governments work best under a two-party system, such as prevailed in England for 200 years until recently it degenerated into a three-party one. There the cabinet represents the majority, for the time being, in the House of Commons. When three parties exist, as at present, and not one of them has a clear majority, the cabinet represents the strongest individual party and governs virtually during the pleasure of one of the other two parties. It remains in office so long as it has the open or tacit support of enough members of the House of Commons to give it a majority on legislative matters of major importance. Furthermore, if it is defeated upon such matters, it may resign or it may adopt the alternative course, not open at pres-

ent to the French ministry, of dissolving parliament and appealing to the electorate. In any event, its position is almost like the rock of Gibraltar when compared with that of the French cabinets.

Although having adopted the British cabinet system, France has never developed a two-party system. Instead, numerous political groups have existed from the earliest days of the third republic, thus virtually illustrating the intimate desire of every Frenchman to be different from anybody else. No one of these groups has ever been able to command a parliamentary majority single-handed, because all have lacked both a popular and a parliamentary preponderance. This situation has compelled compromises and agreements between groups until a cabinet could be brought together which might count upon the support of a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. Such coalition ministries are essentially unstable affairs, especially because no appeal from parliament to the electorate is possible. Coöperating to-day in the hope of some immediate advantage, to-morrow they may fly apart because of mutual jealousies, conflicting ambitions, or the prospect of greater advantages elsewhere.

Thus the cabinets of France are at the mercy of hastily concocted and sometimes unholy alliances which may and do break up over the slightest incident. It has been estimated that during a period of 50 years, between 1876 and 1926, France had 40 different prime ministers and no less than 60 cabinets. This would give French ministries an average life of ten months. But even this short time has been reduced by one month since the ministerial leapfrog of recent years. Meanwhile, during the same 50-year period, Great Britain had only 12 prime ministers and 17 cabinets.

All this is bad enough, but the situation is further aggravated by the amorphous character of the parliamentary groups commonly called political parties. With the exception of the Socialists and the Radical-Socialists, these groups could not properly be described as parties, certainly not in the American and English sense of the term "party," which means thoroughly organized groups making systematic and country-wide efforts to obtain control of the government by winning an election and holding office. On the other hand, these "parties" are something more than mere factions. "Groups" probably describes them as well as any other term. And within these groups there is a constant shifting of members, even in parliament. Deputies and senators easily pass from one group to another, and some claim membership in two or three groups at the same time. The facility with which this is done can be explained largely by the conspicuous lack of clear-cut and fundamental lines of cleavage between groups, and by the absence of party discipline except among the Socialists and the Radical-Socialists.

At times it may be hard to tell the differences between the Democratic and the Republican parties in the United States. It is vastly harder to differentiate between the Socialists, officially called the S. F. I. O. (*Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière*), and the Socialist Party of France, or the French Socialist Party, or the Socialist Republicans, as it is between the numerous bourgeois groups ranging

from the Radical-Socialists to the Popular Democrats. Furthermore, the puzzle is not at all simplified by the party titles, which often use terms either in commemoration of what the party or group once used to be or in an effort to disguise the real nature of its political credo, and at best, seldom afford any clear indication of party principles or policies. The fact that fewer parties exist in the Senate than in the Chamber of Deputies, and that they appear under different names from those in the lower chamber, further adds to the confusion.

All in all there are 14 political parties sitting in the French Chamber of Deputies. But as if to make things even more complicated there are a number of *noninscrits* or free-lance deputies who have no party affiliation and who shift their vote constantly. Thus it becomes obvious that a reform of the French constitution in the direction of strengthening the executive power of the cabinet and making it less dependent upon shifting coalitions in parliament by the simple procedure of giving the cabinet the power to dissolve the chamber, is clearly indicated. But the opposition of the Radical-Socialists, the largest single political group in the Chamber of Deputies, overthrew the Doumergue cabinet as well as that of Flandin on this very issue of constitutional revision. And to-day, Laval is not more secure in holding power than his predecessors were, even though the revision of the constitution has been temporarily shelved under the pressure of foreign events.

Last summer, when the Common Front was being organized in opposition to the Croix de Feu, Laval said that whoever would be first to start—would lose. Since then both Daladier and De la Rocque have been maneuvering in the endeavor to outwit each other, biding for time, each hoping that one would commit some blunder by which the other could profit. Since the critical days of February, 1934, the Croix de Feu have grown in strength considerably, particularly so as the bourgeois groups began to fear a violent revolution from the left. Although it is a generally accepted contention that the vast majority of Frenchmen are small property owners and therefore immune from communist propaganda, which advocates in the first place the abolition of private property, one should not overlook the fact that revolutions are almost invariably handled by a small though well organized minority and that such a minority, recruited mainly from among the industrial workers and the underpaid white collar class of school teachers and government employees, who do not own any property, is in existence in France today. The French realize this and they are seriously afraid of a revolution. One has but to glance at editorials of such widely read bourgeois newspapers as *Le Matin* or *L'Intransigeant* to find almost daily accusations hurled at the Common Front for inciting the masses to a violent revolution. At the same time the average Frenchman, who is a bourgeois *par excellence*, clings stubbornly to the existing order of things for fear of a rightist *coup d'état* in the form of a military or fascist dictatorship.

Faced with the obvious necessity of finding a solution for the inadequate political system of government as well as with the complex multitude of problems in foreign af-

fairs, the French man in the street is called upon to declare himself. Every protagonist of one or the other solution has apparently good arguments for the support of his cause, but these arguments fade and dissolve in the acid test of criticism. Yet, the average Frenchman is not prepared to understand the divers problems which face him and require his judgment, as André Maurois has pointed out. He will probably make his decisions in conformity with his immediate sectional and factional interests, and leave to the helpless cabinet the task of forming a unified whole out of the hopelessly confused and confusing pieces of the puzzle which represent the expression of the Frenchman's national mind.

The remedy, of course, for this state of affairs would be constitutional reform. But it so happens that the simplest and most obvious solutions of national and international problems are the most difficult to reach. Thus the ways of France remain tortuous ways and the bewildered and perplexed average Frenchman, "judging without appeal," will continue to administer justice blindly, groping in the dark at random for one or another solution which at the best will be only a temporary benefit.

THE MYSTERIOUS MUSIC

By Theodore Maynard

SUDDENLY it began. I'd nothing in my head
Except the thought, "A drink and then to bed!"
When, as a radio is turned on, there came
Out of the silent fields on either hand
Music, a tremulous flame, then floods of flame,
Floods at the full, mysterious, distant, grand.

At first I thought, "The Music of the Spheres!"
But I could hear no skyey hymns;
No angels of harmonious ageless years
Were quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.
Besides, no voices even of mortal men
I could distinguish then;
But cymbals, drums, with horns and strings so blended,
That none began a phrase and none it ended.
If there was singing, this was all entwined
And caught up in the whole, as white,
They say, is but the light
In which all gorgeous varied hues unite.
So in this music absolute
Each voice and instrument was full—and mute.

There were two others in the car with me,
Yet neither heard it; and this left me free.
For had a single word
Been spoken, then had vanished all I heard.
I wondered, "Am I dreaming or bewitched?"
Fearing, as driver, lest the Ford be ditched;
Yet caring not too much what might befall,
Since nothing then was real to me at all
Except that music: debts and cares and love
Were nothing. Whether the skies were dull or glistened
I do not know; I only know I listened,
Thankful for sleepy silence while I drove.

What was it? Had my brain become
So incandescent that responded there
All the vibrations passing through the air—
Jazz from Chicago, opera from Rome,
Spanish guitars, and plain-chant from Solesmes,
Burgundian vintage songs,
With gypsy fiddles, Chinese lutes and gongs,
And those wild lullabies that hush to rest
A child on its Hungarian mother's breast,
Bronze trumpets, Irish harps, the pipes that tame
The goats of Sicily; and bound with these
The wind in heavy Asiatic trees,
The surge and thunder of Atlantic seas?

Of course you'll think I'm lying.
But if the truth's not told, as I admit,
It's not for want of trying—
I don't exceed, but fall too short of it,
Although I crack my voice to try and say
Something that fits the splendour passed away.

Safe home I brought the Ford,
The music dying as I reached the town.
And up to now I haven't said a word
About the thing that I have written down,
Hoping and hoping it would come again,
But listening all in vain.
As it may never come, I let you know
What happened only just ten days ago.

SUCCESSORS OF MARCO POLO

The First Catholic Missionaries to China

By Marion A. Habig

WHEN Marco Polo bade farewell to the great Kublai Khan, at whose court he had spent seventeen years, and entered upon the long and hazardous journey back to Europe, another great traveler was on his way to the city of the Great Khan—Friar John of Montecorvino, the first Catholic missionary to reach far Cathay and one of the most admirable and amiable figures in all mission history. He, in turn, was followed by many other missionary friars, of whom two, like Marco, have written interesting accounts of their remarkable and extensive travels in Asia. Friar Odoric of Pordenone's *Journal* is one of the four leading travel books of the Middle Ages; and Friar John of Marignolli's *Chronicon Bœmorum*, a chronicle of Bohemia with a background of world history, in which the author has incorporated a relation of his world travels, is one of the outstanding historical narratives of medieval times. Since Marco Polo is incorrectly represented at times as having been the last medieval traveler to the Far East, it will be well to call attention to the principal travelers who succeeded him.

Friar John of Plano Carpini, Friar William of Rubruck, and the others who preceded Polo—the first mentioned, by a quarter century—had journeyed across the vast steppes of Asia to Karakorum in central Mongolia. But in 1264 Kublai Khan transferred the Mongol capital to Yenking in northern China; and in 1267 he built himself a new capital at this place, naming it Khan-baliq (Cambaluc), "city of the Khan." Later on this historic city was called Peking, and now its name is Peiping.

The first Europeans who visited the Great Khan at his new capital, and hence the first to enter China proper, were Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, father and uncle of Marco, who made an overland journey to Cathay and back to Europe during the years from 1260 to 1269. Kublai Khan graciously welcomed the hardy travelers from the West and assiduously questioned them about the people of Europe, in particular about the Supreme Pontiff. He assured them that he entertained a high regard for Christianity, and requested them to ask the Pope for a hundred teachers of science and religion who would instruct the subjects of the Mongol Empire in the learning of Europe and the Christian Faith. When these missionaries would arrive, so Kublai promised, he would silence the pagan bonzes and have himself baptized together with all his princes and subjects, so that "the Christians of these countries will surpass the Latins in number."

This grandiloquent promise must not be taken too seriously; for, in regard to religion Kublai seems to have been imbued with the same skeptic eclecticism and syncretism that characterized the other Great

Khans. As Dr. Latourette points out (*History of Christian Missions in China,* p. 62), "their attitude seems to have been that any god of any faith might harm their rule if he were not properly propitiated, and on the other hand, that by honoring all religions no harm could come and some good might accrue." Still, Kublai's request for western teachers of religion offered to Catholic missionaries the very opportunity they had sought in vain on previous occasions. Friars William of Rubruck and Bartholomew of Cremona had gone to the court of the Great Khan at Karakorum (1253-1255) for the express purpose of securing his permission to preach the Gospel in his domain; but Mangu, the predecessor of Kublai, had refused to grant the desired permission and had ordered the friars to return to Europe.

The Polo brothers promised to communicate Kublai's invitation to the Holy See, and in 1266 they entered upon the long journey back to Europe, being accompanied by Gacaya, one of the Great Khan's prominent courtiers. Three years later (1269) they arrived at Acre in Palestine, and learned that Pope Clement IV. had died during the preceding year. Having sought the advice of Theobald, the papal legate in the Holy Land, they returned to Venice to await the election of a new pope.

But the Holy See remained vacant for an unusually long time; and the Polos, eager to make another journey to Cathay, in 1271 again set out for the Orient, taking with them Marco, the son of Nicolo, a mere boy of fifteen. In Palestine they interrupted their journey to pay another visit to the papal legate; and hardly had they left Theobald, when news was brought to him that he had been elected to the papacy. The pope-elect, who took the name Gregory X., immediately recalled the Polos and gave them a letter for the Great Khan as well as two missionary companions, Nicholas of Nicosia (or Vicenza) and William of Tripoli, Dominican friars who happened to be at Acre at the time. As they passed through Armenia, they heard that the sultan of Egypt had invaded that territory; and the two friars thought it best under the circumstances to retrace their steps. The Polos, however, continued their journey through the interior of Asia and four years later reached their destination, coming upon the Great Khan at his summer palace, Shandu, and subsequently following him to his capital, Khan-baliq.

In one of the leading periodicals of our country, some years ago, appeared the following reference to the events just narrated: "The merchants (Nicolo and Maffeo Polo) waited two years for the election of a Pope, but when their friend Gregory X. was elevated he was able to send only two Dominicans — two friars to convert all Asia! They took the holy oil (from the lamp on the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem) and the lad Marco. The friars turned back, thinking their mission useless because of turmoil in Armenia, but the three Polos, guarding their battered vessel of holy oil, pressed on. Subsequent centuries have speculated whether China might not have been Christian had the hundred missionaries been sent, for when they did not appear Kublai Khan turned to India for Buddhist teachers."

The impression created by these words is plainly that no further attempt was made by Catholic mis-

sionaries to utilize the very favorable opportunity offered by Kublai's invitation. The remarks quoted are an example of how an incomplete story can be a false one and how it can be made to serve as the premise for conclusions which are not consonant with the facts of history. It is an outright misrepresentation to say that the two friars were sent "to convert all Asia!" Manifestly they were but to commence the work of Christianizing the people of Cathay. After they had failed to go to the Far East, others were sent, until one finally did reach Khan-baliq and successfully established the Church in China. When the success of this Apostle of China was made known in Europe, many others joined him; and Catholic missions flourished in China as long as the Mongol dynasty remained in power. As for the introduction of Buddhism into China, it was not the result of the failure of Catholic missionaries to arrive there for the simple reason that Buddhism had been introduced long before Catholic missionaries had an opportunity to begin their work.

While the Polos were in China and Marco was enjoying the special favor of Kublai Khan, Franciscan and Dominican missionaries were establishing numerous successful missions in the western part of the Mongol Empire, the Kipchak khanate (the region lying just north of the Black and Caspian Seas) and the ilkhanate of Persia. In April, 1278, Pope Nicholas III. wrote a letter to Abaka, the ilkhan of Persia (1265-1282) and sent him the five Franciscan missionaries: Gerard of Prato, Anthony of Parma, John of St. Agatha, Andrew of Florence and Matthew of Arezzo. These were accompanied or at least followed soon after by other friars of the same order, among them John of Montecorvino. Under Hulagu, the father of Abaka, friendly relations had been established between the Mongols of Persia and the Christians of Armenia and of Europe; and Abaka pursued the same policy as his father, even going so far as to marry one of the daughters of the Greek emperor, though he did not himself become a Christian.

After founding missions in Persia the five friars, sent out by Nicholas III., were to proceed to China, the territory directly ruled by the Great Khan Kublai. For some reason or other, however, they did not go beyond the ilkanate of Persia. There were no doubt several reasons: the missions of Kipchak and Persia provided work aplenty for all the missionaries, Franciscan and Dominican, who came into these parts; the report that Kublai had embraced Christianity, one of the reasons for the sending of the five friars to China, was not to be trusted; and there was an interval when the missions in Persia suffered a setback, namely during the short rule of the apostate Achmed, successor of Abaka (1282-1284), who was in league with the Mohammedans and persecuted the missionaries and their neophytes.

The next ilkhan of Persia, Argon (1284-1291), reëstablished the conditions which had prevailed under Abaka, and in 1289 sent as his envoy to the Pope a missionary who had been laboring with great success in Armenia and Persia for the past eight or nine years—Friar John of Montecorvino. Pope Nicholas IV., the former Franciscan friar Jerome Massi of Ascoli, in turn, sent Montecorvino in the same year as

papal legate to the various princes and prelates of Asia, in particular to the Great Khan Kublai in China, and gave him twenty-six letters for as many rulers in Asia.

Without delay Montecorvino set out on his great journey, and traveling through Georgia and Armenia returned to Tabriz, the ilkhan's capital in northern Persia, where, incidentally, there were two Franciscan friaries, one of which served also as the home of Dominican missionaries. At Tabriz Montecorvino tarried until 1291, when he continued his journey with two companions, the Dominican Nicholas of Pistoia and the Italian merchant Peter of Lucalongo. The Polos and all their predecessors had traveled to the Far East by an overland route across Asia; Montecorvino and his companions were the first to undertake the journey to Cathay by way of India and the sea.

Departing from Tabriz, they traveled, probably as members of a caravan, through southern Persia, and by way of Yezd reached Ormuz at the outlet of the Persian Gulf. Thence they sailed across the Arabian Sea to the city of Quilon on the western or Malabar coast of India, and visited also the province of Malabar on the eastern or Coromandel coast. At the latter place Montecorvino wrote the first of his three letters which are extant to-day; the other two were written at Khanbaliq in northern China. On the Coromandel coast, too, Montecorvino and his companions visited Meliapur or San Tomè, near Madras, where there was a church which claimed to have the tomb of St. Thomas the Apostle. Here Friar Nicholas of Pistoia died and Montecorvino sorrowfully buried his only missionary companion in the Church of St. Thomas. Montecorvino may have visited also the northeastern part of India or Bengal, which at that time seems to have been called Ethiopia. At any rate, as he himself declares, he spent thirteen months in India, traversing almost the entire country and baptizing about a hundred persons in various places.

Leaving India in 1292 or 1293, Montecorvino and Lucalongo boarded a ship, perhaps one of those huge Chinese ships or junks which the Moorish globe-trotter Ibn Batuta, who traveled in Asia and Africa in 1325-1333, describes as having four decks and a crew of a thousand men, although Marco Polo says they had but one deck with as many as fifty or sixty private cabins for passengers. Be that as it may, Montecorvino made a pioneer voyage to China by sailing through the Strait of Malacca and northward in the China Sea. In 1293 he landed at one of the great harbor cities of China, probably Zaitun (Zayton), the present Tseanchow, on the southeastern coast.

While Montecorvino was on his way to China, Marco Polo, who had traveled extensively in that country, was returning to Europe by the same route around India used by the missionary. After an absence of twenty-four years, Marco finally reappeared in his native city, was subsequently cast into a Genoese prison together with seven thousand other Venetians, and during his three months' confinement wrote the book of travels that has made his name famous.

When Montecorvino arrived at Khan-baliq (1294), Kublai Khan, the friend of the Polos, was no more. He had died a short time before (1293) and had been suc-

ceeded by Timur, known in Chinese history as Chingtsong, 1294-1307. The new Great Khan received the papal legate kindly and respectfully and allowed him to take up his residence in the capital. Thus Montecorvino became the first resident Catholic missionary in China.

But was not the failure of Catholic missionaries to arrive earlier, that is, as companions of the Polos on their second journey, the reason why Buddhism was introduced into China? It was in 1266 that Kublai asked the Polo brothers to fetch Catholic missionaries from Europe; but by that time Buddhism had already become firmly entrenched in the Great Khan's domains, which then included northern China. (It was only in 1279 that Kublai succeeded in subduing also the Sung Empire or southern China.) When Friar William of Rubruck was at the court of Mangu in Karakorum —it was the vigil of Pentecost, 1254 —he carried on a debate with the Buddhists in the presence of the Great Khan, easily confuting his opponents. But the Christianity preached by Rubruck was not to the liking of Mangu, and the missionary was ordered to return to Europe, while the Buddhists remained.

In point of fact, the Buddhists held a great convention at Karakorum in 1256; and two years later, after the death of Mangu, Kublai presided over a debate between the Buddhists and the Taoists, from which the former emerged as victors. And in the new capital Khanbaliq, just as in the old, the Buddhists occupied a prominent position from the very beginning. True it is, during Kublai's reign Buddhism was widely propagated in China. Kublai himself became an adherent of Lhamaism, a form of Buddhism; and he fostered Buddhism to such an extent, that according to a census taken during his reign there were 42,318 Buddhist temples in China and 213,148 Buddhist bonzes.

But even after adopting Buddhism Kublai seems to have retained a high regard for Christianity. Marco Polo was led to believe that Kublai prized the Christian Faith above all other religions. "Nothing," said Kublai, "is demanded of Christians that is not holy and good." His adherence to Buddhism as well as his regard for Christianity seem to have been the result of that religious eclecticism to which we have already alluded as being characteristic of the Great Khans. "There are," he declared, "four prophets who are honored by the four religions of the world; Jesus is honored by the Christians, Moses by the Jews, Mohammed by the Mohammedans, and Buddha by the pagans." And he added: "I respect all four and pray that he who is in truth the greatest among them may help me."

This attitude explains why Kublai participated in the great feasts of Christians, Jews and Mussulmans, as well as Buddhists; why he, although a Buddhist, showed himself tolerant and even favorable also to Confucianism and Christianity, although he opposed, at least for a time, the Taoists and the Mohammedans inasmuch as he believed them to be a menace to the unity of the Mongol Empire. The fact is, the Mohammedans had already begun to sow the seeds of discord among the khanates of central and western Asia, which eventually led to the breaking up of the vast Mongol Empire.

Besides the Buddhists, however,

there was in the Far East at this time also a considerable number of Christians, albeit schismatical and heretical. There were the Nestorians who had an archbishopric at Khan-baliq when Montecorvino arrived there, and counted more than thirty thousand adherents in China. There was an equal number of Alans, a schismatic Christian tribe of western Asia observing the Greek rite, who had been subjugated by Genghis Khan and now held the principal posts of responsibility under the Great Khan. There were also some schismatic Armenian Christians, especially at Khan-baliq and at Zaitun. While the Nestorians at the capital, whose Christianity was of a superficial type, proved to be a great hindrance to the work of the first Catholic missionary in China, the Nestorian Onguits of Tenduk, the Alans of Khan-baliq, and later also the Armenians of the capital, became Montecorvino's earliest converts. The Alans in particular formed the nucleus of the first Catholic community established at Khan-baliq, which was gradually augmented by converts from paganism.

It was during the first year of his sojourn in China (1294) that Friar John of Montecorvino visited Tenduk (present Shansi, Shensi and Kansu provinces), inhabited by the Nestorian Onguits and ruled by a certain King George, a vassal of the Great Khan. Montecorvino won over the good King to the Catholic Faith, and the King in turn converted many of his subjects, though after his death in 1298 they were forced to revert to Nestorianism. King George of Tenduk is styled a "successor of Prester John" or the Priest-King John, and himself received the minor orders from Montecorvino. Prester John, that mysterious character so often mentioned in medieval literature, probably was Wanchan or Wan Khan, an early chief of the Keraits, a Turkish tribe of upper Asia inhabiting the region southeast of Lake Baikal and later under Unc Khan vanquished by Genghis Khan. Wan Khan was converted by Nestorians from Mesopotamia in the eleventh century, and the Popes of the twelfth century communicated with his successors.

Of Montecorvino's labors at the capital, suffice it to say that after overcoming the insidious opposition of the Nestorians which lasted five long years, he successfully established the Catholic Church at Khan-baliq within the space of a few years, toiling single-handed until 1303 when a German friar, Arnold of Cologne, joined him. By January, 1305, he had learned the Tatar language, he had translated into Tatar the New Testament and the Psalter, he had trained forty native choir boys to chant the Divine Office by themselves, he had baptized six thousand persons, he had built one church and had commenced building a second. In that year he wrote his first letter from Khan-baliq, and the following year his second letter, sending them to his *confrères* in western Asia.

Blessed Thomas of Tolentino, subsequently a martyr in India, carried Montecorvino's letters from Persia to Europe; and the Holy See immediately took steps to insure the continued success and expansion of Montecorvino's remarkable missionary work. Seven bishops with numerous missionary friars were sent out to aid him, though only some of them reached their destination; and the Apostle of China himself

was appointed Archbishop of Khanbaliq with jurisdiction over "all souls in the entire empire of the Tatars." Subsequently other bishops and missionaries traveled to China to take part in the wonderful missionary work unfolded there. Friar John of Cora, a Dominican who visited Khan-baliq in 1328, the year in which Montecorvino died, declares that if it had not been for the regrettable opposition of the influential Nestorians, the Franciscan friars would have converted the whole country.

One of the friars who went to China to assist Archbishop Montecorvino was Blessed Odoric of Pordenone, "the traveler saint." Leaving Venice, probably in 1314, he sailed to Constantinople and thence along the southern shore of the Black Sea to Trebizond in Asia Minor. From here he traveled to Erzerum in Armenia and to Tabriz and Soltania in northern Persia, remaining in these parts as a missionary for about eight years. Accompanied by an Irish *confrère*, Friar James, he then traveled through southern Persia and Chaldea to Ormuz, where he set sail for India. Landing on the island of Salsette near Bombay, he recovered the relics of the four Franciscan friars who had been martyred there some two years previous (1321) and continued his voyage around India, touching at various places on both coasts. During his voyage or voyages between India and China, he visited Sumatra, Java, Cochin-China, Great Nicobar, Ceylon (his *Journal* enumerates the places in this order), and many other islands.

Disembarking at Canton, China, he went on to Zaitun, the seat of one of the suffragan bishoprics under the jurisdiction of Archbishop Montecorvino, having two churches with friaries; and here he deposited the relics of the martyrs of India. On the way to the capital he visited various cities along the coast, among them Hangchow, the Venice of China, and Yangchow, where he found another Franciscan friary. At Khan-baliq he spent three years with Archbishop Montecorvino (1325-1328); and then returned to Europe by an overland route across Asia in order to enlist new recruits for the flourishing Chinese missions.

After an absence of some fifteen years, he reached Venice once more, at the end of 1329 or the beginning of 1330. Having spent some time in his native city of Pordenone in the duchy of Friuli, he set out for the papal court at Avignon. But sickness interfered with his plans, though he was able to dictate his *Journal* at the friary of Padua in May, 1330. He died at Udine in January, 1331, when about sixty-five years old.

The plagiarist who wrote *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville* "helped himself liberally to the matter of Odoric's narratives and added to them those fabulous tales that made Sir John's work so popular during the later part of the Middle Ages." The author of the *Travels*, modern scholars tell us, was not Sir John at all. Some have identified him as Jean de Bougoigne; while others think he was Jean d'Outremeuse (1338-1400), a notary of the law courts in Liége and the writer of scientific and historical works. The *Travels* were probably written by the latter in French between the years 1357 and 1371.

Friar Odoric's *Journal* was long adjudged by many to be the fabrication of an imaginative mind; but

modern scholars have vindicated the humble and saintly friar's truthfulness and thus confirmed the verdict of the Church which long ago enrolled him among the Blessed. The writer was much pleased not long ago to hear a radio program dramatizing Friar Odoric's dictation of his *Journal* in a manner that accorded to him the credence and recognition he deserves.

Another prominent Franciscan missionary traveler of the fourteenth century who has left us an account of his journeys is Friar John of Marignolli of Florence. After gaining distinction as a teacher of theology at the famous Franciscan school of Bologna, he was selected by Pope Benedict XII. as papal legate to the Great Khan. Accompanied by Friar Nicholas of Molano, Friar Gregory of Hungary, and many other *confrères*, he departed from Naples at Easter time in 1339, and followed the overland route to China through Kipchak and central Asia.

At Almalek, near the present Ili or Kuldja in western-most China, the seat of a suffragan see belonging to the ecclesiastical province of Khan-baliq, he found that the local Franciscan mission had been destroyed during the previous year, 1339. Bishop Richard of Burgundy and his missionaries, namely three priests, two lay brothers, and an interpreter belonging to the Third Order of St. Francis, together with a Genoese merchant, had been slain by Mohammedans—thus becoming the protomartyrs of China. Friar John of Marignolli reëstablished the mission, built a church, and gained many converts while tarrying at the place.

In 1342 he arrived at Khan-baliq and was honorably received by the Great Khan Toghon Timur (Shenti); and for the next three or four years he remained at the capital and "made a great harvest of souls." The Great Khan then sent him as his own envoy to the Pope, giving him precious gifts for the Supreme Pontiff, and supplying him with a magnificent retinue and two hundred horses. After touring various cities of China in royal fashion, Marignolli embarked at Zaitun (where the number of churches had increased to three) and sailed to India, remaining in the vicinity of Quilon for sixteen months and visiting also Madras, Ceylon and Sumatra. At Ceylon, alas, he was despoiled of the gifts intended for the Pope. Continuing his journey through the ilkhanate of Persia and visiting among other places the ruins of Babylon and the cities of Bagdad and Jerusalem, he arrived at Avignon in 1352, thirteen years after he had commenced his travels.

It will not be out of place to quote by way of conclusion an evaluation of the travel accounts written by friars who journeyed to the Far East in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. "In relation to their effect upon the Middle Ages," writes Dr. Clougherty, formerly of the Catholic University of Peking, "these journals rank exceptionally high. The attentive perusal of these travel accounts was responsible to a very great extent for the wonderful discoveries of new lands in the centuries following. . . . So we can with truth attribute to the thirteenth-century Friars much of the credit for the important geographical discoveries of later days. Time and investigation have revealed the fact that, although their own age regarded these marvellous accounts as containing a great deal of exag-

geration, there is very little in them that was not based on substantial evidence, and, what is most to the honor of the narrators, never have they been shown to have been purposely falsified accounts, retouched to gain the esteem of their age, or to attract the plaudits of the great."

In a brief sketch like the present it is impossible to recount adequately the romantic story of medieval missions in China. It has been our main purpose to disprove the unjust statement that Kublai Khan's call for Catholic missionaries was left unheeded, and to demonstrate that the missionary travelers who succeeded Marco Polo, no less than those who preceded him, deserve as much, and in some respects even more recognition, than the well-known traveler of Venice. We have but adduced the facts as uncovered by the most recent researches of eminent European scholars, and we now leave the reader to judge for himself.

TO THE STATUE OF CHRIST OF THE ROCKIES

(For Mrs. John L. Dower)

By Margery Cannon

THROUGH all eternity I think that she will see You
Standing on this mountain robed in white,
And somewhere in the darkness will be smiling
Your mother as she radiates Your light;
Then she will see Your eyes were violet,
The last, royal color to leave the evening sky,
And she will hear the songs the stars were singing
As in procession they had passed You by;
And she will know the little, eager secrets
Which children whispered to You from their beds,
And she will feel that selfsame benediction
Your outstretched hands had placed upon their heads.
And I shall sing in silence all my praises
For You will have much greater hymns than these,
There will be trees chanting in the forests
And candles burning in the mystic pleiades.

POTPOURRI

The Opinions of Our Contemporaries

BUSINESS is Business! Respectable and severe as all the popular clichés are, I think this one is the most forbidding and imposing of them all. It is the king of clichés, the culminating expression of the century. . . . A Business man is a stylite who can't come down from his pedestal. He must never have a thought, a feeling, an eye, an ear, a nose, a taste, a touch or a stomach which isn't for Business. The Business man knows nothing of a father, a mother, an uncle, an aunt, a wife or of children; he knows nothing of beautiful or ugly things, clean or dirty, hot or cold, nor of God or the devil. He is irrevocably ignorant of literature, art, science, history, and law. He mustn't be conscious of anything except Business.

—Léon Bloy, in *Colosseum* (London), December, 1935.

Everything presses on the Vatican that presses anywhere, but the very walls repeat that everything passes, too. Mussolini must do what he has planned to do this year, this hour, so he believes, or it will be forever too late. Combinations alter so quickly that no political ruler today can count on tomorrow. In the Vatican there is not only all the time there is, but a kind of continuum which makes the interval called Now both longer and less important than it is in the Fascist era, the Roosevelt administration, the life of a British Government. . . . Individually, the Pope is seasoned by a lifetime of priestly experience before he becomes chief pastor of his world-wide flock; officially he is one link in a lengthy chain. The attitude toward current problems of the most contemporary of pontiffs is thus in a sense non-contemporary. He comes from further back in time and looks further ahead than other rulers. His authority and responsibility are of an order so different that even when he pronounces on the same questions he speaks with another accent and another purpose.

—Anne O'Hare McCormick, in *The New York Times Magazine*.

In the schools . . . pupils who should be acquiring some standards of value acquire instead an illusion of knowledge. . . . The peculiar danger of a class-room course in literature is that pupils may be set up for life with third hand and fourth hand generalities . . . and never learn the need of wrestling in solitude with a great work of creative art.

—George Sampson, in *Essays and Studies*.

In the old days the statesman was responsible for the preservation of internal order and the defence of the State against its enemies. Today he is called upon to deal more and more with questions of a purely sociological character and he may even be expected to transform the whole structure of society and refashion the cultural traditions of the people. The abolition of war, the destruction of poverty, the control of the birthrate, the elimination of the unfit—these are questions which the statesman of the past

would no more have dared to meddle with than the course of the seasons or the movements of the stars; yet they are all vital political issues to-day and some of them figure on the agenda of our political parties.

—Christopher Dawson, in *Science To-day.*

The writers who use brutality, cruelty, sensationalism, to get their effects, have euchred themselves out of the means of expressing anything else. The style which is formed by such an approach is limited by the material.... It is our own opinion that the Greeks knew what they were doing when they decreed that violence must occur off-stage.... It was not that they blinked the facts, but they knew that literature is addressed to the mind and the heart, not to the epigastrium; physical shock, such as one receives from many modern novels, is the antithesis of literature. For that reason *Titus Andronicus* is the worst of Shakespeare's plays. Any one can describe horrors, and make the reader sick.

—L. M. P., in the New York *Herald Tribune Books.*

The Jewish people [are] in much greater trouble than any reader of American newspapers and magazines could possibly suspect. The half million of men and women and children who are left trapped among the sixty million Germans have been rendered taboo, within the strict meaning of the term. They are isolated as savages isolate things or persons accursed or sacred, so that in many cities they suffer hunger because no one will sell them food. They spend the greater part of their time in their homes, for the streets are never safe for them. They pray for drenching rains in order to go comparatively unmolested upon the most necessary errands. All that for centuries they have built up or acquired of scientific skill or practical work or property is being crunched into dust under an iron heel. They are pariahs; the great majority are already paupers; to-morrow they will all be.

—Ludwig Lewisohn, in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

The whole world in modern times has been taught, mercilessly, by the camera, to know "form," and so the merest child now knows when a face is "out of drawing" and the difference between caricature and realism. This "first lesson" in realism, however, is but a step in the direction of true appreciation of art and many who take but this one step find themselves shut out wholly from those inner rhythms, by the expression of which, great artists are known. It is, for want of a more precise term, a "soul language"; and its accents do not change throughout the centuries, regardless of the alterations in fashions of thinking.

—*The Sun* (New York).

The Church, though supremely concerned with the salvation of souls, is also concerned to secure the temporal happiness of her children. The great papal encyclicals, *Quadragesimo Anno* and *Rerum Novarum*, deprive Catholics of all excuse for complacently ignoring social evils which should challenge the conscience of all Christian men.

—Arnold Lunn, *A Saint in the Slave Trade.*

The Lindberghs are the immediate victims of criminals, cranks and journalistic panderers, but finally they are the victims of our failure to have made dominant in the moral tradition of this country the

ancient wisdom of the humanists—that excess is the essential characteristic of vice and that in all truth, beauty and goodness there is proportion, moderation and restraint. Thus a journalist who respects his own liberties will respect the liberties of others, knowing that on any other terms his freedom will become a tyranny to his fellow men. There is no shorter cut than this to a remedy for the condition which drove the Lindberghs away. It cannot be remedied by catching a villain, by passing new laws, by excited declamation on the front pages of the newspapers. It can be remedied only by a change of the public philosophy, by acquiring the conviction that such things as the Lindberghs have been subjected to are indecent, intolerable and inhuman. —Walter Lippmann.

Much has been said since the World War in excoriation of Propaganda. . . . Because propagandists will often lie, it is no help to clear thinking to make Propaganda and untruth always synonymous. They are not. The right to preach, to proselyte, to convince, is a right which no one will readily give up. The proper way to deal with Propaganda is not to dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulders, but to scrutinize it. It may lead us to the truth. —*The New York Times.*

It is well-nigh impossible to speak temperately of one's enemy. The words of the most temperate men or organs must be taken with a grain of salt when those words are spoken in the moments of great passion or public excitement. In a presidential campaign, the Republican papers see the same facts in an entirely different light from which they are seen by the Democratic papers. It is not principles, but prejudices, which sway us; not facts, but fury. The most temperate and tolerant are only temperate and tolerant when their pet aversions are not involved. Nobody can be more illiberal than a liberal attacking the illiberal acts of the person toward whom he is illiberal.

—Thomas Lomax Hunter, in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*

Consider the miracle of the radio. Men of genius by the dozen, men of talent by the hundred have labored in order that wireless might be. They succeeded, and with what result? The tittle-tattle of the divorce court is broadcasted to the remote Pacific, the air vibrates with the praises of toothpaste, while the ultimate ether quivers to the strains of jazz. —C. E. M. Joad, in *Scribner's.*

Just who profited from the last war? Labor got some of the crumbs in the form of high wages and steady jobs. But where is labor today with its 14,000,000 unemployed? Agriculture received high prices and has been paying the price of that brief inflation in the worst and longest agricultural depression in all history. Industry made billions in furnishing the necessities of war to the belligerents and then suffered terrific reaction like the dope addict's morning after. War and depression—ugly, misshapen inseparable twins—must be considered together. Every war in modern history has been followed by a major depression.

—Bennett Champ Clark, in *Harper's*, December.

A SMALL BELL RINGING

By Douglas Newton

THE little priest called me long before sunrise. It was still quite dark when we came on to the deck and the man standing so still that he seemed but a shadowy part of the rail, did not see us until we were almost upon him. He seemed to resent our presence until he recognized Father Henry, then, even in the dimness, I saw his white teeth flash as his dark, half-breed face smiled.

"So, you remember also, Padre?" he said.

"And you always know the place, Felipe," the priest said.

"Oh, yes, it is always here," Felipe answered in a matter of fact way. But I wondered how he knew. The vast, slowly heaving Caribbean was all about us, just empty seascape with not even an island in sight. The priest, as I knew, had worked out the point on the chart, but Felipe was not a navigator and knew nothing of charts.

He was a mestizo deck hand, unlettered, with neither brains nor inclination for sailing knowledge. How then did he know so surely—there are no milestones or bearing marks on the open sea. Except, of course, the stars. I suggested he might know from the stars, but he seemed surprised, even amused at the idea. He had not even thought of the stars. They weren't necessary. He just had the feeling that the place was here, knew by instinct when the schooner was drawing close, and so came on deck to listen.

I stared out over the sea, warm and murmurous yet strangely mute in its slow heaving. The tropic air had a curious softness, like velvet pile against the skin. There was that thin, almost mystical grayness against darkness that comes when night hovers on the edge of day. It added an odd glamour to the quiet, soft-breathing flood. It dimmed the stars. They no longer looked like great drops of lucid moisture about to brim over and run down the purple-black of the sky; they were corpse lights, wan and spectral.

A wonderful moment, so still, so clear, so divinely tranquil; yet not extraordinary for these inland seas. Nothing was untoward, yet this ragged deck hand stood waiting . . . waiting. Listening for something we would encounter in that vast void, with all the assurance of a man expecting to come upon a friend waiting at the corner of a street. How could he, in a world so featureless, be so sure of his rendezvous?

The little priest looked down at the gleam of his wrist watch.

"Roughly five and a half hours west of 78," he whispered. "It should be soon now."

"Any time now," Felipe said casually, and, oddly, it was I who added "Shiss!"

Felipe's head turned very quickly towards me—and quietly, for he had taken on a queer, expectant rigidity. Had I sensed something, too, or only his expectancy? I don't know. All I seemed to realize was that there had come not a deeper

stillness, but a sort of undertone to that stillness. I can't explain better. It was a sensation rather than a mental experience: a sense of pause, as though the world were suddenly holding its breath.

Felipe's attitude became more concentrated. His head raked forward over the rail and stood square blocked against the blue-silver of the sea. I could see his ear scooped, as it were, to trap the slightest sound. Then his lips parted and his white teeth shone. He was looking sideways smiling, particularly at me.

"You get him—the first?" he whispered.

He had taken for granted that *I* had heard something he seemed to have heard. I had been listening, even against my common sense, so odd was the atmosphere, but I had heard nothing. Not even when he said again: "There's the second."

He seemed surprised when I shook my head. He did not quite believe me. He seemed quite sure I would hear what he heard, just as he was sure the priest could not.

He said coaxingly: "But, yes, it is there—the little gold bell. . . . Wait, you will hear it three times now. . . . Ting! Ting-ting! Ting-ting-ting!"

His bright, concentrated eyes were watching my face as he stretched his wits to listen. Presently those eyes seemed to brighten and I could almost hear his soul crying: "Now! Don't you hear it now?"

It was plain he had no doubts about hearing his little gold bell, but I had heard nothing, only the slow, soft wash of the sea along the schooner's side, and the creak of rigging.

"Not a thing," I said bluntly. "Not a ghost of a sound. I don't. . . ."

It was Father Henry who whispered: "Wait! Don't speak. It will come again."

Felipe hanging over the rail, his eyes fixed on me nodded: "Yes. In a little moment the next three. . . . Ah. . . ."

He did not repeat the bell tings he seemed to hear, but his blunt forefinger wagged against the sea, beating time. One stroke. Then two! Then three! The commonplace certainty and timing of his finger left no doubt that he was following the ringing of a bell. But again I had heard nothing.

I had not heard, but there was that in the whole experience that gave me a curious conviction that Felipe had heard. The strange stillness that had come on top of stillness, the very unsophistication of the ignorant deck hand's certitude, that regular beat of the finger to the mysterious bell, and all this so fitting into the little priest's views, made the experience extraordinarily normal.

Somehow Father Henry's opinions about the matter did not seem so fantastic after all.

Father Henry was a missionary who made this particular journey from Colon to the South American mainland very often. He generally used this schooner, which had a regular trading beat along the coast, and in this way he had become a friend of Felipe's and learnt of his habit of listening for the "little gold bell." Several times, indeed, he had been with the deck hand while the strange happening took place, and though he himself had heard nothing he was more interested than skeptical.

For one thing Felipe treated the business so naturally, finding neither wonder nor mystery in it, accepting it as he accepted the sun-

rise. He just heard the bell sounding there, just as he heard the birds on land. It was just something that happened. Even his calling the bell "little" and "gold" was as normal. That's what it was. Why, he did not know. . . . Perhaps the sound suggested it, but, anyhow that was how he thought of it.

It was the little priest, not Felipe, who had puzzled over it. He had taken time and latitude and longitude readings the first time he had stood by Felipe, and afterwards noted that though the deck hand worked solely by instinct, that instinct was unvarying. He heard the bell always at the same bearing, that is some five and a half hours west of the 78 line.

There was, of course, more than that in the priest's interest. That definite sequence of threes had a significance, especially to him. Already well versed in the history of the Caribbean, he had read more and searched deeper, and presently had found what he held to be the explanation.

Meeting me at Colon he had told me the story and his views on it, and begged me to add a few more days to my wanderings by joining him on the schooner, catching a steamer at Caracas instead of from the Canal. Knowing me well, I feel he regarded my appearance as providential, hoping for something from my strange Scot's blood. Not that I agreed with his views; his reasoning appeared so unsound as to make his solution of the thing fantastic.

For one thing, he could not be even definite about his story. He had dug it from old MSS. records in a Franciscan convent in Nicaragua merely because it suited his particular views, as I pointed out. It concerned the looting by British and French buccaneers, of a vanished but once famous Spanish city called San Jeronimo. This town had been a place of local pilgrimage on the Spanish Main, and stood somewhere within easy sail of Porto Bello. It had a great church celebrated for its riches; for here, the old account ran, those who had crossed the Isthmus from the South Seas were wont to give votive offerings for the boon of a safe voyage before joining the Plate Fleet. As these voyagers had come from the rich lands of Peru and Chili, the offerings were invariably of gold. It was, indeed, a tradition that the gift should be gold; so that everything in the great church was of that metal; altar vessels, church plate, lamps, even the statues and candlesticks, all pure gold.

It was this gold that drew the attack of the buccaneers. They sacked the town, burned the church and went away with all its riches. It must have been an amazing loot. The chronicler reported that the guns had to be taken out of one of the pirate ships to accommodate the gold, and that even then she was overburdened with the precious metal. For this reason it was decided that she should make quickly and straight for the Caribbee Islands—now the Lesser Antilles—where the treasure should be buried safely on one of the cays. In this way a long voyage through dangerous seas would be avoided.

According to the chronicler and from other books Father Henry had aboard with him, the pirates actually did reach the islands and bury the gold on Cayo Chico, just WSW of Curaçao. Quite a number of treasure hunts, in fact, supported the tradition.

Father Henry, however, thought tradition wrong. He declared: "I think the ship sank. I think the wrath of God struck that ship. She met a storm and, overburdened as she was, she sank."

"Then why the treasure hunts on Cayo Chico?" I had argued.

"Its destination must have been known before the ship sailed—obviously since the old Franciscan chronicler knew of it," Father Henry said. "Also it looks as if the other ships, that were plainly with her, were scattered by the storm, and, losing sight of her, were certain she went on to Cayo Chico. There is a definite legend that treasure, church treasure, was, or ought to have been buried on that cay, and yet justification for the legend has never been found. Cayo Chico is as tiny as its name suggests. I've been there. It's a mere fifty acre surface pushing up through the sea. And though seven expeditions have dug over every inch of it, they have never found as much as an offertory dish. Do you follow? People only *thought* treasure was buried there, as it ought to have been. They never found it there because the ship never reached Cayo Chico. It sank on the way—at a point five and a half hours west from 78."

"But you've less proof for that than this legend—in fact, no proof at all," I urged.

"None at all," he smiled. "Only the fact that Felipe hears that bell, that strange bell, ringing so oddly in threes, and also—look at this line I have drawn across this map. The course that pirate ship *must* have taken from somewhere near Colon to the Antilles would carry her over this dot here . . . and that dot is five and a half hours west of 78."

So Father Henry had argued with me in his quiet and smiling way before we sailed, and after we had sailed from Colon. I knew at that moment, when we stood in the rich darkness beside Felipe, he was thinking the same thing. An absurd, and I considered, incredible fancy. The mere idea that some bell was ringing on that plate laden ship now rotting on the sea floor some hundreds of fathoms below us, was an insult to the intelligence.

The little priest was the victim of his imagination. The glamour and mystic stillness of these tropic nights played just that sort of trick with the mind—none knew that better that I, who am Scotch and accused of being fey.

But being Scotch, I am also hard-headed. I don't allow even tropical emotionalism to get the better of my reason. As we waited, watching Felipe hanging over the slow-breathing sea, I smiled in contented skepticism down at the little priest, at the deck hand as he turned his head again to stare at me. It would take more than this to make me hear bells that no ears but Felipe's could hear. I wasn't going to be fooled. I—

Odd, it was again I who let go a "Shiss." Felipe's stubby finger had begun to beat again. One. One-two. . . . But I wanted to stop him doing that. There was no need. I heard.

Afar off. Strangely, remotely distant, a mere ghost of a sound, yet clear and unmistakable, I heard a bell. Small, thin, its sharp-cut tinkle came to me. "Ting! Ting-ting! Ting-ting-ting!" Oddly detached it was yet positive, a sound heard too often to be mistaken—even in that way. It was like—yes, that was it—like a bell heard while

listening to the radio as it broadcasted a Catholic Benediction.

Felipe was looking at me, his teeth flashing: "You get him that time?" he asked.

"It was like a Sanctus bell," I told the little priest, hearing the amazement in my own voice. "Exactly like the Sanctus bell . . . and, of course, the sequence of three . . ."

"Everything was gold in San Jeronimo's church," Father Henry said. "Even the acolytes' bell, so that, too, would be among the loot in that pirate ship."

"And it still sounds from that sunk hulk at the bottom of the Caribbean?" I cried. "But why? how?"

"You and I will never know," he smiled, "except, maybe, in heaven."

Felipe stretched himself like a great dog, grinned: "All gone now. Bunk down again, now."

"Wait a minute," I said, "it rings in double three's. We may hear. . . ."

"No, only three three's," Felipe said. "Two together, then after a little, just another three rings. That is all."

"All there would be," Father Henry said. "Two threes for the Elevation, you know, then another for the Communion."

He smiled, said good morning to Felipe, took my arm and we walked back towards the poop. The thin gold light from a band of burning fire laid along the horizon shone in our faces.

BLACK MAMMY

By Edith Tatum

FOR her the dusk is peopled with small shapes,
The air is filled with laughter and with glee
Of boys and girls who frolic on the lawn—
Their loveliness her dim eyes plainly see.
Upon her vine-clad porch she sits and dreams
These children from the misty long ago . . .
Her nurslings, held against her ample breast
And crooned to sleep before the hearth's bright glow.
Elizabeth and Mary, Fay and Grace,
And little Tom, "Miss Letty's" only son.
Her wrinkled brown face beams at thought of him—
She chuckles: "Makin' laws in Washin'ton!"
Alone there on her vine-enshadowed porch,
So old and feeble, burdened with the years,
Yet never lonely nor unhappy while
Those muted voices echo in her ears.

A FRENCH CATHOLIC AMONG EMINENT VICTORIANS

François Rio

By J. J. Dwyer

THOSE who remember the interest aroused by the discovery and publication of the *Journal Intime* of Henri-Frédéric Amiel will derive a similar satisfaction from the rich vein that has now been opened up by Dom Louis Gougaud in the fascinating and hitherto unknown diary of François Rio.[1] The author of this diary was a very different person from the melancholy Genevese thinker. He was a gifted French art-historian of the nineteenth century, one might say, a sort of Catholic Ruskin. Rio spent a good many years in England, where he exerted an influence even greater than that which he enjoyed in his own country, and, while there, lived in the center of the literary circle of his time. He knew and constantly met all the giants of those days: Macaulay, Hallam, Richard Lalor Sheil, Sir Charles Grey, Samuel Rogers, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Campbell, Tom Moore, Gladstone, Disraeli, Carlyle, Maitland, Milman, Sydney Smith; and, to mention some of the women, Sarah Austin, Mrs. Norton, Jane Welsh Carlyle, Lady Blessington. Consequently, his diary for the year 1839 is a thing of extraordinary interest—a constellation of great names and of good sayings. Whilst in London he encountered likewise, some of the most celebrated of his own countrymen: Louis Napoléon Bonaparte, D'Orsay, Alfred de Vigny, and, as might be expected, his friendship with Montalembert deepened into intimacy. On each and all of them the diary throws revealing light. It is a long time since anything so interesting of its kind was so unexpectedly published.

Alexis-François Rio was born at Port Louis near Lorient in 1797. He was of old Breton stock and possessed to the full the singular intensity of the Breton temperament. He went to school at Vannes. During the Hundred Days he "came out" as a Chouan and at the age of eighteen went back to College decorated with the Legion of Honor. After some years as a university teacher he went to Rome in the suite of the Comte de la Ferronays, the Ambassador to the Holy See. There, like so many others, he found that which was to be the abiding interest of his life. Eagerly and passionately he absorbed the beauty and significance of Italian art. He traveled extensively, going backwards and forwards to all the famous cities of the peninsula. At a time when the whole attention of the *cognoscenti* was centered upon the productions of the High Renaissance and of the *Seicento*, the originality of Rio's mind manifested itself by a profound love of the Primitives. In this he was a pioneer; no other man of that time, save Ruskin, had anything like the same perception of the things that since his

[1] *La Société Lettrée de Londres observée par un écrivain français en 1839. Journal inédit de François Rio, publié par Dom L. Gougaud, O.S.B. Revue d'Histoire ecclésiastique, Louvain, Tome XXX., 1934.*

time everybody has long been accustomed to admire. Rio was led by spiritual insight as much as by æsthetic feeling, for he knew and understood by instinct the part that Franciscan and Dominican influence had played in a movement whose mainspring was, in origin, religious. During his wander-years Rio had made the acquaintance of some remarkable men whose friendship and esteem he was destined to retain: at Munich he met Görres and Döllinger; in Rome, Lamennais, Montalembert, Monckton-Milnes (Lord Houghton), Nicholas Wiseman. In the company of English people of distinction, to some of whom he acted as cicerone, he learnt to speak the language with ease and fluency, and the Baroness de Bunsen who was of Welsh origin, taught him old Welsh songs. To their mysterious cadences the Celtic strain in him responded instantly. He developed a sort of nostalgia for these islands long before he had seen them, and so it came to pass that one of Italy's "great interpreters" to England was a Frenchman.

In 1832 he came to England for the first time. In the following year he visited Wales and, living among the old Catholic families of the principality, he discovered with delight a country and a culture that were deeply akin to his own. There, too, he made an ideal marriage. With redoubled zeal, Rio devoted himself to a lay apostolate. It was his self-imposed mission to disseminate a knowledge and understanding of the Catholic faith by means of the appreciation of that art through which the Catholic faith had been so vividly and so triumphantly expressed. He opened men's eyes to the beauty of great Italian painting, in order that in it and through it they should catch some glimpse of the sublime realities that the Old Masters tried to symbolize. His deep conviction and ardor of temperament were served by uncommon gifts of speech so that he was known as "the eloquent Rio." His table-talk surpassed his considered writing, and the charm of his personality—testified to by all who encountered him—lent added force to his synthesis of the Good the Beautiful and the True. He has been most aptly called *"un Historien de l'Art convertisseur."*[2]

The Diary kept by Rio when in London between the 24th January and the 9th April, 1839, forms part of a collection of family papers intrusted to Dom Louis Gougaud of Farnborough Abbey, England, who has now published the Diary. More than twenty years ago, Mrs. Gurdon, who died in 1925, handed over to him her father's papers, and it was her wish that they should be utilized to maintain and increase the reputation of her distinguished father. His works, especially the four volumes *L'Art Chrétien* (1861-67) are part of the very foundations of art history studies, as regards Italian painting; but foundations are generally out of sight, and so it is well that younger readers and students should be reminded of an illustrious pioneer. These papers could not have been intrusted to better hands than those of the distinguished Breton scholar and historian, who now presents the Journal with a concise but adequate introduction and has annotated it with characteristic accuracy and completeness.

[2] See Dom Gougaud's article in *La Vie et les Arts Liturgiques* for January, 1926.

Very early in the Diary we meet with Gladstone whose essay on "The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838) was being discussed at all the dining tables. On February 8, 1839, Rio dined at Gladstone's house, his fellow-guests being Hope and Archdeacon Manning. The company suited him perfectly. He compares it to a group chosen from the more promising younger members of Saint-Sulpice but he considers that the Englishmen possess more distinction. In another place Rio spoke again of this dinner, relating that his host had told him that he would meet "Protestants after his own heart." That evening Rio discussed with Manning the question of authority in religion. Fifteen years later the two met again in Rome, in 1854, when much had happened to give point to their discussions. Manning never forgot Rio and long afterwards spoke of him to a young Breton priest (who is to-day the curé of the cathedral of Vannes). "We thought of him," said the then Cardinal, "As one of us, and he is more truly understood by us than by you Frenchmen: a man of rare distinction both as an artist and as a Christian." Gladstone's recollection of Rio was very similar. "He was," said Gladstone, "one whose warm affections, lofty ideas and impassioned eloquence enabled him to strike deep impressions with great rapidity. I look back with melancholy pleasure and with sincere thankfulness upon that privilege of his active friendship which I once enjoyed." When it is remembered that the "impassioned eloquence" was uttered in a foreign language, whose accent does not come easily to a Frenchman, it will be evident that a talker who could make such an impression on Henry Edward Manning and William Ewart Gladstone was no ordinary man. In the preceding year Rio's literary and linguistic gifts had been put to a more striking use for he had been the principal speaker at the Eisteddfod held at Abergavenny in October, 1838, and had brought thither a deputation of Breton notables, among them La Villemarqué and Jacquelot de Boisrouvray, "in order to renew after an interruption that had lasted for centuries the relations that had so long existed between two important branches of the great Celtic family." Nor was Ireland forgotten—with three such representatives as Tom Moore, Lalor Sheil and Lady Blessington.[3] It was through Samuel Rogers that he came to know Lady Blessington, and Richard Lalor Sheil, and he repeats with delight one of the latter's good sayings: "The English cannot be accused of polytheism or worshipping many gods: they worship but one and that is Mammon." Sheil told him many things, too, about contemporary Ireland and some of them were surprising. Rio is inclined to put Sheil first among all the famous talkers of that time, not excluding Macaulay. Of "the young Disraeli," who talked to Rio in English because he was not able to talk in French to Alfred de Vigny, Rio's impression is just what one would expect. He is greatly struck by the breadth of knowledge and acuity of perception shown by the young parliamentarian and novelist; but the Breton, delicately sensitive to moral and spiritual issues, is repelled by something in Disraeli's personal appearance and bearing. In Macaulay he

[3] Rio's other daughter—he had two—Eliza Mary married Arthur James, tenth Earl of Fingall (February 12, 1857).

notices much the same things as others have done: "I should say of him that his overloaded memory stands very much in the way of his mind, which I allow to be very quick and sound, but has no tendency either to soar or to dig, all its motions being as it were horizontal. His manners and tone savour a little of the bar"; and he goes on to describe Macaulay's egoism in monopolizing the conversation.

Early in March came the curious episode of the burial of the Comtesse de Montalembert. It is not perhaps generally known that Montalembert's mother was a Scottish lady (née Forbes) and a Protestant. About twelve years after the birth of her famous son (1822) she was received into the Church; but it is evident from Rio's account of the funeral that she had relapsed, for she was buried as a Protestant by the vicar of Stanmore, near Harrow. Her servant, says Rio, was the only mourner. The minister who conducted the funeral was the man who had baptized her there, fifty years before and thirty years before had performed the marriage service. He was very proud of his vigor in his old age, and as jolly as if he were at a wedding. "His better half," adds Rio, "seemed to me very like the wife of some retired grocer. She told us that she was very fond of brandy and always had the very best." The talk between Rio and Montalembert was naturally endless, ranging over every subject that could interest Catholics from the Roman breviary to Talleyrand, who had died the year before. A characteristic *mot* of the great statesman was repeated by Montalembert. *"Il y a une grande différence entre trahir et lâcher"*—a *résumé* and a defense of most of Talleyrand's actions. A fine saying of Sobieski is worth recording: After the deliverance of Vienna, the modest hero wrote to the Pope: *"Veni, vidi, Deus vicit"*; and Montalembert relates that Sobieski was accustomed to say, "My fatherland is Christendom."

With Rogers, who had sung the praises of Italy, Rio had much in common; "Memory" Rogers, whose poems to-day are read only by students preparing for examinations, was at the center and near the summit of the literary society of that time. His long poem entitled "Italy" had, all the same, been very nearly a failure. It was perhaps saved by the illustrations of Turner and Stothard (which indeed ought to save any book) so that Lady Blessington was able to fire off one of her shots: "The book would have been *dished*, were it not for the *plates*." Rogers was more deeply interested in the question of religion than most of his friends supposed and the communicative charm of the Breton at length made him speak his inner mind. Rio had been very excited about the supposed discoveries of Payne Collier, and believed that the latter had discovered documentary evidence that Shakespeare had died a Catholic. Whereupon Rogers: "I am truly glad of it, for he died in a better hope than Protestants do. I have often regretted that I was not a woman and a Catholic; I should have felt more comfortable at the hour of death, whereas now I don't know what to fear or what to hope."

Another day, in a different vein, Rogers discoursed of Coleridge and Southey, and repeated their verdicts upon one another. "Coleridge is a very excellent man," said Southey,

"but the moment that anything is presented to him in the shape of a duty, he at once loses all power of performing it"; and "Southey is a most amicable man," said Coleridge, "but I can never present him to my imagination otherwise than mending a pen or using it." Rogers had something still better to relate of Grattan, who on being pressed to let a lady into a secret made the striking answer: "I never trust a woman with a secret when it is a mere trifle; but when it is a secret on which a man's fate depends, I had rather trust a woman than a man."

To religion, however, the thoughts of both Rogers and Rio constantly returned. Rio meditated a great work on Catholicism in England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In particular he meant to demonstrate that the English poets were really Catholics and that Catholicism was essentially the poet's religion. He had convinced himself that Shakespeare had died within the fold and he proposed to say a great deal about Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Davenant, Cowley, Dryden and Pope. Hence the frequent talks with Rogers and these talks inevitably led back to questions of belief of immortality and of the origin of good and evil. The *magnum opus* on the poets was never written; but the two men had opened their hearts to one another. Rio said one day to Rogers that "The Pleasures of Memory" could very well be followed by a Dantesque poem entitled "The Tortures of Memory." Rogers started and showed himself deeply moved. He confessed that he had had the idea of doing it but had been forced to abandon it; the thought had caused him so much suffering. Words that should have been unsaid and deeds undone had caused him such agonies of remorse and regret that he could never bring himself to face the dreadful task. The poet then returned again to the haunting question of faith. He said that above all he envied Montalembert: not assuredly for his mental powers, not for his celebrity, nor for his youth, nor even for his young and lovely wife, but for his serene and indestructible faith.

The writers, talkers and thinkers who met Rio in each other's houses in that London winter of 1839, are all of one accord as to his gifts of heart and mind. Three of them, Gladstone, Manning and Rogers, saw deeper than all the rest because with them he spoke of what was dearest to his heart. Upon them all he left an abiding impression. But, with certain others whom he was destined to meet the impress was stronger and deeper, for Rio brought many people into the true Church. With all of them the charm of his conversation was a spell. He communicated to his hearers his own intense feeling for beauty. He made them see and realize that art and eloquence and poetry, the loveliness of nature and the highest aspirations of the mind of man were all glimpses of one and the same Reality. The æsthete was also an apostle. While guiding his friends around famous cities of Italy he was likewise guiding them to the heavenly city. We can compare him to the sheep dog, watchful and tireless, who bars every road that does not lead back to the fold.

THE DRAMA

By Euphemia Van Rensselaer Wyatt

THE QUEEN! GOD BLESS HER

"IT was just by Hyde Park Corner —a lot of rough men ran alongside the carriage shouting and cheering me. And I heard them say: 'Go it, Old Girl! You've done it well! You've done it well!' "

For sixty years, she had been "doing" it the best she could. There were two loyalties to which she was always true—England and Albert. Though they were merged in her heart, valiantly in life, she kept England foremost.

Victoria Regina by Laurence Housman is not only a pearl among biographies but a pearl in English literature. Discreet selection of ten from its thirty scenes has created the most enjoyable and wholly delightful play of the winter. Were we in China or Japan we might be treated to the whole volume and hear the Queen telling Dean Stanley that King David was not the sort of person she would care to meet in Heaven or enjoy the supreme characterization of Lord Kitchener when the Queen, who deprecates his dispoiling the Mahdi's tomb, asks him what he did with the Mahdi's head and K. of K. returns, "Made it into an inkpot, Ma'am."

In the play which Mr. Gilbert Miller with Miss Helen Hayes has given us, the love story is dominant with only two scenes taken from the Queen's later life. For the good fortune of America, a young American schoolmaster wandered into the London Gate Theater last summer and was cast as a policeman before some one noticed his remarkable likeness to the Prince Consort. What Mr. Vincent Price adds to V. R. is incalculable. He has the height, the elegance and profile that made Victoria so jealous of his beauty. He is also able to convey the patient but insatiable conscientiousness which consumed the youthful German who said, "To be happy has never been my thought —about life. I will be more than happy so long as serving the queen I am able to make a life worth living." Though he could see the humor in life, there was a beautiful melancholy hovering over those silky sideburns that recalled the Sorrows of Werther and made him to his wife the alpha and omega of romance. There is the delicious scene called "Morning Glory" in which Victoria enters Albert's dressing room and finds him shaving, garbed in the most beautiful flowered full-skirted dressing gown. She murmurs, "And to think this will go on and on for years and years—it's like Heaven!"

"Albert: No, Vicky, not just like this—that is not possible. That is not human nature.

"Queen: But I shall never love you any less than I do now, Albert.

"Albert: No, Dearest, perhaps not. But you will be less excited about it. You will not come, I think, to see me shave every day for the next twenty years—

"Queen: Why not?"

Miss Helen Hayes spent her summer in England studying and the result is that Mary of Scotland is transformed into a little half German Princess, awakened one morning to be told by the Lord Archbishop and Chamberlain that she is *Queen* of England.

"Since it has pleased Providence to place me in this station," she wrote in her diary, "I shall do my utmost to fulfill my duty towards my country; I am very young and perhaps in many, though not in all things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real good will and more real desire to do what is right and fit than I have."

As Victoria was one of the most strictly truthful persons who ever lived, this is no exaggeration. If Albert had not proved his wisdom as a councilor for England, even Albert would have been relegated, but though his beauty won her heart at first, she found his spirit as crystalline as her own, while his intelligence and sagacity won for him in the end the respect of all Her Majesty's government. Lord Clarendon spoke of Albert's death as a national calamity. "With Prince Albert," wrote Disraeli, "we buried our sovereign. This German Prince has governed England for twenty-one years with a wisdom and energy such as none of our Kings has ever shown." In sitting up with a cold to rewrite a letter which averted a war with America, he brought on his own early death.

When we next see the Queen, sixteen years later, Albert's picture is still beside her and her note paper has the gigantic black border. In some miraculous manner, Miss Hayes transforms not only her figure but the contour of her face. The scene with John Brown is a gem, and of course the Diamond Jubilee is the perfect finish. The sets by Rex Whistler, particularly the red drawing room in Windsor surpass themselves. There is but one regret, that Arliss is not his other self—Disraeli.

Mr. Housman, without any loss of wit or humor, has drawn a much more rounded picture of the Queen than Mr. Strachey. May we address to Miss Hayes, the words of the "rough men": "You've done it well! You've done it well!"—*At the Broadhurst.*

LIBEL.—Verdicts are very treacherous. Last month I said that trial plays had been overdone and this month I recommend as one of the plays to be seen *Libel*, which begins and ends in court. To be sure it is King's Bench Court in the Royal Courts of Justice in London and not General Sessions. It does make a difference, for the setting is dignified and Gothic and the procedure is polite. The American trial play may be exciting but it is usually "grubby." The court room is drab; the attendants surly; one of the counsel invariably turns out to be a crook and the evidence and the jury are both unseemly. But the King's Court, with the presiding judge, the Hon. Sir Arthur Tuttington, and the counsel all in their fine white wigs, is surprisingly romantic. Both the counsel for the plaintiff, Sir Wilfred Kelling, K.C., M.P., and counsel for the defendants, Thomas Foxley, K.C., are scholarly gentlemen who rely on wit and innuendo rather than discourtesies.

A great London newspaper has made a statement that Sir Mark Loddon, Bart., recently returned to

the House of Commons, is not Sir Mark at all but an impostor. Circumstantial evidence is all in the newspaper's favor. Sir Mark, who escaped from a German prison just before the Armistice, has suffered a complete loss of memory. Another prisoner who escaped with him but who disappeared shortly after not only resembled Sir Mark closely but had almost the identical tattoo marks. How can Sir Mark prove his own identity? Is it Sir Mark at all? Even Lady Loddon becomes skeptical. One wonders if one will be left in the haze of Pirandello's *As You Desire Me*. But the solution is entirely definite.

As the unfortunate baronet without a memory, Colin Clive gives a remarkably sensitive and plausible portrait. His restraint never conceals his suffering. Ernest Lawford makes every line tell as Sir Mark's discouraged counsel, and a newcomer to America, Wilfrid Lawson, will not be permitted to return for a long time after his masterly characterization with a twinkle in his eye of the self-assured Foxley, K.C., counsel for the newspaper. Mr. Lawson also has a very clever trick for producing a natural blush. But perhaps what dominates the whole action is Frederick Leister's, the Hon. Sir Arthur Tuttington, a most enchanting old judge with a dry humor and shrewdness all his own whose courtesy is only capped by his justice. "I would have sat here just as long as they kept the Court open," said the boy next to me. *Libel* is not only an exciting but an engaging melodrama. Produced by Gilbert Miller, it has been directed by Dr. Otto Preminger of Vienna, only twenty-nine, but already famous in Europe.—*At the Henry Miller.*

PARADISE LOST.—The Group Theater is presenting another family play by Clifford Odets. The family is larger and of slightly higher order than in *Awake and Sing;* they squabble less but their career is even more calamitous. Mr. Odets, however, has one simple formula which is a scrap basket for all disasters and that is demolition of our present society. Once we rid ourselves of democracy then everyone will be happy. At the final curtain, Leo Gordon, having lost his business, his home and his sons, declaims in a long and incoherent epilogue that depression has opened his eyes to the true vision. Meanwhile he stoutly refuses to move his evicted furniture in from the street to make way for a prosperity block party.

Mr. Odets doesn't seem inclined to admit that the human equation influences our economic condition but it does seem hard to blame the Democratic Party for young Gordon's sleeping sickness. Old Gordon, who has been an honest employer, is ruined by a dishonest partner, and the smartest moment in the play is the introduction of the suave and mysterious red-headed Hebrew who turns out to be a specialist in insurance policy fires! Another excellent character is the garrulous old family friend, Gus, with his stamp book. Luther Adler is the neurotic partner and the former "Lefty" is an incomparable gangster, but Stella Adler's staccato speech and mannerisms are beginning to overlay her talents. In case you have not been inspired to see *Paradise Lost* from this review, we must add that the Group Theater sent a letter to each reviewer informing them that this is a very fine play!—*At the Longacre.*

GHOSTS.—The "short-haired girls and long-haired men" still sit in the front rows but now they are middle aged! Ibsen audiences have grown old, and yet Mrs. Alving has come to life again this winter as she has not done since the days of Duse. Mme. Nazimova is not only Mrs. Alving but all suffering motherhood; she has brought to the tragedy, which in 1881 inflamed two continents, an embracing tenderness and nobility that inspires the whole production. *Ghosts* was the terrible answer flung back by Ibsen to the critics of morals in *The Doll's House*. Here is the woman who in a high conception of duty has sacrificed every right to a wastrel husband. Alving dies leaving a name that is respected but his sins are visited upon his son, their only son who succumbs to dementia præcox.

Nazimova, disregarding the stage directions and tradition, has the poison in her hand when the curtain falls and is evidently determined to carry out the boy's last sane entreaty. She has also been wise enough to keep Pastor Manders, a lovable if rather thick-headed clergyman, and, instead of the dreary parlor, in which *Ghosts* is usually played, she has a spacious apartment with a view of a fiord. What we have always longed to see in an Ibsen set is some of the gay peasant wares that must surely have found their way into Norwegian houses even in the Victorian era. McKay Morris is Manders and Harry Ellerbe a very appealing Oswald.—*At the Morosco.*

MAY WINE.—A sliding panel cannot make a play nor reminiscences a score, and the excellent cast—Walter Slezak, Walter Woolf King, Nancy McCord, Leo G. Carroll and Vera Van—fight defeat from the start. There is no chorus in *May Wine* which throws unfortunate emphasis on the plot and the plot leaps the limit of even musical comedy foolishness. That any psychiatrist should be idiot enough to be duped into marrying another man's mistress is one thing but that he should depart on his wedding night for some quixotic reason, leaving the door open into the other man's room is another, and so is the ordering of a life-size figure of his bride in wax to sit beside his desk—to be shot at in Act II.

It isn't even a nice story, nor are the scenes particularly decorative as they are much too pompous. Mr. Slezak almost succeeds in making the professor human, but Miss McCord is full of affectations. One of the dancers wears the most suggestive costume of the season which is the only superlative suggested by this latest Schwab and Mandel operetta with music by Romberg.—*At the St. James.*

LET FREEDOM RING.—

"Four hundred years ago, the English peasants and yeomen were torn away from their land by what we know as 'enclosures' and thrust into the new factories for weaving cloth. . . . Down the corridors of history one can still hear the tramp of thousands of homeless people, the cry of hunger, the crashing timbers of a social system, the agony of a new age being born.

"The people of *Let Freedom Ring* are the contemporary victims of the same social catastrophe. . . . They are the Carolina mountaineers and it is the sawmills eating and devouring the forests and the arable land. . . . The belated machinery of his-

tory is working as it worked four hundred years ago. What we are witnessing when these mountain people are driven into the cotton mills, is a working class in the throes of birth."

As Mr. Albert Bein also reminds us, in this fine exposition of the historical inspiration for his play, it is St. Thomas More who wrote of his poor countrymen's "finding no place to rest in" and who indicts the Tudor capitalist landlord as a "greedy and insatiable cormorant."

Mr. Bein's play is straightforward and moving. We follow the fortunes of the McClures who are forced down to the cotton mills. The dream of education for the children proves a mirage, for the school superintendent is a factory foreman and the mills need workers. We see Mrs. McClure returning from night shift just in time to drag the tired little boy and girl from their beds to begin their twelve-hour day. Even so the McClures and their friends can just make shift to exist,—so low is the wage scale; and this pittance is threatened at the very moment that Johnny McClure at twenty is offered double pay as foreman. Johnny and his mother then have to decide between personal security and joining in the fight for better conditions and a union that is being organized by the elder brother. Though Kirk McClure, the labor leader, is shot, he has instilled the lesson of coöperation. *Little Ol' Boy* may have been more powerful, but this new play of Mr. Bein's is profoundly interesting as a vivid bit of economic history. It seems unfortunate, however, that he should insist on identifying the Church, in the person of a young clergyman, with capital. *Let Freedom Ring* opened uptown but has now moved down to *The Civic Repertory*.

Horrors!—This happens not to be the title but it might well be claimed for two dramas which have wasted good time in a busy world this month. One was *Tapestry in Gray* by Martin Flavin; the other *Hell Freezes Over* by John Patrick. They are mentioned merely because they represent a tendency that is increasing with menacing speed both in the theater and on the screen of emphasizing physical brutalities. It is a morbid streak which widens with surprising celerity. *Men in White* showed the introduction to an operation with the operating table in the background, *Tapestry in Gray* has the table in the center of the stage and exhibits all the details of an unsuccessful attempt and the death of the little child. The surgeon faints and so did the woman sitting next to me. But Mr. Flavin doesn't stop there—a man's face is shot away in a dugout in France; a corpse is brought in and dissected; we listen to the screams of a man in a hospital writhing in agony; and as lesser *divertissements* there is a murder and a suicide.

Horrible as this is, it is mild to *Hell Freezes Over* for added to the incidents of a boy with his leg crushed; a poisoned dope fiend and a man dying of scurvy, the characters in themselves are such yellow worms that they nauseate and horrify at once. It is Grand Guignol drawn out to three acts with the foul thoughts of a sensualist added to the picture of seven men stranded in a wrecked dirigible in the Antarctic. It not only seeks to destroy faith in God but in man. Yet a

young girl told me that she had been to see it twice because it was "so exciting." Think of that when your children find nothing very unpleasant about *Mutiny on the Bounty*. Brutalities are an insidious diet.

N. B. Being an optimist we trust that both these pleasant plays will have failed before you read this.

PLAYS PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

February, 1934

TOBACCO ROAD.—Though barred from many other cities the Jeeter family are still popular in New York.—*At the Forrest.*

January, 1935

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—A tragedy which shows how gossip can ruin three persons' lives and which touches upon a most unpleasant subject. Very convincing in its writing and playing.—*At the Maxine Elliott.*

March

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—Though completely moral, one cannot call this very funny little farce refined. Its characters include some race track touts and the hero who writes jingles for greeting cards and has a hunch for picking winners.—*At the Playhouse.*

November

WINTERSET.—Gangsters again, but this time representing the powers of evil in Maxwell Anderson's modernistic tragedy in free verse. Played under the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, Burgess Meredith and Richard Bennett contribute to one of the most interesting productions of the season. Presented by Guthrie McClintic.—*At the Martin Beck.*

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH.—If your name is called for the jury, you win a seat on the stage and $3.00 for giving a verdict in the murder trial surrounding the mysterious death of another Kreuger. Exciting but thoroughly sordid.—*At the Ambassador.*

December

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—A polo player told me this week he was ordering a set of Jane Austen because he thought her dialogue was "swell." We hope that the quiet little English country Miss of the eighteenth century has had a peep from the next world of this utterly charming production of the novel that sought a publisher for twenty years. The cast is all so clever and charming that it is difficult to pick favorites yet we do incline towards Mr. and Mrs. Bennett—Miss Lucile Watson and Mr. Percy Waram.—*At the Plymouth.*

JUBILEE.—We feel that this most delicious of operettas is a gift from the D'Oyly Cartes who proved that beauty and good manners are worth while—so worth while from the box office viewpoint that the house has been sold out from the start. The music is gay; the décor enchanting; the story funny—and Mary Boland and Melville Cooper and the jokes call for laughter without blushes.—*At the Imperial.*

DEAD END.—Here is the gangster in the making and if you never contributed to the Boy Scouts or a Boys' Club before you will want to after you see what happens in our city streets. This one lies between the River Club and the tenements on the East River, where the very rich and the very poor come together. There is tense drama about the old gangster who comes back—a breathless performance with a set by Bel Geddes.—*At the Belasco.*

January, 1936

PARNELL.—A moving and romantic tragedy of the love of the great Irish leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, for beautiful Kitty O'Shea. Not only is it an absorbing bit of history but the pictures and costumes are some of Stewart Chaney's best work while Miss Margaret Rawlings is an ideal heroine. Miss Effie Shannon and the rest of the cast all deserve credit.—*At the Ethel Barrymore.*

BOY MEETS GIRL.—Based on a general formula for the pictures—Boy meets Girl—Boy loses Girl—Boy gets Girl—this farce of the wild adventures of two scenario writers in Hollywood begins at a breakneck pace and manages to sustain it for three acts. The language used is not always very select and would sound worse if one had time to listen, but the laughs come so fast that it remains a genial blur of foolishness. The morals are blameless.—*At the Cort.*

FIRST LADY.—The felicitous collaboration of George Kaufman with Katharine Dayton has given us a much-needed comedy—polite, political and witty. The diplomatic circles in Washington are a new and verdant field for our theater and one is torn in admiration between the smooth finish of Jane Cowl as the wife whose cleverness nearly wrecks her husband's career and her rival, Lily Cahill and her elderly Supreme Court Justice so excellently and amusingly played by Oswald Yorke. The comedy is one of character but ends with a smartly tricky curtain.—*At the Music Box.*

JUMBO.—Somewhere between a musical comedy and a circus which makes a much better combination than it sounds. From the moment one is met by the gigantic chasseurs on the street, the Hippodrome is magic ground with its brilliant new decorations. There is one of the best clown acts performed by A. Robins—a d r e a m circus all in moonlight and silver—thrilling trapeze and a quaint assortment of animals. For once Jimmy Durante has enough space for his personality. Our respect for him has gone up since he lets Jumbo sit down on him twice a day! Fine for the whole family.—*At the Hippodrome.*

AT HOME ABROAD.—If you want to laugh till the tears come, you must see Miss Beatrice Lillie trying to buy her double damask napkins. It's just as well to miss the first skit which is dull and vulgar, but Miss Lillie appears again as a Russian ballerina and in the Toast of Vienna—a take-off of the Merry Widow and Paree. There is also Eleanor Powell, the tap dancer, and Paul Haakon and the unique Reginald Gardiner who can make a noise like wall paper and become an armchair or a locomotive before your eyes.—*At the Winter Garden.*

The Ball and the Cross

THE BALL AND THE CROSS *is one of the symbols of Christianity. It signifies, as is obvious,* **THE WORLD AND THE FAITH.** *It is our intention to publish in this department usually two or three short articles, which may appropriately be grouped under the caption chosen.*

THE HOMECOMING OF SYRIAN SCHISMATICS

On September 20, 1935, the Malabar Catholic Reunion Movement, headed by the Jacobite convert prelates, Mar Ivanios of Trivandrum and Mar Theophilos of Tiruvella, celebrated its fifth anniversary. That movement which commenced with the submission of those two prelates, two Rambans, 27 monks and 17 nuns of the Jacobite monastic house of Bethany, in 1930, has developed into a full grown ecclesiastical province in India consisting of an archdiocese with 36 priests and 20,000 faithful; a diocese with 22 priests and 4,700 faithful; 60 educational institutions, 4 religious houses and two minor seminaries. No doubt, this rapid development of the Romeward Movement among the South Indian Jacobites, is due to a variety of circumstances, not the least of these being the paternal solicitude of the reigning Pontiff and the sympathetic coöperation of the Catholic world at large. Yet it would be unjust to ignore many other factors that have contributed to its success, and of these we shall speak presently.

We cannot overlook the fact that the Malabar Reunion Movement is but an episode in a world-wide movement in the direction of Christian unity under the flag of Rome. Throughout the Orient there has been a mighty religious awakening, and that awakening has found its echo even in India. The Romeward movement had already taken deep root among the Syrians of the Near East, and had engaged the attention of the Malabar Jacobites for a long time past. But the immediate cause of their Romeward move was a long-standing struggle with their Antiochene Patriarchs, which had its revival in the year 1910, when one of them, Mar Abdulla Ignatius Satuff laid claim to the temporalities of the Malabar Church. The vast majority of Malabar Jacobites deeply resented this encroachment, and subsequently grouped themselves into two rival parties, one following the Malabar Metropolitan, and the other following the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch. When this conflict was at its height in Malabar, and the Antiochene Patriarch was

hurling anathemas and excommunications at his Malabar Metropolitan, a rival Patriarch appeared at Antioch, under the name of Mar Abdul Mesiho, and sent a message of consolation to Malabar, saying that the excommunication of Mar Abdulla was invalid, and that he, Mar Abdul Mesiho, who was the Senior Patriarch of Antioch, would satisfy the Malabar Jacobites by reviving the old Catholicate of the East, which had its former seat at Tigris, and, by transferring it to Malabar, would make the Malabar Jacobites an autocephalous body. The Malabar Jacobites who were immensely pleased with this tempting offer, invited Mar Abdul Mesiho to their country, and had one of their priests ordained Catholicos of the East, with the title, Mar Basilius I. When everything appeared promising for the Malabar Jacobites, Mar Abdul Mesiho returned home; but he found his position so hazardous among the Syrian Jacobites, that he sought spiritual refuge within the Catholic Church just before he breathed his last.

Soon, the old party struggles among the Malabar Jacobites were renewed and a prolonged litigation took place, during which many of the Jacobite party leaders on both sides had time to make a detailed study of the historical and theological position of their Church. Among these leaders were the Rev. P. T. Girvergis and Mr. M. A. Philippose, who became convinced that something was rotten in the state of Denmark, and subsequently arrived at the conclusion that the Catholic Church is the only Church ordained by God for the salvation of mankind. It is hardly necessary to add that the Rev. P. T. Girvergis is the present Mar Ivanios, the Catholic Archbishop of Trivandrum, and that Mr. M. A. Philippose is the most prominent Catholic lay leader of the Malabar Catholic Reunion Movement, doing yeoman service as the Director of the Catholic Evidence Guild in Tiruvella.

One of the reasons for the rapid spread of the Catholic Reunion Movement in Malabar, is that the Malabar Jacobites have but a shallow schismatic tradition behind them. From the very early days of the Malabar Church, until the year 1653, the Syrian Church of Malabar was a unit; and from the year 1599, for about half a century, the Malabar Syrians were ruled by Portuguese Catholic prelates. When at last a schism arose among them, it was not occasioned by their non-acceptance of the doctrines of the Catholic Church, but by their discontent with the rule of the Portuguese prelates. Those who continued in the schism, bargained with Rome for native Catholic prelates, failing which, half out of spite, and half out of national pride, they appealed to the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch for Jacobite prelates to be sent to Malabar, from whom they received episcopal ordination, but only towards the close of the eighteenth century. Jacobitism is, therefore, only skin-deep among the Malabar Schismatics, while Catholicism forms the very warp and woof of their mentality. Hence it is that the Malabar Jacobites take so kindly to the Catholic Reunion Movement.

Another no less potent factor that has contributed to the success of the Malabar Catholic Reunion Movement, is the fact that the Malabar Syrians are an enlightened and highly cultured people, having been among the first to profit by English

education in India. Nearly fifty per cent of these people are literate, and many of them are well educated, having taken high academic degrees from Indian and European universities. Many of the leaders have made a deep study of theology, philosophy and history, and are in a position to weigh the respective claims of Rome and Antioch. Both the prelates of the Syrio-Antiochene Rite in Malabar are products of Indian universities, and no doubt their profound studies and systematic thinking have opened their eyes to the unique claims of Rome. It is only fair to add, however, that a number of the Malabar Jacobites have turned out to be virtual Protestants owing to their superficial studies and confused thinking in the Indian universities conducted by Anglican missionaries. But it is consoling to remember that there are Catholic centers of higher education in South India, where several Jacobite students are at present pursuing their studies. Among such institutions are St. Xavier's College, Bombay; St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly; Loyola College, Madras; St. Berchman's College, Changanacherry, and St. Thomas's College, Trichur, where under the guidance of Catholic teachers many of the younger generation are being gradually led to see the truth and acknowledge it.

Again, the Syrian Christians of Malabar, being of an Indo-European stock, have little in common with the Schismatic nations of the Near East. The great antithesis between the Oriental and Occidental mentality has been thus summarized by Wilbois:

"In the East, man is at the service of God; in the West, God is at the service of man. In the East, a Sacrament is a reward; in the West, it is a means to an end. Religion to an Oriental consists in abstaining; religion to a Westerner consists in doing. The Westerner despises as cowardly the contemplative quiet of the Oriental; the Oriental considers as disrespectful the active piety of the Westerner. The East is descended from Job who was resigned upon his dung-hill; the West from Jacob who wrestled with the Angel."

Owing to racial descent, primitive traditions, and modern cultural advancement, this sharp division between the East and the West is nonexistent in Malabar. A disadvantage, however, is that the Christians of Malabar were too much influenced by Western Protestants. As a consequence the difficulty of conversion, there, is more akin to that in Western countries than in the Near East.

It would be unwise to overlook at this point the fact that there are a few Syrio-Malabar Jacobites who are imbued with the schismatic traditions of Antioch. But on examining these, one inevitably comes to the surprising conclusion that these traditions, owing to their very antiquity, are essentially Catholic. Consequently the easiest way of winning these Syrian Schismatics to the Catholic faith, has been by simply exhorting them to follow the injunctions of the Apostle: "Therefore, brethren, stand fast; and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether by word, or by our epistle." It is mostly through this method that Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilos win the sympathy of their separated brethren to the Church of Rome. For, the Jacobites acknowledge a visible hierarchical Church, and their ecclesiastical

books admit that St. Peter has a real Primacy of Jurisdiction over the other Apostles and over the whole Church. Peter is to them the bedrock of the edifice, the sole bearer of the keys, the confirmer, teacher and ruler of the other Apostles. Moreover, they are not at all reluctant to confess that St. Peter was the Bishop of Rome, when he met with his glorious death there. They even go so far as to admit the second of the so-called Nicene Canons, which says: "The Ecumenical Council has decreed that in the whole world there should be four Patriarchs, . . . whose head shall be the Roman Patriarch, according to what has been established by the Apostles in their constitutions." From all these admissions, it has been easily proved by the Catholic prelates and their missionaries that the present position of the Jacobites is schismatical, and consequently stands in need of immediate rectification.

One of the greatest difficulties that confronted the Malabar Jacobites as a body, in the year 1930, was whether Rome would be willing to sanction the use of their time-honored rites and liturgy after their reception into the Catholic Church. As has been seen the Holy See fully complied with their request, and has, furthermore, established a hierarchy as well as an ecclesiastical province for their Rite, choosing Trivandrum and Tiruvella as the Sees of the Metropolitan Archbishop and suffragan Bishop respectively. Moreover the Holy Father was pleased to invest the Archbishop with the sacred pallium on the occasion of his visit to Rome in 1932.

And so the future of the Catholic Reunion Movement in Malabar shows steady increase. As these lines are written, there are two rival groups of metropolitans and ecclesiastical trustees, ready to go to the Hindu secular courts, each praying for a favorable verdict as to the legality of their own stand. One litigation naturally leads to another, and any thoughtful Jacobite can readily understand that no peace is possible for them unless they turn to the Mother Church, under the Chief Patriarch, who is in Rome, the legitimate successor of St. Peter, who is the infallible head of the visible Church, the sole bearer of the keys, the confirmer, teacher, and ruler also of the other Apostles.

K. E. Job.

Nova et Vetera

Sane Supernaturalism

Miracles have been defined in various ways. A useful definition which both you and I could accept is the definition which I have found in the Oxford Dictionary. According to this dictionary a miracle is "a marvellous event due to supernatural agency."

It is clear that within the limits of this book we can only profitably discuss the issue between the theists and the atheists, between those who believe in the spirit world and those who do not. It would therefore be beside the point to discuss whether the miracles at Lourdes are, or are not, evidence of the particular truths of Catholicism. They certainly provide irrefutable evidence in support of the existence of a spirit world. Similarly you will not expect me to discuss whether a particular miracle, such as the Hindoo miracles which you name, are the work of evil or of good spirits. The only case which I am trying to establish in this book is that spirits both good and bad exist, and from time to time modify the effects of natural law.

While we are on this subject you may perhaps be able to explain why it should still be considered a sign of enlightenment to reject with contemptuous disdain the possibility that evil spirits may exist. In that very unenlightened age, the post-Darwinian period, a familiar argument against the deity of Christ, an argument which betrays its origin by begging the question at issue, was as follows. Christ believed in evil spirits. No intelligent person believes in evil spirits. Therefore Christ could not have been God. Even to-day there are Christians who are so infected by the snobbery of intelligentsia that though they are prepared to believe in the existence of good spirits, they are not prepared to believe, as Christ believed, in the existence of a personal tempter and in the existence of evil spirits. Here as in other matters, it is the Modernist whose judgments are influenced by fashion and by emotion, and the orthodox Christian who is the true scientist. If there be a single valid *a priori* argument against the possibility that evil spirits may exist, I have yet to hear it. This is a question which can be decided by evidence alone, and the verdict could not be in doubt. Every age and every country has contributed to the stream of evidence for the existence of a spirit world. I have just been reading an account of a comparatively recent case of diabolical possession in Alsace. I was most amused by the desperate straits to which people of your school of thought are reduced in their efforts to explain away these facts.

And this would seem to be the proper place to correct your odd misunderstanding of most of the Penny Catechism. Even if you reject the evidence for the existence of evil spirits and for the possibility that spiritualism may have dangerous results, you will, I suppose, agree that nobody is likely to receive much useful information from "Great Hawk," "Feda," or any other

alleged control. If so, you must concede that it is a hideous waste of time to "consult" "Great Hawk" or "Feda." If you admit this, you can hardly grumble because the Church forbids its children to "waste time on such like fooleries." You secularists are hard to please. I really should have thought that for once the Catholic Church and you would be in hearty agreement. For please note that the Church does not forbid scientific investigation of these phenomena. You have not taken the trouble to examine the Catholic document with sufficient care, and have failed to realize that the operative words in your quotation from the Penny Catechism are "consulting" and "trusting." The Church forbids "all dealing with the devil, superstitious practices such as consulting spirits and fortune tellers, and trusting to charms, omens, dreams and such like fooleries." A Catholic who could convince his Bishop that he possessed the necessary qualifications investigating these phenomena, that he was inspired solely by scientific curiosity, would have no great difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission. The Church which stands for sane supernaturalism which can be justified by reason, has always been the foe of irrational superstition. The decay of institutional religion is always followed by a recrudescence of superstition. This was the case in ancient Rome; it is the case in modern London. The results of fifty years of intensive propaganda by the Rationalists is a growing distrust of reason and a vast increase in the number of those who consult mediums and fortune tellers. The sort of people who refer contemptuously to Catholic superstition may be observed chasing round the bridge-table in search of lucky seats, and adorning their persons and their cars with charms, mascots "and such like fooleries."

To sum up: here is for your acceptance a single hypothesis which explains all miracles, the hypothesis that the spirit world exists, that miracles are produced through the agency of spirits, some of whom are good and some of whom are bad.

This hypothesis explains not only the miracles at Lourdes, but the miracles of spiritualism. These may be due to evil spirits, or to low-grade intelligences.

If we reject this single explanation, which covers all the facts, we are reduced to a series of miserable subterfuges. We have to explain one miracle by fraud, another by hallucination, another by malobservation, and finally we are reduced, as you are, to invoking psychology, that sure refuge for troubled atheists, in an attempt to discredit all human testimony. The flight from the supernatural in this, as in all else, involves a flight from reason, a flight which ends in complete scepticism of the power of human reason to arrive at a valid conclusion.

—From *Science and the Supernatural.* A Correspondence between ARNOLD LUNN and J. B. S. HALDANE (New York: Sheed & Ward, Inc.).

WANTED: A NEW IDEALISM

IT would be idle to love justice unless some one were thereby to get it. Nothing is more unreal than the supposed hatred of injustice which does nothing about it. In this case, as in all like cases, body and spirit are not two separate things, unrelated to one another. And yet to

state the appeal of justice in merely external terms, as we to-day so commonly do, is to invite and to ensure the futility of our planning. Men will not get justice unless men also love it and live it. We Americans have wasted infinities of time and energy in the attempt to make a just society without, at the same time, making the members of that society just persons. We have put our faith in arrangements rather than in ourselves. We have hoped that forces and causes and conditions would do for us what we ourselves have neglected to do. And in this attitude lies the very essence of our current materialism. To be a materialist is to think of men, to deal with them in external terms, as if they were "things." When we plan that men shall receive, shall get, shall enjoy, we are dominated by the passive, possessive ideas of the body. But as against this—or in addition to it—we must deal with ourselves and our fellows in the active, creative terms of the spirit. We, who are persons, must deal with our fellows as if they, too, were persons. In the proper sense of the term, we need a new idealism.

What, then, in the light of this illustration, is the valid distinction between the spirit and the body of a human being? I should say that a spirit is a man so viewed that we can admire or despise "him." A human body, on the other hand, is a man so viewed that words of praise and blame are, in relation to him, meaningless.

In the first case, we see a man in relation to some commitment, some undertaking, some obligation. And we measure his quality in relation to that enterprise, "Well done!" or "Badly done!"—these are our spiritual terms. The first expresses our admiration for a person who by the quality of his living has made us proud of human nature. The second expresses our contempt for action which is unworthy of humankind, which falls beneath the demands which we make upon ourselves. In a word, the spiritual view is one which sees men, and appraises them, as having something to do and something to be. A spirit is a man seen in relation to his commitments.

And by contrast with this, a man who is viewed without regard to admiration and contempt, who is interpreted in ways for which these attitudes have no meaning, is, for us a body. All the sciences—we have learned in the last three hundred years—can study what a man is. But they do not find him to be either admirable or contemptible. They all alike find him to be bodily in nature. There is a physics of human action, and a chemistry of it as well. The processes of human living are known by the physiologist, and by the psychologist who seeks ever closer affiliation with his fellow scientists. And to all of these alike the exclusion, from their description, of terms of praise and blame has become a primary demand. They seek, as they say, not to assess but to understand. Their method of understanding is very deliberately, not spiritual but material. And, on that basis, clarity of thinking requires of them that they avoid the confusions which ensue when ideas which are not relevant to an inquiry are thrust into it. All our sciences have therefore engaged in the desperate and difficult endeavor of doing one kind of thinking at a time. That thinking is not inner: it is outer. They do not assess: they describe. And their re-

sults are such, and only such, as that type of inquiry can give. May I remark in passing that, paradoxical as it may seem the creation of these sciences is perhaps the greatest spiritual achievement of the modern Western world? In them, the human spirit has, by high intellectual endeavor, interpreted itself and its world in identical terms, in the terms of the body, in terms alien to its own inner nature. For external purposes it has magnificently misinterpreted itself.

When one examines the separation of spirit and body which we have just made, it appears that the view of the self as spirit rests upon a characteristic "figure of speech." It pictures a man as an artist or as a workman. We human beings are represented as fashioning, as working upon, materials. Just as an artist uses his color or line of stone or wood or word to make it express the meaning which is within him, so must each one of us deal with the "things" which are at his disposal. We have arms and legs, heart and brain, ready at hand. Family and country are ours, furnished by the social order in which we are born and nurtured. So, too, as our organism is played upon and responds to the environment which surrounds it, there come upon us, without our active seeking of them, desires, fears, passions, interests, yearnings, withdrawals. These are the available materials of our spiritual activity. And we, as human beings, have the task of using these for human purposes. Out of them we are to make good individual living. By means of them we must fashion an excellent human society of which men need not be ashamed. In a word, we have something to do in and with this human world of ours. And, on the inner side, our activities are shot through with demands, with commitments, in terms of which our work is judged. In this realm, as artists, as workmen, we win admiration and contempt. Here men are spirits, active and creative, fashioning life to be as they think it ought to be.

Now I am quite aware that the figure of speech here used is not free from difficulties. Throughout the ages that figure has involved men in the paradoxes and dilemmas concerning Mind and Body, Freedom and Fate, Values and Facts. A human being who interprets himself in two sets of terms so alien to each other could hardly expect to escape dilemma. To think of oneself as "material" to be fashioned and used by one's own creative "self" is not a simple idea. And yet neither of these sets of terms can be given up. Man is—for the sciences—a body. He is—for Socrates and Jesus—a spirit. He is, for human purposes, both of these.

—From *What Does America Mean?* By ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc.).

THE TOURIST IN RUSSIA

PROPERLY to see Russia one must not be a tourist. One must know the language, move about alone and dispense with the questionable blessing of State guides. With these the traveller with any sense of history finds himself often at variance, for few historical events are recognizable once they have been doctored with Marxism and Expediency. The truth about the past, particularly that part of it that pertains to Tsarism, is so horrible that it really needs no addition. But the guides, whether instructed to do so

or because their imaginations are so vivid, are apt to disguise it with Soviet principles, and the poor tourist, courteously ready to see Red in reason, sees too much of it and a *contretemps* occurs. It is this determined falsification more than anything else that makes one react, perhaps too vigorously, against the present Soviet régime. This and the all too evident fact that the new State wrested so nobly and with such heroism from chaos during the Ten Days has developed merely into a new and more vigorous form of bourgeois bureaucracy. Looking for the New one is brought up rudely against the Old—garnished and prinked out in a new hat, of course, but recognizably the old. . . .

In a world rocking madly between Fascism and Communism the writer prefers the latter form of tyranny if the choice must be made. But it is a desolate alternative, for Communism in Russia is for one class of the community only and thus is hardly on bowing terms with Communism as defined in the dictionaries. But it is only on paper that there exist Communist States where the lion lies down with the lamb, the *kulak* with the proletarian. To suggest that making bedfellows of such opposing forces would bring about the desired Classless Society would be to proclaim one's self lamentably idealistic and humanitarian to the modern Russian whose aim is a mechanized rather than a humanized State.

It is a constant source of surprise to the tourist in Russia that in a country whose goal is admittedly that very Classless Society there should exist so many arbitrary grades and classes. These function within the mould of the State. Outside it, we are led to believe, stalks with the venom and vigor of St. George's Dragon, that bogy-man of modern Russia, the Class Enemy. Decrease as he may in numbers, his shadow does not grow less, for it lies upon every Soviet worker and spurs him on to bigger and better flights of industry. The Class Enemy appears to be a rationalized form of the legendary beasts of old. I am sorry to have missed him. . . .

One can have nothing but admiration for the courage and endurance of a nation bent upon reducing life to its material elements. But while one admires the qualities one need not be pledged to the end to which they move. Belief in the individual and the enlarging of human capacities rather than their curtailment precludes entirely any belief in a Mechanized State, no matter how well planned. Rationalization, carried to its logical conclusion, can mean nothing but death. By breaking a thing up into its component parts we do not find its whole; a dissected body tells us nothing of the life that gave it breath. But no traveller, certainly no tourist, would dare to deny that the Russian race, dark, unknown, potential, has within it the power to fuse those elements into an eternal pattern.

—From *Moscow Excursion*. By P. L. Travers (New York: Reynal & Hitchcock).

Foreign Periodicals

"Trafficking in Foreign Exchange"!

Ten years or so ago the unemployment figures in Germany had reached enormous proportions. Discontent was rife. The Government was in a quandary as to what measures could be taken in order to reduce the total. Money was needed, sorely needed. None was available for reducing unemployment. An intensive campaign was started. Persuasive circulars were sent to all heads of industries, great and small, landowners, mayors of towns and villages, urging them to raise funds locally, and find work for their unemployed. They responded, and the figures dropped somewhat, but were still inordinately high.

Then the Catholic hierarchy, Superiors of religious houses, colleges, schools and diocesan treasurers were approached, and the suggestion made to them that they should ask their foreign brethren and their respective mother-houses in other lands for loans to enable them to help the unemployed by giving work in the form of building churches and schools, and in enlarging and improving property, diocesan charities and institutions.

This suggestion from the Government was loyally and wholeheartedly followed. Many and generous were the loans received from Holland, Belgium, France, Italy, England and the United States. Not all the heads of the congregations approached had, at the time, money to spare. Not wishing to refuse their German *confrères*, they borrowed from banks, private families, old friends and neighbours. Some made loans without asking interest. The capital sum only was to be returned at the convenience of the German borrowers. Others asked a modest sum as quarterly interest.

Honesty and honour are at stake; and it is the honest and honourable return of this money, lent, that Germany will not allow. Those individuals who have repaid (obeying the dictates of their conscience), or have tried to do so, have been prosecuted in the courts; no explanation or extenuating circumstances being admitted. The delinquent is heavily fined and imprisoned—with no appeal! There are over 160 priests and nuns in prison; and the trial of the Bishop of Meissen, with its distressing scenes, is causing the greatest sorrow and anxiety throughout Catholic Germany.

Nor is all the dishonesty of the Nazi oppressors quite laid bare until one mentions the shameful duplicity enacted by the Government in protecting their financial expert —and tool—i. e., one "Hofius" by name ("Judas" would be more appropriate), who was director of the Universum Bank at Münster, in Westphalia, and who was particularly recommended by the Government to the congregations as the most capable agent to effect these foreign loans. This man is safely and comfortably established in Holland. No objection whatever was made when he left Germany, with

well-lined pockets and an excellent banking account. He had left behind in the hands of the Government all the papers relating to the ecclesiastical loans.

Having practically broken opposition in the Lutheran Church, and despoiled and exiled many Jews (guilty only of their race and faith), the Reich has now turned attention to the Catholic Church throughout this most unhappy land. We pray incessantly for better days, for the return of our lost freedom. Our women are wonderful, serene and courageous, teaching the catechism to the children—their own and the villagers'—gathered r o u n d the hearth. They are guarding the light of faith till it shines still brighter in our steadfast hearts and German homes. During the month of October the Rosary was said each evening in all the surrounding villages. I admit without shame that as many tears fell sometimes as "Hail Marys" were said—our hearts are so full.

Life is very difficult, not to say hard, these days, especially in non-Catholic districts. We are as pariahs—people to beware of, outsiders, trouble-seekers—because we are Catholics, and *won't* compromise when there is question of our faith. All the State-owned and, a l a s ! muzzled newspapers cry shame on our Bishops and priests, charging them with being disloyal Germans, traitors, cheating the Fatherland and needy workers by sending money out of the country to enrich foreigners.

The accounts published in the Nazi press of the various trials of religious are unjust and malignant in the extreme. No one wants to hear the true version from us. We are dangerous people to associate with, enemies of the Reich and of the Kultur Kampf's ideals, and therefore deserving of persecution, punishment, and, if possible, suppression!

—A Letter from a German Catholic Layman in *The Tablet* (London), November 30, 1935.

A New Charter of Peace

Exponents of the policy of sanctions have defended it frequently by a very pessimistic argument. The League, they say, is nearly sure to die in any case, but impunity for the action of Italy in Abyssinia would certainly kill it. There is surely a way out between these gloomy and scarcely distinguishable alternatives. It is that an attempt should be made to reconstitute the League, which has sorely needed reconstruction ever since America abandoned it in its infancy, and to do so first of all on a European basis. A European League—with the exclusion of Russia, which is in the present body for no good purpose and ought to have its hands full elsewhere, and of the other non-European powers whose membership is of little present consequences would be the best foundation both for the settlement of the colonial problem and for an ultimate intercontinental League of World States. To such a European League, either by a system of mandates or some similar arrangement, could be entrusted the supervision of all European colonial territories in Africa. The present mandates system, founded as it is on the spoliation of Germany, is unjust at its roots, however admirable may be the machinery and the technique it has created, and it still leaves openings for one-sided exploitation. The same machinery and technique, re-

formed and strengthened, could well be used to give a new charter of peace, order and progress to the whole of Africa and to guarantee to all European peoples an equal opportunity, no longer for a primitive and un-Christian scramble in pursuit of illusory gains, but for healthy and well-regulated expansion.

It is recognised, in theory at least, that the first condition for any lasting success in the task of civilising Africa is protection for the native peoples. A European authority, disposing of the best expert advice, could carry to complete fruition the policy of assistance to native self-development adopted by Lyautey and more and more favoured by the British colonial administration. It might go far to solve the problem always so menacing to the Union of South Africa, that of dealing with the surplus native population. Internal migration and the settlement of homogeneous native groups in territories less suitable to white men, but capable of exploitation, under guidance, by native industry, would probably help very much to allay the present growing discontents. There are large areas in Central Africa which, with modern sanitation, transport, and agricultural methods, could maintain enormously greater Negro populations than they now hold. But the first item in any such policy must be "Africa for the Africans under the trusteeship of civilised Europe."

No doubt the difficulties of such proposals as these are enormously great—not in the sense that the proposals would be hard to work, but that it would be far from easy to get them adopted. There is the double danger that the democratic governments of Britain and France will be too fearful of the selfish instincts of their electorates to consider loosening their grip on what they have, and that the dictatorial governments of Germany and Italy may look on concessions in the colonial sphere as useless unless given the right to new territories in the old absolute imperial sense. Such an attitude as this last would of course mean an increase rather than a diminution in the danger of an ultimate European war, in which the "Herrenvolk" and the heirs of the Roman Empire would use their expanded powers to their own and everybody else's destruction. The facts themselves are not unlikely to overcome the first of the difficulties mentioned. All depends on whether any statesman or organisation will undertake the task of bringing home to the electorates of France and England the certain fact that their only real safety from the horrors of war is in a generous policy of European solidarity. In recent months Catholic voices have been raised in both countries to plead for a Christian foreign policy. Here is a case where courageous acceptance of Christian principles and the abandonment of legalist hypocrisies is certain to bring not only a spiritual but a material reward. The second difficulty is largely a matter of approach. Any offer of colonial co-operation should be accompanied by provisions which will insure joint European control and rule out national aggrandisement, and which will require those participating in the enormous benefits of such a scheme to abandon racial persecution as an instrument of their internal policy. This last provision might cause some outcry, but the inducements would be strong enough to secure its ultimate acceptance.

A policy of European solidarity, founded on colonial co-operation and aiming at the substitution of peaceful cultural emulation for economic and national-imperial rivalry, is one whose defect is not that it is impracticable but that it is founded on good hope. At Versailles the greatest evil was done by compromise between the false idealism of Wilson and the cynicism of Clemenceau. Either real international idealism or a clear-headed policy of definitely undoing Bismarck's work might have given better results than the pharasaical and futile mixture which still provides Leagues of Nations Societies with the mockery of a reason for their attenuated existence. Men are at last beginning to see that not world-abstractions but European realities are the material for the thought and action of Europeans.

—MICHAEL TIERNEY, in *Studies* (Dublin), December, 1935.

Recent Events

Death of Paulist Missionary

The Rev. Robert A. Skinner, C.S.P., died in Washington, D. C., after a brief illness, on December 29, 1935. He had been assistant Master of Students and professor of moral theology for the Paulist students for the past two years, and he had also conducted the classes in homiletics at the Apostolic Mission House, Catholic University. Father Skinner had been a devoted missionary in the South for many years. He was rector of St. Paul's College, the major seminary of the Paulist Fathers, 1913-1919, and was novice master for another period of six years beginning in 1922. He was appointed pastor of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle in New York in the fall of 1931, but asked to be relieved a year later to take up missions in the South once more.

Father Skinner was born in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., fifty-seven years ago. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1906 and during the three decades of his priestly life gave always and everywhere an example of true holiness and zeal to the edification of all who were privileged to know him or who came under his influence.

May his soul rest in peace!

Encyclical on the Catholic Priesthood

Early in the New Year the Holy Father, replying to the greetings of the Sacred College and the prelates of Rome, expressed the sadness he felt at the dangers which threatened the peace of the world, and his sorrow because of the atheism and irreligion so widespread at the present day. He referred obviously, but without mentioning their names, to Russia and Mexico. However, the Supreme Pontiff was happy to point out that "nowhere has the spirit of darkness succeeded in extinguishing the light." One of his joyful preoccupations, he said, was the priesthood and the priestly life, and he took this occasion to present to the Cardinals copies of the Encyclical *"De Sacerdotio Catholico"* which had been issued on December 20, 1935.

The Holy Father said he regarded this Encyclical as completing the work of his previous ones dealing with fundamental problems, because the priesthood touches life in all its important activities. Great emphasis was laid on the need of scholarship and learning among the clergy, graced by the culture usual among the well-bred and well-educated people of the present day. The priest, he said, must be as heartily modern as is the Church, which is at home at all times, and in all places and welcomes all, which blesses and furthers healthy initiative and has no fear of progress, even the most daring progress of science, so only it be true science.

His Holiness insisted that opportunities for research must be given the more promising among the younger clergy, and all must attain at least a standard of learning and culture which will correspond generally with the higher level and

wider scope which modern education has attained in comparison with past ages.

The Pope decried mechanical and unctuous piety and he stressed the need for solid conviction and real well-doing rather than "that shallow and superficial piety which attracts but does not nourish, which is busy but does no solid good." The basic concept maintained in the Encyclical cuts sharply across any idea of limiting the priest's function to some vague form of social "uplift" or some satisfaction of religious emotion by psychological skill. The priest is essentially concerned with God. He is the mediator between God and mankind. He is a "continuation of Christ," and as such must bring the people to God and God to the people. He must offer to God the corporate worship of society as society has the duty of public thanksgiving, praise, atonement and prayer.

The "ministry of the word" is declared to be both a duty and a right which no human power can forbid. The reference here would seem to be to attempts of certain countries to curtail the priest's freedom of speech in sermons. This ministry of the word is conceived to be for the evident good of nations.

"A true priest cannot but make for moral education, for social concord and for peaceful development of peoples. In the (present) clash of selfish interest and unleashed hate and dark plans for revenge, nothing could be more powerful to heal and loudly proclaim the new commandment of Christ."

The Encyclical places great stress upon the training of the clergy. Bishops are urged to consider no positions in the diocese so important as those of superior, professor or spiritual director in a seminary. Unsuitable candidates are to be promptly dismissed, and the language here is stern: "Do not fear to seem too severe if you demand beforehand positive proofs" of a true vocation.

Throughout the Encyclical there is constant insistence upon the personal holiness of the priest. The Pope exhorts the clergy to disinterestedness and detachment from worldly things, a tender compassion toward the unfortunate which transforms the priest into a true father of the poor, and a burning zeal at the sight of "so many pitiable masses of men, not only in the far-away mission fields, but even in countries which have been Christian for centuries, 'lying like sheep without a shepherd.'" The spirit of discipline and obedience is stressed, "and thus make the Church Militant," says His Holiness, "truly terrifying to the enemies of God, 'as an army drawn up.'"

In the concluding paragraphs the Holy Father speaks with great feeling of true Catholic homes where priestly vocations are fostered. It closes with an announcement of a new Votive Mass of "The High and Eternal Priesthood of Jesus Christ," the text of which is published with the Encyclical. This Mass may be celebrated on Thursdays when the rubrics permit, and the Holy Father said he wished it to be a permanent reminder and glorification of the priesthood.

Paul Bourget Dies in Paris

At the age of eighty-three Paul Bourget, French Catholic novelist and member of the French Academy since 1894, died on Christmas

Eve. He was justly considered the greatest French novelist of his time. He was visited during his last illness by His Eminence, Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, who also presided at the funeral service which was held in the Church of St. Francis Xavier.

Paul Bourget wrote more than seventy books during his long career, novels, essays, poetry, the first volume of his poems appearing in 1872. About ten years later his *Essays on Contemporary Psychology* appeared, and a second volume in 1885. These latter works displayed the analytical powers later so clearly shown in his novels. His first story was written in 1883. Six years later appeared *Le Disciple* which marked a decided change in the author's point of view. Bourget had been baptized a Catholic, but his youth and early manhood had been tainted with agnosticism and materialism. Ten years after the appearance of *Le Disciple* he declared his unqualified acceptance of Catholic teaching and proceeded to revise some of his earlier writings. In 1904 appeared his *Un Divorce* which is a defense of the Catholic point of view on this important subject.

M. Bourget made one visit to America in 1893 and he described that visit in a volume entitled *Outre Mer*. His visits to England resulted in the writing of *Etudes et Portraits*. Among his later works is *Le Démon de Midi*, a valuable historical document and one of his most popular novels. THE CATHOLIC WORLD a year ago (February, 1935, p. 554), contained a study of the novels of this distinguished writer.

He was buried according to his own request, without any of the pomp to which he was entitled as an Academician and a wearer of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, "in simplicity and religion." May his soul rest in peace!

AGRICULTURAL ADJUSTMENT ACT DECLARED UNCONSTITUTIONAL

BY a 6-3 vote the Supreme Court of the United States, on January 6th, declared the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1933 unconstitutional. It was the fifth time that the highest court had ruled against the New Deal. The majority decision held that "the act invades the reserved rights of the States. It is a statutory plan to regulate and control agricultural production, a matter beyond the powers delegated to the Federal government. The tax, the appropriation of the funds raised, and the direction for their disbursement, are but parts of the plan. They are but means to an unconstitutional end." In effect it was a ruling that the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution must not be interpreted as a permission for Congress to enact legislation assessing the many for the benefit of the few. The processing taxes on industry included in the A.A.A. were in question.

The decision came on the day the President's message to Congress was read. It affected adversely some of the major items in the Federal Budget mentioned by the President, for it leaves the Government pledged to pay over six hundred million dollars in benefits to farmers and, on the other hand, deprives the Treasury of about that same amount in expected revenue.

The majority opinion was read by Justice Owen J. Roberts, young-

est man on the Bench. Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Van Devanter, McReynolds, Sutherland and Butler concurred. A strong minority opinion was read by Justice Harlan F. Stone, with Justices Cardozo and Brandeis concurring.

The day following the decision farm leaders from every section of the United States were called to Washington by Secretary Wallace for a week-end conference, to try to devise an agricultural program as a substitute for the A.A.A. Up to the present writing Congress has taken no action on any definite measure. Several suggestions have been made looking toward a possible amendment of the Constitution. In this regard we call attention to the plan outlined in these notes last month, drawn up by a representative group of Catholic economists.

Mexican Bishops' Pastoral

In the middle of January a pastoral letter signed by Archbishop Pascual Diaz, eight other archbishops and thirty bishops, was issued to all the churches of Mexico, to be read on Sunday, January 19th. It was an open defiance of the socialist education policy of the Revolutionary Government which had been made compulsory in December, 1934.

The letter laid down certain fundamental principles regarding Socialism: "No Catholic can be a Socialist," the bishops said, "understanding by Socialism the philosophic, economic or social system which in one form or another does not recognize the rights of God and the Church nor the natural right of every man to possess the goods he has acquired by his work or inherited legitimately, or which foments hatred and the unjust struggle of classes." Furthermore, they said, Catholics could not, therefore, study or teach socialism, or approve socialistic education or pedagogic naturalism or sexual education. Parents are forbidden to enroll their children in any academy or school which teaches socialism; they are most gravely obliged to teach their children or have them taught religion. Older children who govern their own actions are forbidden to attend socialistic schools. As for teachers, they may teach in academies and schools as long as they are not obliged to pledge themselves in writing to accept socialistic education or to teach errors. Priests are exhorted to make use of all possible Catholic Action organizations to work for the education of children and youth, to establish centers of catechetical instruction, and to spread religious publications.

The bishops concluded the letter by saying that they knew the many years of laic instruction had produced a generation "impregnated with indifference toward religion," but they had confidence because "the Church has true life in itself and can transform our beloved country, and it will do so, with the blessing of God, if sincere and decided Catholics faithfully fulfill their duties and aid others to do so." They concluded with a prayer to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of Guadalupe, the Patroness of Mexico, "to illuminate those who have the grave responsibility of watching over the welfare of the nation, so that, leaving the path of error which leads only to degradation and misery, they may give the true guarantees and liberties which we

need to achieve the peace, tranquillity, culture and prosperity of our beloved country."

George V., King of England

On January 20th, George V., King of England, died at his own residence, Sandringham House in Norfolk, at the age of seventy-one, and the world mourned the passing of a good man. The wording of President Roosevelt's message of condolence to the Dowager Queen Mary expressed the very general opinion of the late King's character. The President said: "Mrs. Roosevelt and I extend to Your Majesty and to the members of your family our heartfelt sympathy and join you in mourning the loss of one whose high qualities of kindness and wisdom have been so powerful an influence for universal peace and justice."

George Frederich Ernest Albert, second son of Edward VII., who was then the Prince of Wales, was born at Marlborough House, June 3, 1865. His older brother, the Duke of Clarence, died in 1892 and thus he became heir to the throne; he was created Duke of York, Earl of Inverness and Baron Killarney. The following year he married Princess Mary of Teck who had been engaged to his brother. The royal couple made a trip around the world in 1901 and would have visited the United States, but President McKinley was assassinated while they were in Canada.

King Edward VII. died, May 6, 1910, and George V. succeeded to the throne. Early in his reign he visited India, the first English monarch ever to do so. When the World War threatened he appealed personally to his cousins, the Kaiser and the Czar to avert hostilities. Three times he visited the war zones during the long struggle. He renounced his German titles and decreed that the English dynasty should be known henceforth, not as the House of Saxe-Coburg, but as the House of Windsor. George V. reigned twenty-six years. His one surviving sister is Queen Maud, wife of King Haakon of Norway. His eldest son who is forty-one becomes King Edward VIII.

Pope Pius XI., who had received King George and Queen Mary in the Vatican in 1922, sent the following message to the new King: "Deeply distressed at the news of the death of His Majesty King George V., We hasten to offer to your Majesty Our heartfelt sympathy and assurance of our prayers, especially that God may console you and Her Majesty the Queen Mother, the royal family and the entire nation in the loss which you have suffered."

In this spiritual message The Catholic World joins sincerely.

Our Contributors

ORIGINALLY intended for inclusion in his *Will to Freedom* recently published by Sheed & Ward, Ross J. S. HOFFMAN'S "Catholics and the Modern State" was withheld in order to preserve the purely traditionalist appeal of that book. We welcome the chance to give it to our readers as we consider it of extreme importance, because of its strongly constructive character. Its author is fulfilling the great expectations his earlier work aroused, and is rapidly becoming recognized as an historian with a definite contribution to make to modern thought.

THERE may be a difference of opinion about MARY IRENE WOODRUFF'S "Paris Assignment," the first prose contribution we have had from her, but it is sometimes well to stimulate rather than to soothe. The author is a graduate of the College of Practical Arts and Letters of Boston University with a B.S. degree, a teacher by profession and a writer by inclination.

A NEW contributor with a background of culture and travel which fits him well to interpret "The Ways of France," LEONID I. STRAKHOVSKY, B.LITT., D.HIST.SC., is at present Professor of Modern History at the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University in Washington. Born in Russia, he made special studies at the Universities of Petrograd, Louvain and Georgetown. In 1930 Belgium bestowed on him the Order of Leopold II. for promoting cultural relations between that country and the United States, while achievements in the history of Europe won for him the Order of the Crown of Roumania in 1935. He is the author of *L'Empereur Nicholas I. et l'esprit national russe*, and of many articles in our historical reviews.

WE meet JOHN MOODY in a new guise this month, though he tells us that "There Must Be a Kink in Him" is almost a "true story," dialogue, personalities and incidents all having come within his own experience or that of his friends. Mr. Moody's *Long Road Home*, now issued in a cheaper edition, continues to sell well and, we have no doubt, to start many on that delectable road.

PROFESSOR of English these many years at Holy Cross College and now its Vice-President also, MICHAEL EARLS, S.J. ("Three Poets in a Golden Clime"), is one of the most widely known and well loved of our Catholic educators and authors. Through generous patrons, Father Earls founded The Louise Imogen Guiney Memorial Room in the library of Holy Cross, a treasure house of the life and works of that fine poet. Father Earls' latest book, *Manuscripts and Memories*, portions of which first appeared in these pages, has recently been published by The Bruce Publishing Co.

KATHERINE BURTON ("The Rose of all the Hawthornes"), whose lively "Woman to Woman" page in *The Sign* provokes both interest and

controversy, as such pages should, has a versatile pen turned now to a subject of compelling appeal. Mrs. Burton contributes prose and poetry to many current periodicals, Catholic and secular.

HAVING introduced himself to CATHOLIC WORLD readers in the August, 1934, number with "Marco Polo's Predecessors," REV. MARION A. HABIG, O.F.M., gives us now "Successors of Marco Polo" and incidentally tells us something about the famous Venetian as well. The fifteenth number of *Franciscan Studies* contains Father Habig's monograph on the Third Order, "Catholic Leadership toward Social Progress."

WITH "A Small Bell Ringing," DOUGLAS NEWTON appears for the first time in these pages, but he is well known in this country. He is leader and special feature writer for many English newspapers and as Special Correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* and *The New York Times*, he followed President Wilson on his English tour and accompanied King Edward VIII., then Prince of Wales, on his first visit to Canada and the United States. He is the author of some twenty or more books, mostly novels, and of numbers of short stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Harper's*, the *Pictorial Review*, *The Month*, *The Sign*, etc.

ANOTHER Englishman, though he is of Irish Catholic parentage, new to our pages is J. J. DWYER ("A French Catholic Among Victorians"), Hon. Secretary of the Lingard Society since 1922 and from 1928 to 1932 regular commentator on current French Church affairs for the London *Tablet*. Mr. Dwyer's special historical interest is the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Era and the Eighteenth Century. He has written for *The Ecclesiastical Review* as well as for many English magazines.

DURING her recent visit to Europe, Katherine Brégy had the great pleasure of spending a few "unforgettable days" with that "dear and mellow soul" WILFRID MEYNELL in his Sussex home. When she came back she brought with her his poem "Transubstantiation" which we are happy to offer to our readers. Among the unpublished poems found in JOHN JEROME ROONEY'S papers was "Sorrows" which Mrs. Rooney sent quite naturally to us, as her husband had written for us from time to time through many years. One of our most successful poets, THEODORE MAYNARD, has just published through Longmans, Green & Co., his ninth collection of verse, *Man and Beast*, in the pages of which will be found "This Mysterious Music." The beautiful statue of Our Lord, the highest in the world, at Santa Maria, Cassells, Colo., gave one of our younger poets, MARGERY CANNON, the inspiration for her present poem, "To the Statue of Christ of the Rockies." Miss Cannon is at present teaching at the Academy of the Sacred Heart in Washington, having come to that city to study at the Catholic University. EDITH (MRS. GEORGE H.) TATUM, who divides her time between the South and the far West, writes charmingly of "Black Mammy"; her work appears frequently in *Good Housekeeping* as well as in our pages.

New Books

The History of Western Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes.—Saint Among Savages. By Francis Talbot, S.J.—Labor in Modern Industrial Society. By Norman J. Ware.—The Lords of Creation. By Frederick Lewis Allen.—George Washington. By Michael de la Bedoyère.—Oliver Goldsmith. By Stephen Gwynn.—The Columbia Encyclopedia. Editor-in-Chief, Clarke F. Ansley.—Charles I. and the Court of Rome. By Gordon Albion, D.Sc.Hist. (Louvain).—The Catholic Eastern Churches. By Donald Attwater.—Shorter Notices.

The History of Western Civilization. By Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 2 vols. $10.00.

While intended primarily as a textbook for American students of the History of Civilization and as a general introduction to the Social Sciences, this work possesses additional qualifications of form and flavor which will make it, without doubt, palatable to a much wider circle of readers.

Few will want to question the author's knowledge of the long procession of facts surveyed in his work or to check up on the group of over sixty eminent specialists in their respective fields whose help he secured in order to assure his work a reasonable degree of inerrancy. But besides the facts which could not but be what they are, Dr. Barnes naturally wanted to give also his judgment of what the facts ought or ought not to have been, of what he anticipates or hopes they will eventually be. He has a definite creed which tells him that his rigorous scientific thinking and devout human wishing in matters anthropological and cultural are not arbitrary and gratuitous but necessary and predetermined by the laws of nature as interpreted in recent years through the social sciences. One may rightly wonder if, *e. g.*, any alchemist of the fifteenth century could ever have believed more firmly that his science held the secret of the philosopher's stone and of the elixir of life than Dr. Barnes believes that the new social sciences hold the only safe and sane clue to the world's progress. Yet many an alchemist grew old without ever reaching the point where he might have admitted or suspected the presence of a lunatic fringe surrounding his science.

Dr. Barnes is quite anxious that his readers should accept as up-to-date and scientific such views as, *e. g.*, "man has been demonstrated to be a special biochemical entity,—a 'colloidal aggregate.' There seems to be nothing about human life or behavior that is not susceptible to explanation according to naturalistic laws and principles" (II. 659). ". . . The older idea that there is a definite time limit set to the existence of the Earth and man, which will be terminated with a Day of Judgment, is now seen to possess no substantial foundation." . . . "The dualistic cosmic philosophy, . . . which found the ultimate meaning

of the cosmos to lie in an all-inclusive struggle between good and evil, scarcely seems plausible in the light of modern knowledge" (II. 1052). "The evolutionary perspective and nineteenth-century natural and social science . . . enabled us to know just what man is, what will make him happiest, and how to advance his well-being. These forward steps in our knowledge also emphasized the fact that life here on earth is the only life to which man may confidently look forward . . ." (II. 663). "However satisfactorily economic problems may be solved, unless we devote proper attention to the fine arts we can never arise beyond the level of comfortable animals" (II. 1069).

Dr. Barnes also wants it understood that nothing is so much a hindrance to true progress as *"religion,"* the belief in the supernatural, the acceptance of certain truths as Divinely revealed (and in consequence as exclusive and intolerant of error). Humanity, therefore, he insists, should rid itself of supernatural religion as the most powerful of archaic influences which produce or constitute "cultural lag" (II. 1104). He gives some praise to the medieval Church for its "far greater appreciation of social service and responsibility than is to be found in modern 'price economics' and the 'theory of business enterprise' " (I. 681). But on the whole the Church fares poorly at his hands in comparison with non-Christian attempts at building civilization. Greek paganism, Dr. Barnes believes, was superior in this, that it knew little of "asceticism" and "morbid introspection" and in that its "freedom from the pangs of conscience promoted freedom in conduct and thought" (I. 239). Rome did decline and fall in a way; but Dr. Barnes is certain it was not because of its "immorality." Islam had the great advantage over Christianity that it was never burdened with an "organized priesthood or ecclesiastical organization" (I. 521). The fact that Christianity prevailed over the religions which preceded it is explained partly by motives which rise from below, the "suppressed envy" of the masses, "or what is sometimes called 'the sentiment of the invidious' " (I. 365). The fact that Christianity maintained itself against hostile forces is explained partly by its ruthlessness and savage atrocities in which, Dr. Barnes assures us, it has never been matched by Romans, Huns, Moslems, or Mongols (I. 711 and 535).

As one of his explanations of the Church's remarkable disciplinary powers the author serves up this information borrowed from Henry C. Lea, "a leading historian of the mediæval church": ". . . 'the most efficient instrument' among the 'inexhaustible resources of psychic intimidation' which the church possessed . . . 'was its control over the sacrifice of the altar [sacrament of the mass]' . . . Human history, so fruitful of paradoxes, scarce offers an example more notable of the perversion of good into evil" (I. 691).

In his ultimate outlook for civilization the author, in spite of all his buoyant self-assurance, is not overoptimistic. It seems so unreasonable to him that apparently good thinkers do not want to be up-to-date liberals. Perhaps it is because of a "shift" of interest. "There is no reason to think," the author admits, "that Augustine was less gifted mentally than eminent pagan thinkers. He was merely interested in different issues and other sub-

ject matter" (I. 347). And these issues and the views regarding them have proved constant and unyielding ever since, so that in consequence, to quote the author once more, "from St. Augustine and Cardinal Bellarmine to Father Sheen and Father Gillis in our own day, the intolerance of Catholicism has been defended as the intolerance sprung of the possession of divine truth" (II. 169).

Dr. Barnes is by nature or choice a partisan of modern materialism. As such he claims to have written an impartial straightforward history and to have dealt fairly with honest dissenters. In proof of his claim he points to extensive bibliographies, "Suggested Readings" and "Further References," which have been appended to each chapter and which will supply information regarding views divergent from and contradictory of his own teaching.

The two volumes are exceptionally free from printer's errors. In Vol. I., plate facing page 804, THE CATHOLIC WORLD is credited with having supplied a portrait of St. Thomas Aquinas, a recognition intended probably for *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. The same plate ascribes to Giotto not only a portrait of Dante but also one of Galileo and likewise a photograph of the latter's telescope! T. C. P.

Saint Among Savages. The Life of Isaac Jogues. By Francis Talbot, S.J. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.50.

After a scholar's preliminary ordeal, which included the sifting of huge masses of evidence and a pilgrimage over every foot of the sacrificial way of St. Isaac, Father Talbot proceeded to deal with his material in the manner of the modern poet-hagiographer, with a dramatist's sense of movement and proportion, incident and scene, suspense and climax. The result is a fine accomplishment.

He has resisted the temptation to take more from the rich historical background than he needed to make his hero intelligible. If he has gone to great pains to verify and reproduce his settings, it was not for their own sake, but for the verisimilitude they lent to his story; hence he makes startlingly real that adventurous little sixteenth century French world on the St. Lawrence, that more comfortable commercial Dutch world on the flats of Manhattan, and above all, that dark and dreadful world in the lake forests where vile savages as cruel as the demons they worshiped feasted on such things as decayed oysters and boiled human flesh. But it is the single glowing figure of "Ondessonk," as the Indians called him, that rises from the wide canvas to evoke our pity and admiring wonder: Jogues, cruelly beaten and slashed, starved, naked, the plaything of cold and heat, a festering body tormented by insects after his human torturers had tired of their sport; Jogues, never thinking of himself, crawling half-dead to console his comrades, loving even the enemies who yanked off his thumb and bit his fingers to the bone; Jogues, lifting his heart to God with a joy only Christians can fully understand when, after the labors of a modern St. Paul in the wilderness, he found himself in a little French town on Christmas morning in time to hear Mass; Jogues, dispensed to offer the Holy Sacrifice with his poor maimed and scarred hands, returning eagerly to the scene of his sufferings, to further torture and

certain death — Jogues, delineated by Father Talbot with objective strokes of cumulative power, is a figure so utterly steeped in the humility and charity of Christ that the reader becomes curiously aware of the supernatural, without having it forced upon his attention, without preachments or rhapsodies, until the very tragedy of Calvary seems again moving to its appointed close among the bloody Mohawks, even to the accusation that the friend of Christ wrought miracles by the devil's aid.

The index is unusually complete and accurate; the notes few and illuminating, including all material unlikely to interest the average reader; though the specialist may wish they had been indicated in the text. But it would be pedantic to hunt for peccadillos in the first complete biography of St. Isaac in English, and surely one of the best books of our time. W. T. W.

Labor in Modern Industrial Society. By Norman J. Ware. New York: D. C. Heath & Co. $3.48.

This comprehensive volume is perhaps more a description of the labor movement in the past than the presentation of a program of action for the future. A high percentage of the material is historical. Few individuals or groups that have shown interest in labor movements are overlooked.

A rather novel feature of the book is the fact that two chapters are devoted to "Problems of Labor as Consumer." Perhaps the most instructive of the twenty-three chapters is the one on Labor and the State. In it the author points out that the State has come to occupy an increasing place in economic life, a change that the liberals object to as coercive, but that the less privileged—the wage earners, the farmers, and the lower urban middle classes—welcome as somewhat in their favor. Interesting, too, are Professor Ware's chapters on Industrial Paternalism and Capitalism. Regarding the former, he says that the most important recent form taken by industrial paternalism is employee representation through the instrumentality of the "Company Union." Regarding the latter, he claims that in this country, at least, Capitalism has developed into an oligarchy of business men and bankers that leaves only a semblance of control in the hands of wage-earners, the stockholders and consumers. He questions whether such a system can continue to work. E. S.

The Lords of Creation. By Frederick Lewis Allen. New York: Harper & Bros. $3.00.

This important and valuable work is recommended without stint or qualification of any kind. It is the history of what has happened to the United States. Amid the babel of contending and confusing explanations there rises a dispassionate voice with no theories to advance and no prejudices to nurse. Mr. Allen writes the history of the American economy since the great change that came upon it at "the turn of the century," writes it not as a propagandist but in as historical a spirit and manner as if it had all happened a century ago. He has that supreme qualification for the true historian, the perfect sense of proportion in the use of his materials; and as a result the whole story becomes orderly, uniform, and proceeds from step to step with that inevitability of cause and effect

which, in national events, constitute drama.

He begins with a private dinner given on December 12, 1900, to a young man named Charles M. Schwab. It was "one of those events," he says, "which direct the destinies of a nation." Yet it was almost accidental. Some New York industrialists, visiting Pittsburgh, had been handsomely entertained by Schwab, and when he visited New York they returned the compliment. But one of the guests was J. Pierpont Morgan, and when Schwab made a speech to the diners explaining what could be done with steel if it were organized according to theories of his, Morgan got the idea from which proceeded those giant holding companies which revolutionized the American economy.

After that, advance succeeded advance, the speed increasing as the momentum grew, until in what Mr. Allen calls "the seven fat years"—1922 to 1929—pyramiding had its mad and dizzy career, ending in the crash; for pyramids are, he says, structures "built for fair weather," and "if a storm should come, they were in danger of outright bankruptcy." The pyramiding madness was the growth of the belief that profits can be made out of thin air, whereas they come "out of the consumer, or the worker, or the investor, or the future."

This is quoted not as the theme of the book, but as an illustration of Mr. Allen's historical method. In the witches' dance of "the seven fat years," as strange an aberration as any, was the skyscraper-building mania. American history is "the story of a gigantic land boom"; the frontier was now closed, but this could be defeated by pioneers moving up toward the skies instead of laterally on the land. Hence the wild over-production of skyscrapers; "they stand today where they were built, half-empty reminders of the fact that the speculative spirit of the 1920's saw its most dazzling future in raising the standard of living, not of the poor, but of the rich."

The author carries his history right down to 1935 and pauses only with the Supreme Court decision against the N.R.A. The so-called "Roosevelt revolution" was a revolution not in means but in attitude: It "involved a deliberate recognition of the end of *laissez faire*. For the first time in American history, the government definitely assumed responsibility for the functioning of the American economy." The Roosevelt measures "were not by any means revolutionary; this assumption was." C. W. T.

George Washington. By Michael de la Bedoyère. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.00.

Among the biographies of Washington this one will doubtless have a distinguished place. "The major facts about Washington are well established," says the preface, "but the same is not true of the interpretation." The author believes his own interpretation is new; it is certainly novel. He does a most admirable thing; approaches his subject as if he had never heard of him before and as if nobody else had, and examines this unknown Washington to see what he can find.

He finds no genius and no compeller of events, but a stubborn, resolute man with one idea and no detracting complexities of interest. This unswerving tenacity brought results which no one else could have

achieved. "He had had much luck," the author sums up, "but all that luck put together did not equal America's luck in having fought the War of Independence under the leadership of George Washington." His characteristics in any great emergency are always the same: "First the choice of the obvious, the orthodox plan; then hesitation and uncertainty in the face of circumstances far more complex than he had envisaged; next passionate rage, explosion through the contact between his immensely strong, simple will and those circumstances which not even his will could master; lastly immediate, vigorous, brilliant action the moment his intellect discerned the one practical choice."

For example, his victory in 1781 came from the failure, as usual, of "the obvious, the orthodox plan" on which his heart was set, an attack on New York with the aid of the French fleet. The fleet went to Virginia and threw him "into the greatest rage of his whole life." But "if the French fleet would not come to coöperate with him, he must hurry south to coöperate with it." He did, captured Cornwallis, and ended the war. His own plan would have resulted in his final defeat.

He is human, and personal interest unconsciously affects him. He envisions, for instance, profiting pecuniarily by building up an American empire in the West, a plan which British statesmanship perversely hampered; and his immovable doggedness is strengthened by the certainty that he will be hanged if he loses. Mr. de la Bedoyère's interpretations extend beyond Washington to the Revolution and its conduct, and are always his own.

C. W. T.

Oliver Goldsmith. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3.00.

Mr. Gwynn, remembered by a series of delightful biographies, demonstrates anew that to present a character with brilliance and understanding it is not necessary to call in fiction or the Freudian formula.

As the biographer follows this "very lovable man" through the ups and downs of a checkered life of forty-six years, he finds that Goldsmith suffered, and knew that he suffered, from "faults which are in reality the excess of rare and lovely virtues, though in a hard world, these faults carry penalties much more surely than the ugliest vices." The book is primarily concerned with Goldsmith the man, but it offers sound and interesting literary judgments on his limitations as a novelist, his bias toward gayety, the formative influence of French literature on his mind and style, and the musing emotion that constitutes the charm of his best poetry. Goldsmith, a marvel of industry, was the first great writer in England who lived entirely by his pen. Yet, in dire straits for food, he refused work that he considered unworthy, he spurned offers to sell his pen for political partisanship, he disdained to dedicate his books to rich and powerful patrons. Mr. Gwynn reminds us here that Goldsmith dedicated the first work published with his name—*The Traveller*—to a poor Irish clergyman, his beloved brother Henry.

Dr. Samuel Johnson called Goldsmith at his death "a very great man." This, explains the biographer, may imply that he had courage, independence, intellect—and Goldsmith possessed all three; but

what Johnson really meant was wisdom, moral wisdom. It is hard to forgive Macaulay's rather sniffish essay on a greater man and writer than himself, hard not to resent the bullyings and browbeatings of Goldsmith at the famous Club. We have to remember, however, that the "ugly duckling" has vanished, leaving us "the swan in full plumage, stately, harmonious, of whiteness unsullied," and to-day "accepted as one of the glories of Ireland." M. C. M.

The Columbia Encyclopedia. Compiled and edited at Columbia University. Clarke F. Ansley, Editor-in-Chief. New York: Columbia University Press. $17.50.

This compact encyclopedia,—the first serious, one-volume encyclopedia in English, we believe—will be a boon to all who make frequent use of books of reference. Very wisely, the editors confining themselves to their own territory, provide general rather than special information, avoid duplication, eliminate maps, illustrations and other extraneous features, and in border line issues, are at once conservative and reasonable. The book runs to five million words and includes over fifty thousand separate entries, that is, some five thousand more than the *Britannica*. The Preface informs us that in religion, "articles have been carefully inspected by Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish scholars." Although the editorial spirit is obviously painstaking and fair, yet a closer inspection would have revealed the necessity for further revision where sometimes an omission, and sometimes an interpolation, results either from the writer's lack of precise information, or from his religious prejudice. For example: Tetzel was guilty of heresy (*s. v.*, Tetzel). Tetzel sold indulgences (*s. v.*, Luther). The Reductions of Paraguay were "under the command of the missionaries, who profited from them" (*s. v.*, Paraguay). "In the seventeenth century religious life in Europe fell into a torpor" (*s. v.*, Monasticism). "Religious orders increased their dangerous power, which seemed to have a paralyzing effect on the country" (*s. v.*, Portugal). "The phrase 'for Thine is the kingdom' is usually omitted 'in versions from the Latin'" (*s. v.*, Lord's Prayer).

No doubt these slips will be gladly corrected in later editions. As for omissions, several might be noted; and some persons included are much less important than Gabriel Richard, the Catholic priest who was a member of the U. S. Congress. Yet taking everything into account, it is hardly an exaggeration to call the book indispensable. J. McS.

Charles I. and the Court of Rome. By Gordon Albion, D.Sc.Hist. (Louvain). London: Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. 15 *s.*

This Louvain dissertation is a learned and permanently valuable contribution to the political history of English Catholicism and the study of seventeenth-century diplomacy. It covers the years from the breakdown of James I.'s Spanish marriage treaty in 1623 and the subsequent choice of the French Henrietta Maria as the bride of Charles I., down to Charles's breach with Parliament and efforts to enlist papal financial aid in holding his crown against the revolution. It is a closely detailed account of Anglo-Roman relations, and the

writing of it necessarily led the author to explore the vast labyrinth of confusing and tortuous diplomatic negotiations involving not only England and the Vatican but all the States of Western and Central Europe; so that we are given in this volume an exceedingly intimate view of men, of issues, and of diplomacy at work in the age that saw the failure of Catholic reform and revival to overcome the Protestant secession.

In that splendid but fateful seventeenth century England was pivotal, and never was a monarch in a more difficult position than Charles I. Married to a Catholic wife whom he loved dearly, bound by treaty obligations and inclined by personal desire to make life tolerable for English Catholics, he was faced by a powerful anti-Catholic and Puritan party which dominated Parliament and preferred even to destroy the king rather than risk freedom for Popery. Necessarily the Anglican sovereign, who detested Puritan Protestantism but was never at any time disposed to become a Catholic, was forced into a double-dealing which in the end cost him not only his throne but his head. Rome was prepared to help him if he would and could really lend aid to the Catholic cause, and in that direction lay his only way out. It would have meant violence, use of foreign soldiers against Englishmen and Scotsmen, also support of the Irish cause; but there was no other escape, and no avoiding of violence in any event. Charles could not bring himself to take and persist in this course; so was he lost. He possessed, concludes Dr. Albion, "to a greater degree than most of his family that infinite capacity for taking the wrong step, a characteristic that has always entwined itself around the strange romance of the Stuarts."

This work is based upon wide researches in unprinted as well as printed archival sources in the British Museum, the Public Record Office in London, the Propaganda archives and those of the Vatican, also in numerous contemporary letters, diaries and other seventeenth-century materials; all of which provide the narrative with a solid foundation in authoritative scholarship. The only serious complaint the critic can make is that the author has not been wholly successful in reducing his huge mass of material to order and keeping hold upon the main threads of his story. This is a common failing in studies that trace out the most intricate webwork of diplomatic motives and actions, and the only way to avoid it is by dropping a great deal of matter from the text into the notes. Dr. Albion's work would be clearer and less difficult reading had more of this been done.

R. J. S. H.

The Catholic Eastern Churches. By Donald Attwater. Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. $3.00.

Not only fact, but feeling, too, has gone into the writing of this book which, alone of its kind in English, presents a complete study of the history, language, division and liturgical characteristics of the various Oriental Churches in communion with the Holy See. The author means it to be a contribution toward the fulfillment of the wish expressed by more than one pope, that Catholics of the Latin Rite should become better acquainted with the Eastern Church. It is a work of popularization rather than of re-

search, its originality being confined to the arrangement of a very complex subject; and in this respect, at the cost of no little labor, the author succeeds admirably. In several places he points out the gravity of the wound inflicted upon the Church Catholic by the separation between East and West. He draws attention to the care which the Holy See has taken to correct the idea that one must be a Latin in order to be a true Catholic—a lesson which, despite the wishes and the decrees of the Holy Father, has not yet been learned. Mr. Belloc is reminded of the unwisdom of his epigram "The faith is Europe and Europe is the faith"; and the author recalls the pain with which he sees the French in Syria, attempting to turn little Oriental Catholics into imitations of their western coreligionists. He comments also upon the false note in the Ethiopian College at Rome,—completely western, even to the Latin text upon the Altar.

Mr. Attwater draws particular attention again to the fact that the use of the term "Uniat" should be discontinued. It was coined as a term of contempt and is repudiated by those to whom it is applied, who should properly be called "Oriental Catholics." The author's statement that the Ruthenians call themselves "Ukrainians" is true only with regard to a part, although indeed, by far the larger part of the people who use the Ruthenian rite. The Podcarpathians resent the name "Ukrainian" and in the United States they have been organized into a separate diocese under a distinct title.

The book is nicely printed and plentifully supplied with interesting and beautiful photographs.

J. McS.

SHORTER NOTICES

LITERATURE: The Well and the Shallows. By G. K. Chesterton (New York: Sheed & Ward. $2.50). Chesterton is Chesterton, so the reader will not be greatly surprised at anything in the present volume, —the variety of the subjects chosen as topics for the forty essays, the sound sense, the clear reasoning, the whimsical style. They are frankly "controversial essays" and the author begins with a—probably futile — warning that the reader must not look for many jokes. The introduction states in so many words the author's sense that he, like every other controversialist, is under the absolute necessity of disgusting those with whom he disagrees and of boring those who are indifferent to what he writes about. He offers an apology to Mr. T. S. Eliot for some errors that occurred accidentally in an article on that writer and says further, "It would be adding impudence to injury to dedicate a book to an author merely on the claim of having misquoted him; but I should be proud to dedicate this book to T. S. Eliot, and the return of true logic and a luminous tradition to the world."

Poetry of Youth. Selected by Edwin Markham (New York: William H. Wise & Co. $2.00). Edwin Markham goes a bit far when he announces that this volume "contains all the great poems for young people." Yet few people will be able to name a notable omission without thinking hard. Old favorites are here from Browning, Wordsworth,

Coleridge, Longfellow, Shelley, Keats and back as far as Shakespeare, and indeed even Ecclesiastes. The moderns, too, are here, although not quite so plentifully represented —Vachel Lindsay, Alfred Noyes, Stephen Crane, Hilaire Belloc and Edna St. Vincent Millay; for the compiler's taste is conservative as well as discriminating. The 500 pages are divided into fourteen sections. We have stirring ballads and amusing verses; poems on places, poems on nature, poems on the sea; songs of love and grief, of hope and courage; and martial stanzas and reveries—a goodly supply. Most readers will find it difficult to open the book at random without being irresistibly drawn to read. We recommend the collection as wholly beyond reproach.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY: **Oliver Hazard Perry.** By Charles J. Dutton (New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50). Mr. Dutton is a Protestant minister who is pleasantly known to Catholics by his book *The Samaritans of Molokai*, an admirable biography of Father Damien and his assistant, Brother Joseph. He has also written novels. This life of Perry is done in his usual manner of thoroughness and completeness. As he says, it is surprising that there has been no biography of Perry since 1840, and that one, Mackenzie's, is filled with errors. As Perry's name is a household word, and as he is one of America's unquestionable heroes, Mr. Dutton's restraint in merely calling this fact "surprising" is to be commended. His Life, however, leaves nothing to be desired. The battle of Lake Erie was one of the decisive events in American history. After the Revolution, Great Britain did not give up her intention of creating a new England in America, this one to be in the West. Her aim in 1813 was to defeat our western army, Harrison's, and then create an empire beyond the Mississippi. Perry's victory saved this country from this hostile encirclement. Mr. Dutton's life of him is an excellent example of capable and honest biography.

Our Times. Vol. VI.: The Twenties. By Mark Sullivan (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75). This volume concludes the narrative history of America during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, which was originally planned for four volumes, but eventually expanded to six. We have here the story of the way Americans lived in the days of Harding and Coolidge, their politics, occupations, fads, their favorite tunes, their commonest crimes,—in a word, the material which fills the daily newspaper. The numerous pages devoted to a vindication of President Harding, contribute no particular illumination to that much discussed subject; and in general the author leaves himself open to the criticism of having paid too little attention to proportion both in the selection of his subjects and in measuring the amount of space to be devoted to each. The book, to be sure, has that same interest which would attach to a file of old newspapers, but it does not very completely reflect American life during the twenties.

The Life of Sir Thomas More, Knighte. Written by William Roper, Esquire. Edited by Dr. Elsie V. Hitchcock, Ph.D. (New York: Oxford University Press. $4.00). Roper's Life of More circulated in manuscript for seventy years. It was first printed in 1626, and then in turn by Thomas Hearne (1716),

Rev. John Lewis (1729, 1731, 1765), S. W. Singer (1817, 1822), and George Sampson (1910). While the variants of the Roper manuscripts are not of much significance, historical scholars will welcome Dr. Hitchcock's critical text, which represents the original accurately. She has collated thirteen manuscripts of the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Cambridge University, the Bodleian and the Bollandist Libraries. She describes them in detail, shows their relationship, and prefaces her final text with a brief biography of William Roper. An appendix contains valuable historical notes, a good glossary and a good index.

RELIGION: **Moral and Pastoral Theology.** By Henry Davis, S.J. (New York: Sheed & Ward. 4 vols. $3.00 each). Father Davis, who is professor of Moral Theology in Heythrop Seminary, aims to present in these volumes the common teaching of modern Catholic authors. In view of the recent changes in Canon Law, the older works on this important subject now necessarily fall short of completeness, and Father Davis has it in mind to supply the omissions of earlier writers, especially in all that pertains to the administration of the Sacraments. Taking into account the close connection between moral theology and pastoral theology, he devotes particular attention to this practical aspect of the subject. He is modern in his treatment, clear in his statements, temperate in his conclusions. He pays especial attention to matters connected with medical science and jurisprudence, in these fields depending largely on the advice of experts. It is an adequate piece of work; both author and publisher have done their part well.

St. Thomas Aquinas on the Blessed Sacrament and the Mass. Translated with notes by Rev. F. O'Neill (Ditchling, Sussex: Pepler & Sewell. 5 *s.*). It was a happy thought of Father O'Neill's to condense into a small book all that St. Thomas wrote, in his great *Summa*, on the Blessed Sacrament and the Mass. In order to make the text intelligible to those who are reading St. Thomas for the first time, it was necessary to make many a passage more simple and many a phrase more clear. The text followed by the compiler is Marietti's of Turin, 1925, which corresponds to the London edition of 1874. Wisely the author begins with a few pages devoted to definitions and a brief statement of the Catholic doctrine.

St. Thomas Aquinas: On the Governance of Rulers. Translated from the Latin by Gerald B. Phelan, Ph.D. (Toronto: St. Michael's College). Latest among the philosophical texts published from St. Michael's College comes the *De Regimine Principum*, translated by Dr. Gerald B. Phelan. He has succeeded admirably in preserving the precise thought of St. Thomas, while at the same time presenting a readable translation. A foreword of some twenty pages provides the reader with a proper amount of enlightenment as to the date of the *Opusculum*, the reasons for thinking it authentic, and the thread of its argument.

My Changeless Friend. By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. (New York: The America Press. Twentieth Series. 30 cents). It seems hard to believe that a score of years have passed since the appearance of the first booklet, **My Changeless Friend**, and

that this is now the twentieth. Like its predecessors, it is made up of simple and practical considerations on texts of the New Testament and, like them, it will be a guide and stimulus to devotion.

Prayers for the Dying. Same author, publisher and price. Another booklet from the same pen, the fifth in the Let Us Pray Series, deals with the prayers for the dying, giving first a new translation of the Litanies and the prayers which follow them in the Ritual, and then nearly fifty small pages of miniature meditations.

Method in Your Prayers. By A. F. Thornhill, M.A. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 2 *s.* 6 *d.*). The author of *Family Prayers* follows that first book of his with the present little volume intended for the use of members of the Anglican Church. It contains more than a few practical points worthy of being remembered; and particularly insists on the need of valuing prayer in terms of quality rather than of quantity. The author suggests the use of a notebook in which one may enter thoughts and suggestions that have to do with prayer, and he urges the use of a prayer book, hand in hand with the Scriptures. Much of the volume is taken up with a development of the suggestions contained in the Lord's Prayer. In the short chapter on Holy Communion one finds several devout considerations, but no indication of the author's precise belief with regard to the Mystery of the Altar.

The Bread from Heaven. By the Most Rev. John J. Swint, D.D. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co. 35 cents). Bishop Swint publishes here six short chapters on different aspects of the Catholic doctrine of the Holy Eucharist. They provide priests with suggestions for sermons and would not be out of place as a text for reading in high schools when the great subject of the Blessed Sacrament is being studied in the religion course.

Church History: The Catholic Church in Action. By Michael Williams (New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.50). In this volume, Michael Williams, in collaboration with Miss Julia Kernan, undertakes,—and most satisfactorily accomplishes,—a presentation of the functioning of the Catholic Church. That the book is timely, cannot be doubted. With economic, political and social forces to-day in utter confusion, it becomes more and more obvious that the eyes of the world are turned upon the Church, seeking to learn how and why it is that she alone has escaped the disintegrating process. It is with the external organization that Mr. Williams is here chiefly concerned. Where explanation of doctrine is required, it is given briefly, plainly and in noncontroversial manner. The first part of the book deals with Rome: the Vatican, the Pope, Roman Congregations, Tribunals and Offices, and the Church's Diplomatic Service. The second, treats of the activity of the Church throughout the world; and in this section are discussed the hierarchy, the parish, the mission field, etc. Particularly interesting are the chapters on Catholic Education, the Liturgy and Catholic Lay Action. Mr. Williams's reference to the Church as a human institution is surely an inadvertence.

Old St. Peter's, New York. By Leo Raymond Ryan (New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society). Among the valuable monographs for which we are in-

debted to the United States Catholic Historical Society, may be placed the latest contribution on the story of Old St. Peter's Church, in New York City. The background of Dutch and English rule, the circumstances amid which the church was founded, the pastorate of Father O'Brien, O.P., and of his two successors, Father Kohlmann, S.J., and Father Fenwick, S.J., the Trustee troubles, the pastorates of Dr. Power, Dr. Pise and Vicar General Quinn are set down briefly and accurately, the results of careful work by a well-trained student. It is worth while to be reminded once more, that free education in these parts began in the year 1800 with the establishment of St. Peter's school.

The Story of the Church. By Rev. George Johnson, Ph.D., Rev. Jerome Hannan, D.D., and Sister M. Dominica, Ph.D. (New York: Benziger Bros. 80 cents). This textbook in Church History for the upper grades of elementary schools is a model of its kind. Each of the three parts is subdivided into units, and each unit receives a definite color from its general title. The illustrations are numerous and well chosen and the maps ample. Of great help to the young student should be the very complete table of contents at the beginning of the book, the topic questions at the end of each chapter, the self tests at the end of each unit, and also the chronological table at the end of the book which features the outstanding events of each unit. A subject index with a pronouncing vocabulary deserves notice, too. The addition of dates to the title of the units would be an improvement. We are glad to say that the book is very presentable and moreover is moderately priced.

L'Église et son Gouvernement. By Yves de la Brière (Paris: Bernard Grasset. 15 *fr.*). In this compact little volume in the series *La Vie Chrétienne*, M. Yves de la Brière aims to acquaint the secular reader with the organization of the Catholic Church. He brings to his task a long and intimate experience both with the domestic affairs of the Church and with the relations between the Holy See and national governments. Six chapters have to do with the power of the Pope, the Roman Curia, the papal representatives abroad, ecclesiastical legislation and Concordats, the temporal estate of the Pope in Vatican City. Three chapters deal with bishops, their powers, the method of nominating them, and other diocesan matters. The book concludes with a suggestive sketch on the possible agenda for a new ecumenical council.

EDUCATION: **The Vanishing Virgin.** By Dan Gilbert (San Diego, Cal.: The Danielle Publishers. $2.00). Dan Gilbert's new book is presented as "an accurate portrayal of conditions to-day at certain leading American universities." We take this to mean that each of the instances portrayed has happened at some time, in one or another of our colleges. Obviously, they could not all occur at the same institution, or it would explode. The book reminds one of those early antiwar stories concerning which it might be said that all the things related happened at one time or another, but give a false impression when they are drawn together as elements of a single picture of evil and crime unrelieved. So far as the present pages are concerned, the author would have presented his

very strong case much more successfully had he avoided the dead level of unvarying viciousness on which his characters move. With all this in mind, we are nevertheless ready to admit the substantial truth of his charge and to agree that his book should be carefully considered by parents who send their children to secular universities without first investigating the religious and moral conditions which prevail there. An expurgated edition might be a very useful present to many a father and mother.

Psychology and the Franciscan School. Edited by Claude L. Vogel, O.M.Cap. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Co.). **Report of the Seventeenth Annual Meeting, July, 1935** (Washington: Capuchin College). The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference was devoted to Psychology; and the essays read at the meeting and now published in book form, deal with several important aspects of that always interesting subject; for example: the Psychology of Duns Scotus, the Theory of Freud, and the relationship between modern empirical psychology and Scholastic rational psychology. An especially interesting paper has to do with abnormal psychology for the guidance of souls. The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the Franciscan Educational Conference was taken up with Social activity and the papers contributed on the various features of that timely subject are preserved in the published report. They deal with the religious, moral, æsthetic and educational factors in social progress, and with the importance of the family.

MISCELLANEOUS: **Four Hedges. A Gardener's Chronicle.** Written and Engraved by Clare Leighton (New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.00). That large and constantly growing multitude of men and women who find refreshment and even sometimes peace of soul in gardening, will be glad to learn that in this nicely printed and beautifully illustrated volume, every gardener will find many sources both of comfort and enlightenment. We are taken through the seasons month by month from the cowslips to the cherry blossoms, through the days of roses and peas and lilies, plums, pears and autumn crocuses and berries till the time comes for the sweeping up of leaves, and bonfires. Winter too has both its uses and its delights for the gardener as these pages show. John Taylor Arms, who contributes the foreword, avows his amazement at the variety of means and the range of vocabulary employed by the author in the delicate prints so plentifully scattered through the book. So will every discriminating reader, for no two patterns are the same; each is an individual work of art, yet a homogeneity pervades them all.

A Dictionary of Modern American Usage. By H. W. Horwill (New York: Oxford University Press. $3.25). Mr. Horwill, who contributes a weekly column on "Literary London" to *The New York Times Book Review*, has for the last thirty years been collecting material on the subject of American as contrasted with English use of words. He lived in the United States from 1900 to 1905 and at that time formed the habit of jotting down instances of American linguistic usage unfamiliar to himself. The purpose of his book is primarily to make American speakers and writers more intelligible to English and *vice versa*, and al-

so to provide material for any student of language, whatever his nationality, to trace "the changes in signification to which words are subject in the course of a long history." One is tempted to quote, for the book is filled with inviting examples. The work deserves to be considered as a serious contribution to a very interesting study. It is not a dictionary of Americanisms, but includes "such words only as are common to the vocabularies of both England and the United States."

Development of Modern English. By Stuart Robertson (New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. $2.25). In this study Professor Robertson, of Temple University, "attempts to present the historical background necessary for an understanding of the English language as it is spoken and written today." Where he leans upon the sturdy shoulders of such renowned linguists as Bradley, Krapp, and Jespersen—as he does especially in his chapters on the ancestry of our language and on its sources in Old and Middle English—he seems to have done little more than make increasingly interesting some of their findings. Once disengaged from the beginnings of the language stream, however, and he manages a discussion of contemporary pronunciation, euphemisms, present-day spellings, and the making of words which is both lively and scholarly. Furthermore, this book has the textual advantage of being up to date in recognizing the flexibility of our discourse by quoting extensively from nineteenth century and living writers. It is now the most serviceable text that we know of in its field.

INDEX TO REVIEWERS

C. W. T.: Charles Willis Thompson, author, Scarsdale, N. Y., former editor of the *Review of Books* and political correspondent for *The New York Times;* author of *Presidents I Have Known, The Fiery Epoch,* etc.

E. S.: Rev. Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., Ph.D., director of the Rural Life Bureau and Family Life Section of the N. C. W. C., Washington, D. C.; author of *Readings on the Family,* etc.

J. McS.: Rev. Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., author and translator, Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City; author of *The Sacrament of Duty and Other Essays, A Primer of Prayer,* etc.

M. C. M.: Margaret C. Meagher, essayist, teacher, musician, cataloguer of bibliographical works for Art and University Society Libraries, Richmond, Va.

R. J. S. H.: Ross J. S. Hoffman, Professor in the Faculty of History, New York University, New York City; author of *Restoration, The Will to Freedom,* etc.

T. C. P.: Rev. T. C. Petersen, C.S.P., Oak Ridge, N. J.

W. T. W.: William Thomas Walsh, Litt.D., Professor of English, College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, New York City; author of *Isabella of Spain, Out of the Whirlwind,* etc.

BOOKS RECEIVED

COWARD, MCCANN, New York:

Benes, Statesman of Central Europe. By Pierre Crabitès. $3.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

Heaven and Charing Cross. By Rev. Ronald Knox. $1.25. *We Soviet Women.* By Tatiana Tchernavin. $2.50.

HARPER & BROS., New York:

Abram S. Hewitt. With Some Account of Peter Cooper. By Allan Nevins. $4.00.

CLAUDE KENDALL & WILLOUGHBY SHARP, New York:

What If This Friend. By Richard Hanlon. $2.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Ark and the Dove. By J. Moss Ives. $3.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

White Hawthorn. By Lucille Borden. $2.50.

WILLIAM MORROW & Co., New York:

With Napoleon in Russia. The Memoirs of Général de Caulaincourt. Edited by Georges Libaire. $4.00.

SHEED & WARD, New York:

World D. By Hal P. Trevarthen. Edited by J. K. Heydon. $2.50.

THE VIKING PRESS, New York:

The Jew of Rome. By L. Feuchtwanger. $2.50. *Toscanini.* By Paul Stefan. $2.35.

THE H. W. WILSON Co., New York:

Essay and General Literature Index. 1935 Supplement. Edited by Marian Shaw.

JOSEPH F. WAGNER Co., New York:

Pre-Reformation Printed Books. By John M. Lenhart, O.M.Cap. Franciscan Studies, No. 14. $1.00. *Catholic Leadership Toward Social Progress—The Third Order.* By Marion Habig, O.F.M., A.M. Franciscan Studies, No. 15.

SAINT ANTHONY GUILD PRESS, Paterson, N. J.:

Manual of Christian Archeology. By Orazio Marucchi. Translated and adapted by Hubert Vecchierello, O.F.M., Ph.D. $3.50. *Toward the Altar.* By J. M. Lelen. $1.00.

BRUCE HUMPHRIES, Boston:

Ephraim the Jew By A. Norton Raybould. $2.00.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:

Land of the Free. By Herbert Agar. $3.50. *The Victorians and Their Reading.* By Amy Cruse. $4.00.

THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:

Boz: An Intimate Biography of Charles Dickens. By Joseph C. Boarman and James L. Harte. $2.00.

THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS, Washington:

The Story of the Negro Retold. By Carter Godwin Woodson. $2.15. *Negro History in Thirteen Plays.* By Willis Richardson and May Miller. $3.25.

TOLEDO ARTCRAFT Co., Toledo:

Songsmith. By Rev. Gerald W. E. Dunne, Litt.D. $2.00.

ARMANN & ARMANN, Chicago:

A Description of Patagonia and the Adjoining Parts of South America. By Thomas Falkner, S.J. Edited by Arthur E. S. Neumann. $6.00.

WILLETT, CLARK & Co., Chicago:

Meditations on the Cross. By Toyohiko Kagawa. Translated by Helen F. Topping and Marion R. Draper. $1.50.

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee:

Saint Boniface. By Godfrey Kurth. Translated by Right Rev. Victor Day. Insertions by Rev. Francis Betten, S.J. $2.00. *Pain and the Providence of God.* By M. C. D'Arcy, S.J. $2.00. *Break Thou My Heart.* By Vera Marie Tracy. $1.75. *Manuscripts and Memories.* By Michael Earls, S.J. $2.25.

THE DANIELLE PUBLISHERS, San Diego, Calif.:

Evolution: The Root of All Isms. By Dan Gilbert.

GILL & SON, Dublin:

This Way to Heaven. By Very Rev. James McGlinchey, P.P., V.F. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* *Jesuit Spirituality.* By Rev. H. V. Gill, S.J. 3 *s.* 6 *d.*

MAISON DE LA BONNE PRESSE, Paris:

Essai de Sociologie. Par Luigi Sturzo. Traduit par Juliette Bertrand. 20 *fr.*

DESCLÉE DE BROUWER ET CIE., Paris:

Dante, le Théologien. Par P. Mandonnet, O.P. 15 *fr.* *Saint François a quitté le Paradis.* Par Abel Moreau. 5 *fr.* 50.

LIBRAIRIE ERNEST FLAMMARION, Paris:

Noel! Noel! Par Henri Ghéon. Collection "Voir . . . et . . . Savoir." 5 *fr.* 50.

LIBRAIRIE BERNARD GRASSET, Paris:

La Visitation. By Ernestine Le Couturier. Collection "Les Grands Ordres Monastiques et Instituts Religieux." 15 *fr.*

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Le Père William Doyle, S.J. Par Alfred O'Rahilly. Revue par le Père Alfred Lemaire, S.J. 18 *fr.* *Jésus de Nazareth, Roi des Juifs.* Par Th. Salvagniac. 39 *fr.*